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June 3, 1950

Truman's New Romance:

THE BUSINESSMAN

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THINK of it—the low, long, alluring Studebaker Champion—1950's style star and thrift star—sells *right down in the lowest price field!*

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Brakes that automatically adjust themselves! Variable ratio "extra-leverage" steering! Tight-gripping rotary door latches! Automatic choke! Glare-proof "black light" dash dials!

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Big-visibility windshield and windows—a new perfection of weight balance—a brand-new kind of coil spring front end suspension—all contribute to the Studebaker Champion's remarkable "miracle ride"—the finest ride in all motoring.

DURABILITY CHAMPION!

Father-and-son teams and thousands of other conscientious craftsmen build long life, low repair cost and high trade-in value into every inch of the structure of the low priced 1950 Studebaker Champion!

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AS SHOWN ABOVE

New 1950 Studebaker

$1487.50

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The above price does not include transportation from South Bend, or state and local taxes, if any

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Prices subject to change without notice

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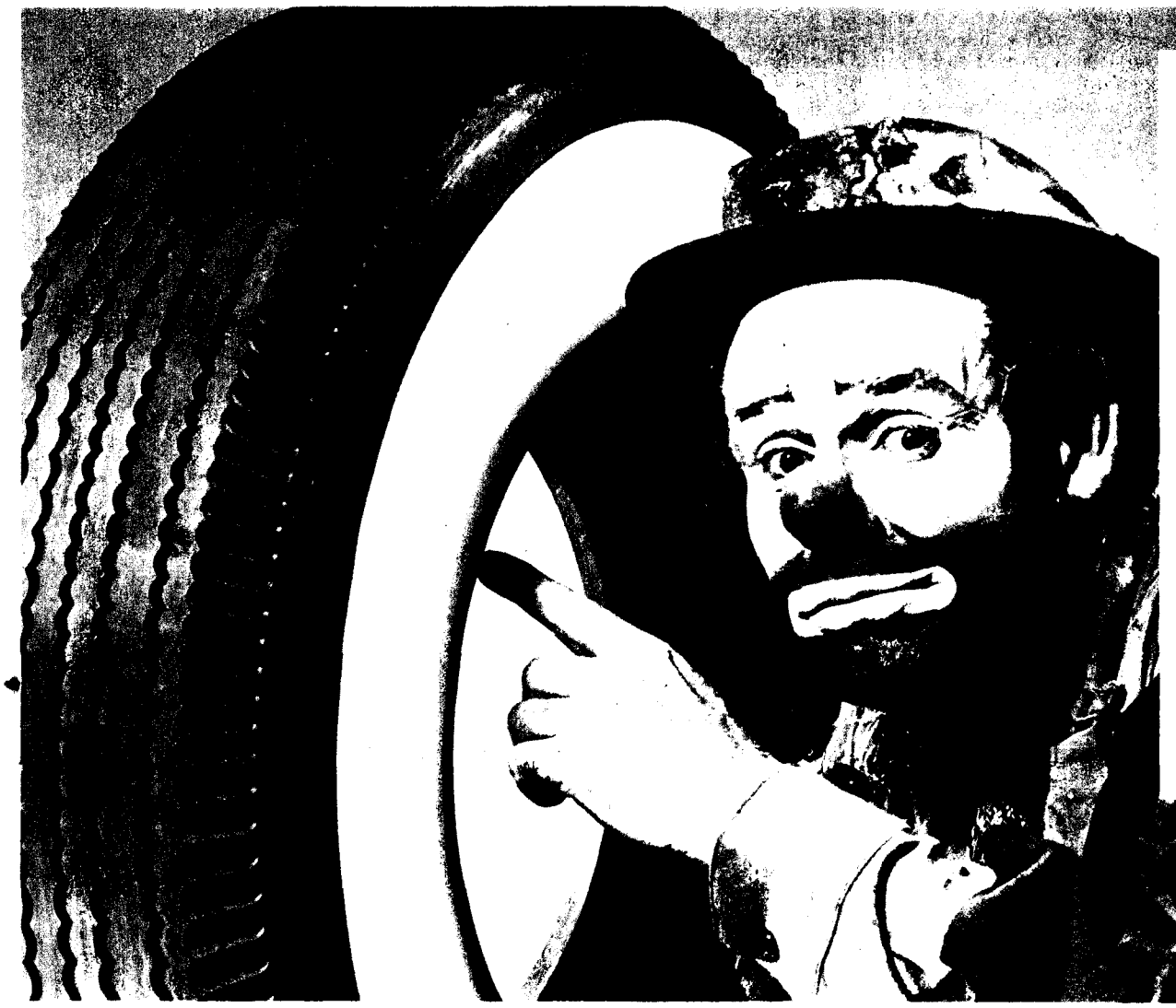
B.F.Goodrich

"RYTHM RIDE"... *GIVES YOU MORE SAFETY, COMFORT, MILES*



EMMETT KELLY

World's most famous circus clown, says:

"LOOK INSIDE FOR INSIDE PROOF"

"Under the Big Top the secret of top performance is teamwork," says Emmett Kelly. "And a look inside a B. F. Goodrich Silvertown shows that's true of tires as well."

Make this test yourself: Look and feel inside a B. F. Goodrich tire. Note how the cords are precision spaced in live rubber with no cross-threads! That's why they can flex in rythm (*see below*) to give you the best tire value—the "Rythm Ride!"

Yet "Rythm Ride" tires cost no more. See your B. F. Goodrich dealer for convenient terms and generous trade-in!

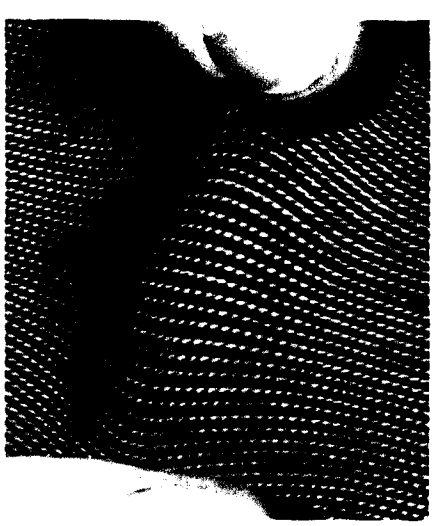
RESEARCH KEEPS B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH CIRCUS RIDERS ARE BEST, YOU CAN TELL WHICH TIRE IS BEST:

1 Every tire has thousands of cords that flex as you ride. In most tires, these cords are hampered by *non-working* cross-threads. Result: They're *out of rythm* like the bareback rider and clowns above.

2 B. F. Goodrich cords have *no cross-threads* to hinder their action. They work *in rythm* like the circus stars above. Carry impact from one to another, smother road shock, reduce wear, cushion bumps.

3 Most tire cords are bunched by slender cross-threads. Weak spots, "slacker cords", overworked cords result. BFG cords, instead, are sealed in live rubber, with uniform spacing and tension.



4 Look inside—then decide. Only B. F. Goodrich can give you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every need. See your BFG dealer. Buy now. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

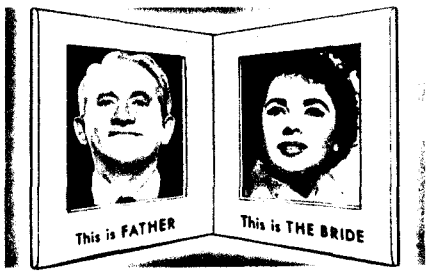
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

SPENCER TRACY
JOAN BENNETT
ELIZABETH TAYLOR *in*
'FATHER OF THE BRIDE'

DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE

Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett
Based on the Novel by Edward Streeter

Directed by . . . . . VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by . . . . . PANDRO S. BERMAN



Those who read the novel "Father Of The Bride" by Edward Streeter certainly got a great deal of pleasure out of it and perhaps wondered how it would shape up as a motion picture. We were one of the wonderers. But recently we saw the preview and the news of the month is that the picture has been done to perfection—with most clever overtones in all performances. We feel terribly high about M-G-M today and doubt if any other company in that big glamorous movie industry could possibly have produced a screen version of "Father Of The Bride" with such understanding and fidelity.

Spencer Tracy plays the harassed father drawn into the proceedings in a way that he didn't bargain for. It became as formidable as his own wedding . . . meeting the groom's parents, the invitations and the guest lists, the trousseau and the flowers, the caterer and the cake, and the rehearsals in the resurrected cutaway! Tracy's performance is a flash from the blue, and is matched in radiant fashion by Joan Bennett as the mother of the bride in league with the daughter to put this thing over right, even if it has to be put over on father.

With due respect to every other picture that Elizabeth Taylor has appeared in, she comes into her own in "Father Of The Bride". Here she is, blue-eyed and beautiful, an accomplished actress playing the part as no other star could. In fact, the entire cast deserves top honors, and we especially want to single out Don Taylor as the bridegroom and Billie Burke as his scatterbrained mother.

Vincente Minnelli directed this production and Pandro S. Berman produced it. We hope that the notice given it here will be considered sufficient tribute to their work. And needless to say, those reliable screen writers Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have done a top drawer job in adapting Mr. Streeter's best-seller.

If you have ever been married, are married, are going to be married, hate marriage or love marriage – you'll just have to see this one.

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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June 3, 1950

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The Cover

When school lets out for the summer, thirteen-year-old Burton Snow's family moves from the Mormon town of St. George, Utah, to Pine Valley, 35 miles north amid pine-covered mountains. Although Burt's chores include milking three cows, gathering eggs, working in the vegetable garden and helping with the evening dishes, he still finds time to fish for brook trout or roam the valley on Broomy, his horse. One of his sisters is married to Photographer Victor Baldwin, who took this picture of Burt and his own calf.

Week's Mail

Build-up for Cleanup

EDITOR: Having read the first installment of Illinois Shakedown (April 15th) and your previous crime articles, I say Collier's deserves congratulations for elevating itself from the mush-and-dribble-fiction level to one of good, forceful and constructive journalism.

If Mr. Schendel precipitates a cleanup of Illinois gambling, Collier's deserves equal credit. R. L. BOLTZ, Haddonfield, N. J.

. . . For the past six years our great church of 2,000 members has been fighting the vice of Quincy, Illinois. Your article in the splendid Collier's magazine has really helped us in our battle.

More power to you as you attempt to uncover the gambling racket in America.

FRED MACARTHUR, Minister,
Central Baptist Church, Quincy, Ill.

Basic English

EDITOR: I am always amused by the outpourings of the Lilliputians which you publish, and never more so than by that of the one who suggested the banning of the word "Brobdingnagian" as beyond his comprehension.

I never did finish the second year of high school, but as there were no comic books in those days I was forced to read words. Since I was sixteen I have considered "Brobdingnagian" as elementary as "Gargantuan" or "gigantic." C. S. DUNNING, Visalia, Cal.

Man Wanted

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you on your editorial, Needed: A Big Man for a Big Job (April 15th).

It seems to me that Louis Johnson, as Secretary of Defense, is about the worst official we could have in that highly important position. He is lulling us to sleep, as you say, and the picture is not a bright one. I have read your articles about our national defense as well as those in other magazines, and in none of them can I find any note of optimism.

Please keep up the good work and perhaps we can get rid of some of these "pop-off valves" sooner than we hoped.

R. M. HERRIOTT, San Antonio, Texas

. . . Your editorial in the April 15th issue is the best I've read yet on this subject.

My husband claims Johnson achieved something wonderful in unification of the armed services. Well, maybe he did, but was it worth it when he lost the services of so many wonderful men and the confidence of the men who worked with them?

MRS. BETTY GREENE, Hamburg, N. Y.

. . . I feel that your editorial would have been stronger if you had made one or more specific suggestions as to a successor for Secretary Johnson.

How about Bob Heller, about whom Craig Thompson wrote so well in this same issue? Or how about Professor William G. McGovern, professor of political science at

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Since the telephone was "a toy"...

BACK in 1881, when this curious old switchboard was in use, many people thought of the telephone as little more than a toy. Apparatus was crude and service was limited—but even then the telephone was proving its worth.

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• For 68 years now, Western Electric people who *make* telephone equipment, Bell scientists who *design* it and Bell Telephone company people who *operate* it, have worked most closely together with a single purpose: to give you an ever-improving telephone service that is high in quality, low in cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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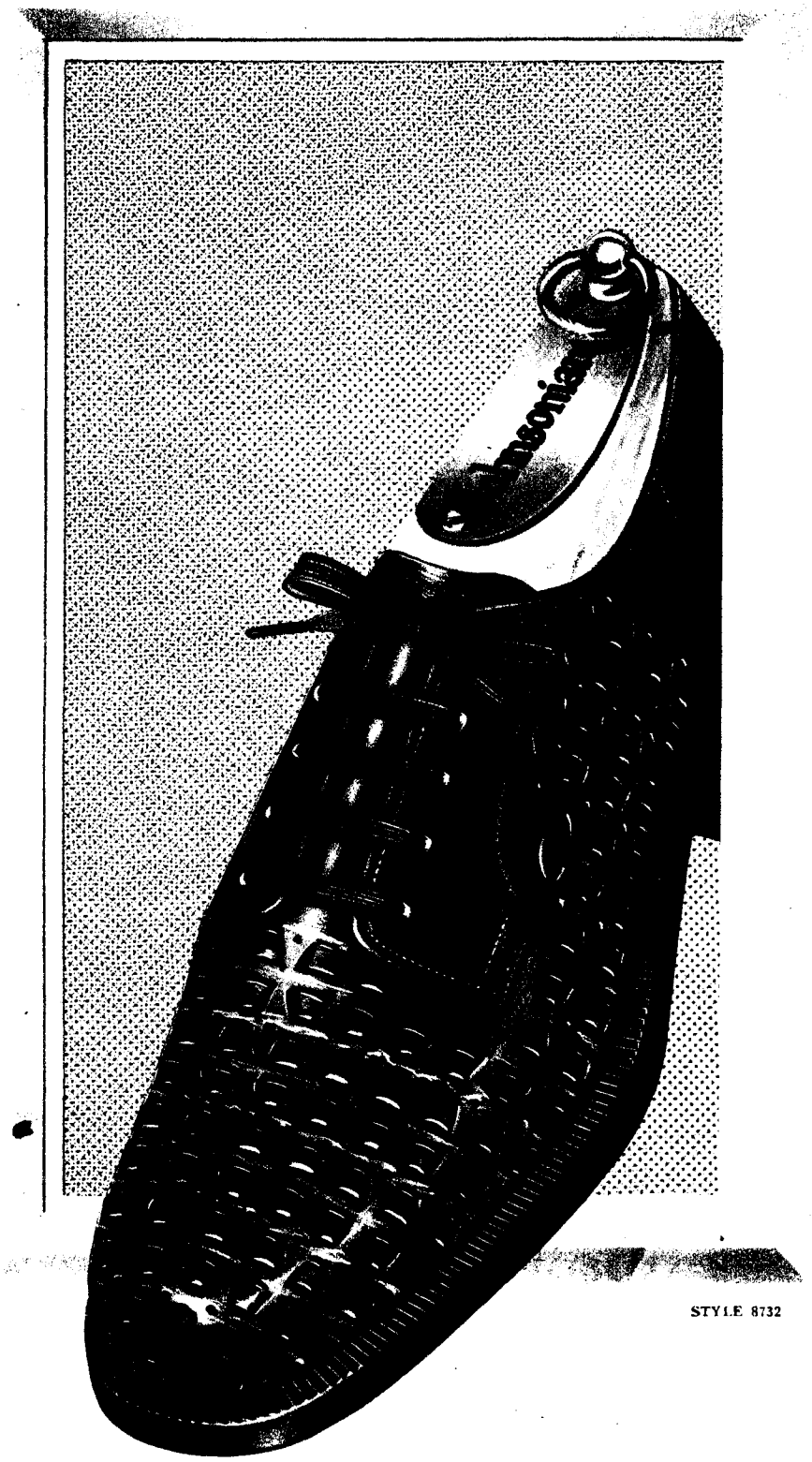

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Johnsonian

"THE SMARTEST SHOES ON THE SQUARE"

A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON

Northwestern University and, during the war, adviser to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and later adviser to the House Foreign Relations Committee?

C. V. CHRISTIE, Evanston, Ill.

. . . That is indeed a lucid and forthright editorial on Louis Johnson.

It is unfortunate that our newspaper columns and periodicals do not more often hit the nail directly as does this article of yours.

J. W. O'HARROW, JR., Andrews, Ind.

. . . My appreciation and high compliments on your editorial re Secretary Johnson; it is far past the time that the American people learned the truth about what that man has done to our defense setup.

V. A. BRADLEY, Corpus Christi, Texas

. . . My hearty congratulations to Collier's for its excellent editorial. It should be required reading for the President and every member of Congress.

Can you think of a better man for the job than "Ike" Eisenhower?

SETH H. MOORE, Fort Smith, Ark.

The Industrious Dutch

EDITOR: Congratulations on your interesting article, Boom on the Bottom of the Sea (April 15th). It is good to hear of a nation these days which looks forward to expansion based on hard work and use of the old gray matter.

The Dutch lost a valuable empire in the last World War, but with their usual perseverance they have started to build a new one from scratch—and from the bottom of the sea to boot. I admire this industrious, hard-working nation greatly.

ROBERT J. KING, Winnipeg, Canada

. . . As a woman of Dutch nationality I enjoyed Boom on the Bottom of the Sea. However I am very sorry to find a big mistake. The author writes "75 miles from The Hague, capital of Holland."

The Hague is not the capital of Holland, but Amsterdam is. The mistake is often made, because the government is settled in The Hague and the ex-Queen Wilhelmina lives there. MRS. E. W. HES, New York

According to the National Encyclopedia (1942), Amsterdam is "the largest city of the Netherlands and that nation's legislative capital," while The Hague is the "residence of the Queen and capital of the Netherlands." The Encyclopedia Britannica (1948) calls Amsterdam "the chief city of Holland," and describes The Hague as "the chief town of the province of South Holland, the usual residence of the court and diplomatic bodies and the seat of the government, the States-General, the high council of the Netherlands, the council of state and the chamber of accounts, and the governor of the province."

. . . David Perlman's excellent article, describing the use of Marshall Plan dollars in this particular economical development, should appeal to any American and dispel much of the loose talk that Marshall Plan dollars are being "poured down a rathole." You and Mr. Perlman have performed a real service in the international field, and we are mighty grateful.

WILLARD C. WICHERS, Netherlands Information Bureau, Holland, Mich.

Encouraging & Helpful

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's and to Herbert Yahraes for the splendid articles on Don't Pity the Blind (April 8th *et seq.*). As a mother of a six-year-old blind boy, I sincerely appreciate the good these articles will do.

My son is now attending Perkins Institution at Watertown, Massachusetts, and as yet, of course, has not met with the different problems referred to in the articles. Yet, young as he is, he hates pity.

The articles are certainly of help to all parents of the blind or anyone connected with them, too. Thank you for the added encouragement they have given us.

ALTHEA G. CALLAHAN, White Horse Beach, Mass.

. . . I wish to mention three things omitted from the excellent article on Joe Clunk and the blind (April 8th).

1. His philosophy: "Blindness is a handicap put on persons of superior ability to make the race of life more even."

2. His contempt for aids which reduce a blind person's independence: "When you see a blind person with a Seeing Eye dog, which do people say is the smart one?"

3. His splendid pamphlet: "A letter to my newly blinded friend," which may be obtained from the OVR Services for the Blind through the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. WILLIAM H. WELLS, St. Paul, Minn.

Encore

EDITOR: Your dear little cover girl (April 15th) with her quaint Easter bonnet is not lying down on a table with the other magazines, but sits up on the music rack of the piano so that all may see and admire.

Her expression carries that quizzical feeling which I believe girls of all ages wear inside when they march forth to brave the Easter parade: "How do I look—huh? Maybe it's a little too—?"

MARY ELIZABETH BARKER, Ravena, N. Y.

. . . The minute I saw the cover picture on the April 15th Collier's I started looking for a frame. Little Miss Belgard in her new hat is a masterpiece.

FRANCES NIELSEN, Fontanelle, Iowa

. . . The cover of your April 15th issue was indeed one of the most fascinating and thought-provoking examples of child photography that we have ever seen. So much does it remind us of our own little sisters—whose moods are just as hard to figure out—that we have, in all seriousness, voted Madaline "The Little Sweetheart of Watts Dormitory."

TAD CURRIE, JOHN NISBET, JOE MORROW, Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.

Miss Agnes' Bookkeeping

EDITOR: How come Miss Agnes can get by with keeping store in such a slipshod manner in this day of income tax? (Miss Agnes Keeps Store, April 15th.)

Quote: "She says she never really knows how much money she's making."

Quote: "She guesses her customers owe her around $50,000."

The Internal Revenue Department has a job cut out for it.

MRS. A. J. DRYDEN, Ellsworth, Kans.

Funny-Bone Therapy

EDITOR: Thanks for the short short, Jeff and the Overeducated Worm (April 15th). My funny bone just loves attention and that story is a delicious satire on education.

HOPE STROUD, Chehalis, Wash.

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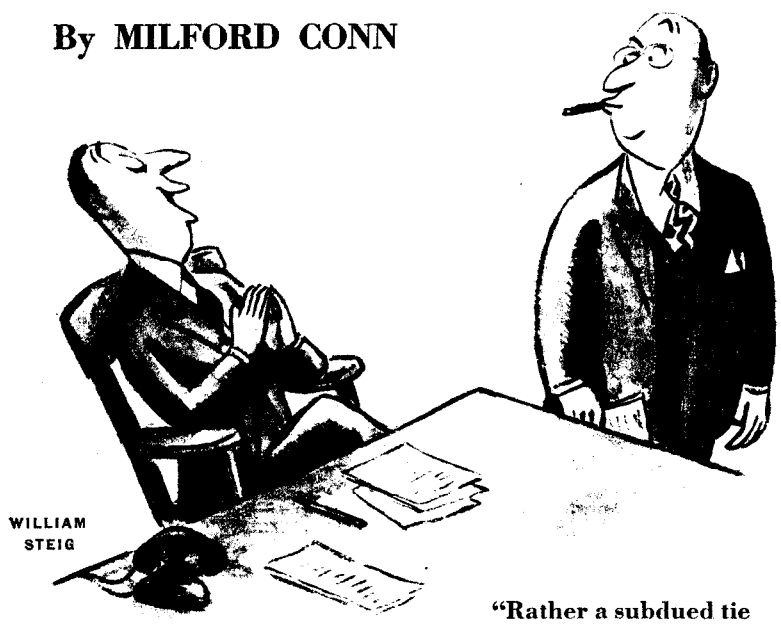
How to Get FIRED

By MILFORD CONN



"Rather a subdued tie you're wearing, boss"

A FRIEND of mine wants to get fired. His problem is this. He feels he is getting nowhere in the company that employs him but for a practical reason he prefers being canned to resigning. If he resigns he is entitled to no severance pay whereas if he is dismissed his length of service entitles him to six months' pay.

My friend (we'll call him Smith-Jones) has failed in his efforts to get fired because he has mistakenly put his faith in subtlety. Noticing an extra loud necktie the boss was wearing, Smith-Jones remarked, "Rather a subdued tie you're wearing, boss." Well, that's no way to insult a literal-minded man with a habit of preoccupation. All the boss said (according to S.-J.) was, "Oh, I don't know. I think it's rather lively."

Literal-mindedness and preoccupation cannot be punctured by mere subtlety. One needs stouter weapons.

Either a man wants to get fired or he doesn't. If he means business he will put his faith in the blunt, direct approach.

The first step is to acquaint yourself with the pet vanities of the man you are counting upon to deal you the *coup de grâce*. On questioning Smith-Jones I learned that his boss has an exaggerated opinion of himself as a golfer and a versifier. He broke 100 once and has never stopped talking about it; and years ago in his student days College Humor reprinted a poem he had written for his school paper.

At last I felt we were getting somewhere. As a former practicing versifier and as an ex-golfer I can testify that hell knows no fury like a poet or a golfer scorned. If you first remember to praise his poetry the average bard will overlook your stealing his watch. The same principle applies to many golfers.

The reverse of the proposition, of course, is that the easiest way to get yourself disemboweled is to say something unfriendly about the poetry or the golfing talents of an obviously humorless guy like Smith-Jones's boss.

Things were now crystallizing.

I reminded Smith-Jones I was an old hand at low buffoonery, with a special talent for scurrilous verse. I volunteered to write a poem attacking his boss's golf and poetry. Smith-Jones was beginning to catch on, although he was only partially sold. "Do you really think it will do the trick?" he eagerly asked.

"Relax," I replied. "When I insult 'em they stay insulted." Then humanly enough I bragged about the casualties induced by my shattering anapests—three nervous breakdowns, two high blood pressures and one apoplexy. "As poetry," I added, "it doesn't amount to much, but as a weapon of offense it is atomic."

That night I prepared the key to Smith-Jones's freedom, as follows:

Dear boss, in my time I've observed
some tenth-raters
Who swung at the ball till they'd
carved out huge craters,
But never, I vow, have I seen anybody
Whose work with the irons and
woods was so shoddy.
You've ruined golf courses from
Gotham to Florida
And the worst of it is that your
game's getting horrida.
In fact, it's a lot like the poems you
write
And which to my horror you often
recite!

When Smith-Jones finished reading this little effort the following night he Blanched Visibly, as the novelists say. Then he Recovered his Poise and exclaimed, "I'll use it! Yes, I will! It's rough stuff but I'll use it!"

"He'll know what you mean." I said.

Anybody else want to get fired? Write Fire Chief, c/o Collier's, and briefly outline basic facts of your predicament. No charge. THE END

You've ruined golf courses from Gotham to Florida . . .

new nifty thrifty

Ginger Brown Cowhide (split)

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LUGGAGE

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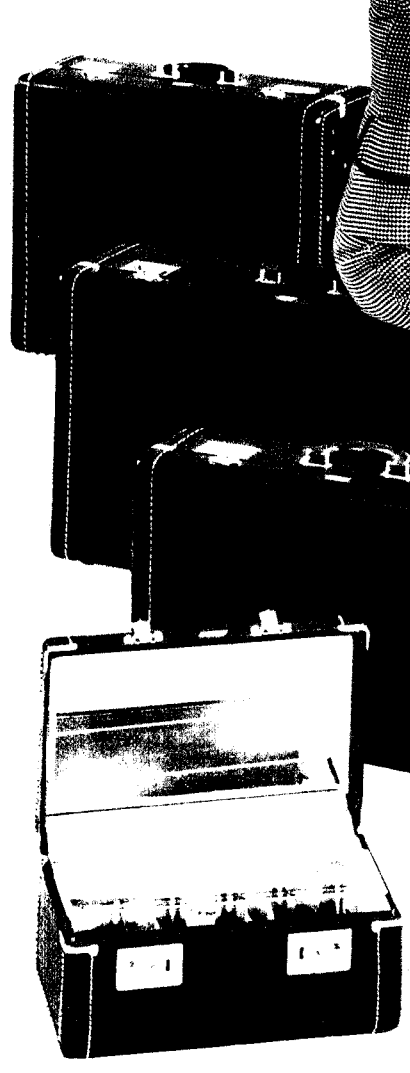

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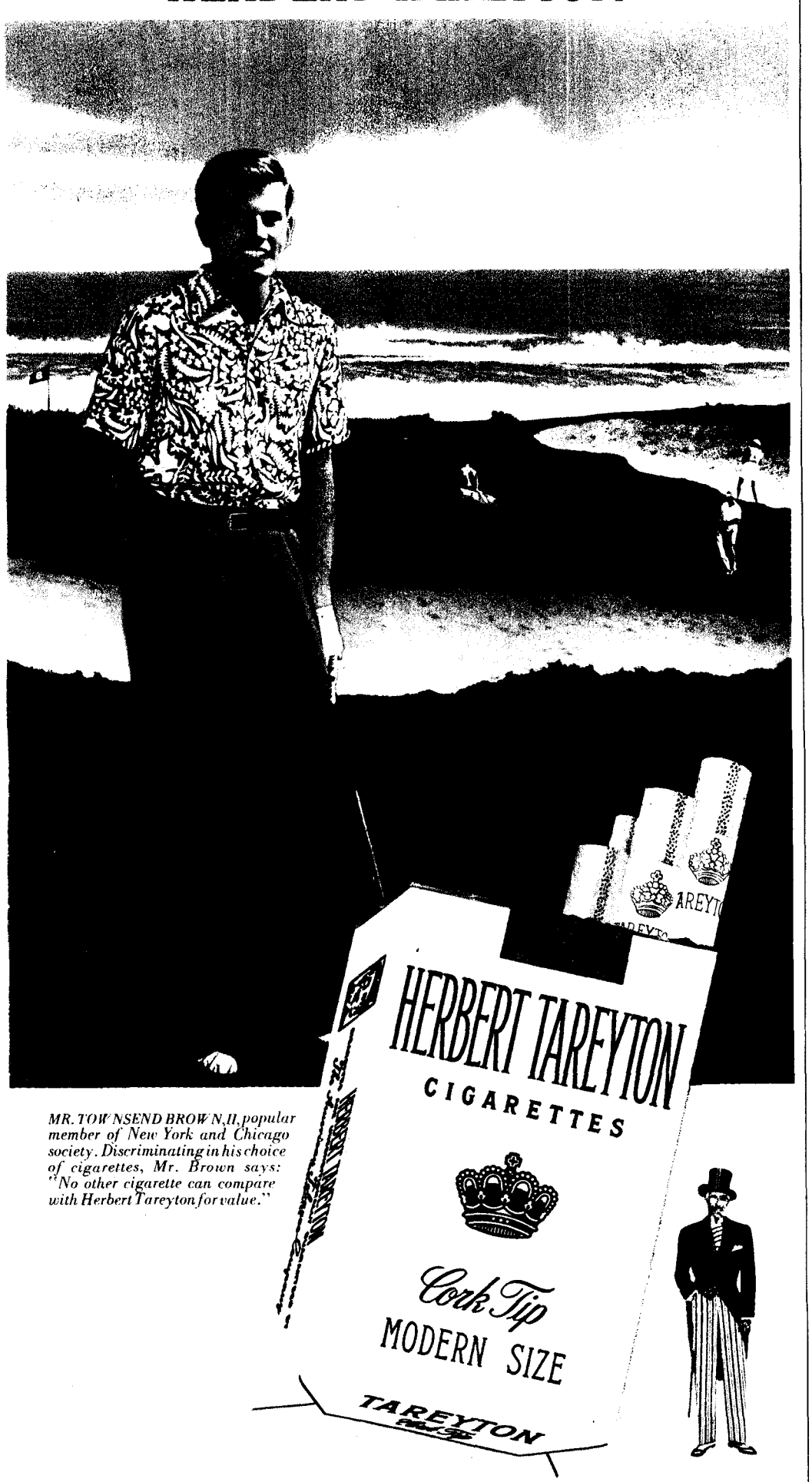

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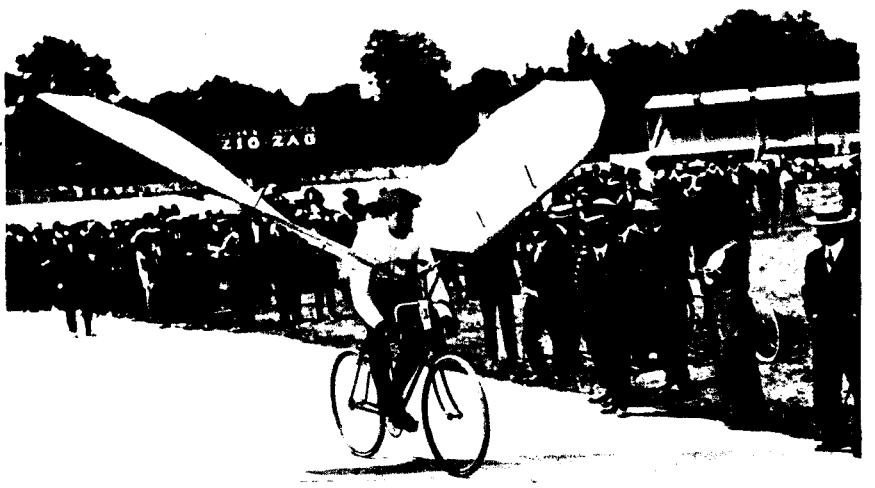
Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



One of 23 entrants in a "flying bicycle" contest held in Paris 38 years ago tries but fails to get off the ground

Thirty-eight years ago, a bicycle manufacturer in France announced a contest that had one of the strangest endings in the annals of sports. Entrants were to equip a bicycle with wings and a pedal-operated propeller and to fly the *aviette* by muscular power alone. As cash prizes were to be given for distances covered and the contest seemed easy, 23 men entered it and began making and testing their machines. On the afternoon of June 2, 1912, these optimists arrived at a Paris stadium to participate in the event and were greeted by the waiting thousands who had come to see the latest development in air travel. But despite their numerous attempts, not one of the "fliers" got his contraption off the concrete.

A recent study made by an American insurance company shows that the chances of eventual marriage, at 30 years of age, are 48 in 100 for spinsters and 67 in 100 for bachelors. The chances of remarriage, at this age, are 60 in 100 for widows and 92 in 100 for widowers, while the chances are 94 in 100 for divorcees and 96 in 100 for divorced men.

One day in 1570, an eccentric and officious female, named Grace O'Malley, called at Howth Castle near Dublin, Ireland, and demanded that she be taken in and treated as a guest for a week or two. Because her request was refused by Mr. and Mrs. St. Lawrence, the owners and occupants, Gracie kidnaped their infant son and kept him until they had promised her "perpetual hospitality." The descendants of the couple and all others concerned have kept the promise, and so a place for Grace O'Malley has been set for every meal served at Howth Castle in the past 380 years.

A rare and strange kind of lawsuit that is brought in the U.S. is one in which a bank is sued for refusing a loan. Probably the most notable action of this type was instituted in 1940 against the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis by the Billings Utility Company of Montana. Because the defendant had refused to lend it $35,000 four years before, the company claimed that it had been forced to sell its property and thereby suffered a loss of $730,000, and this was the amount of the damages demanded. The plaintiff not only lost this case but also a second in 1942 and an appeal in 1943.

About 1925 in Chicago, a gang of bootleggers went in for horseback riding in Lincoln Park, hoping they would be considered prominent sportsmen. Before accompanying them, one of the gang, never having been in a saddle, decided to get some experience secretly by taking a few rides alone. On the first morning, he was thrown and killed; and his pals agreed that the "murderer" should be avenged in the customary manner. So the next day, they rented the horse, took it in a truck to an abandoned barn and shot it to death. So far as known, it was the only animal that was ever "taken for a ride" by gangsters.

After years of study, zoologists still cannot agree on the cause of the sharp and loud clicking sound which is made by the hoofs of reindeer and caribou while walking or running. Many of the scientists claim that the two halves of the hoof spread apart under the weight of the animal and then snap together and produce the click when the foot is raised. Others hold that the sound is heard, not when the foot is raised, but when the animal bears down on it and, therefore, is produced by the cracking of the knuckles in the ankle.

A marine phenomenon that has always baffled scientists is the source of the volumes of hydrogen sulphide that occasionally blow in from the sea and envelop 700 miles of the coast of Peru, killing bird life and causing epidemics of headaches. Peruvians call this gas the Callao Painter because it becomes so dense in and near the port of Callao that it blackens boats, buildings and other objects painted in light colors.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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BRING MY CAP AND BELLS

By DICK ASHBAUGH

IF THE following survey on joke telling lends anything to our present-day cultural pattern, I will be glad to forget those heartbreaking hours of research.

According to my notes, the joke-telling public is divided into a half-dozen general types. By rights, several of the types should be divided into even smaller pieces, but the police are thick about that sort of thing. The following list can be placed by the telephone or worn on a string around your neck.

The Burning Fuse. This individual cannot wait to explode the next story. While you are trying to finish an anecdote, his beady little eyes are glittering with anticipation. He isn't listening to a word you're saying because, as soon as you reach your threadbare climax, he is going to top you with another story. The only thing you can do is sit there looking at your shoes, or go to bed with your hat on.

The Patriarch. Here is Uncle with his favorite story. It's the only one he knows and he's worked on it for years; fattening a line here, pointing up a phrase there, and feeding it plant food through the winter. If necessary he will wait all evening for the proper opening, smiling quietly to himself and fondling his lodge button. Once he starts there is no escape but death.

Little Alf. Alf has a story, but he isn't giving it away. He wants to be certain you haven't heard it before. After taking sworn statements from the entire party, he cautiously unwraps the opening lines. Halfway through the story Alf is torn by doubt. He stops and anxiously inquires if you're *certain* you haven't heard the story. At the climax, Alf, darting around the room like a bird dog, makes one last gigantic effort to tree a listener who has heard the story before. When this fails he delivers the tag line which is something like, "No, lady, I found it in the attic." The laughs are very faint because nobody remembers what went before. Alf cries.

The Baked Ham. This type can't tell a joke without props. After he gets the floor by outshouting the women and the weaker males, he warns everybody to get ready to roll. Then he turns on his host and says, "By the way, old man, to make this really funny I need a plate of oysters and a policeman's hat." While the bewildered host is searching through the china closet, our boy tells how he came across the story. Everybody is convinced he found it under a rock.

The Weeping Willow. This type has a terrifying collection of stories with tiny punch lines. All of them lumped together would barely excite a wan smile. Taken individually they produce a coma similar to *rigor mortis.* As the air in the room grows heavier, the Weeper drones on, clawing his way toward the tag line. Just before complete anesthesia sets in, one of the hardier members of the audience crawls to the window and smashes the glass with his shoe. The company is saved for the moment, but the Weeper will be back as soon as he gargles.

HANK KETCHAM

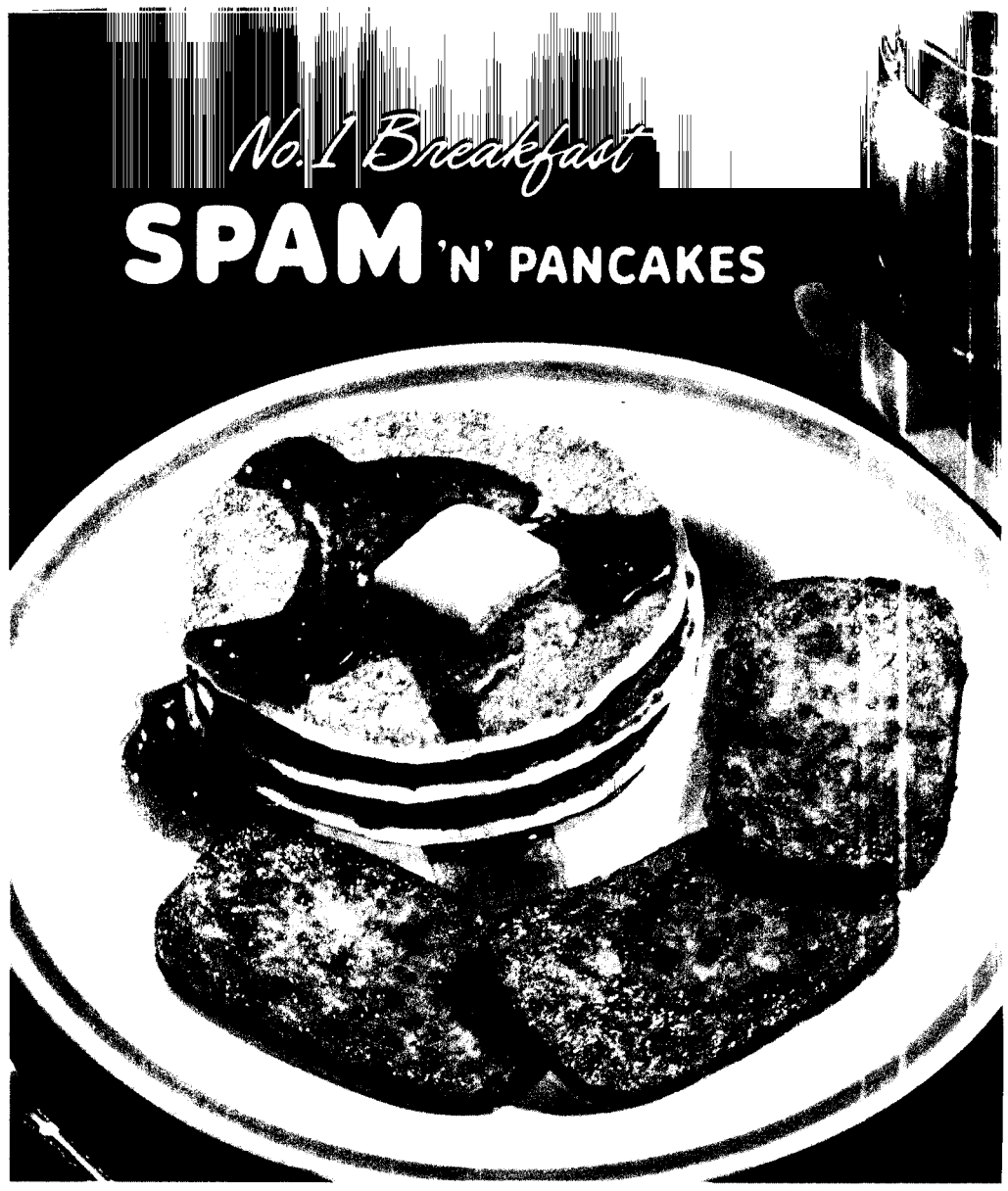
He waits patiently for an opening, smiling quietly to himself

Hopeless Harry. One of the most pathetic types in the annals of joke telling. His beginning is firm enough; clear, loud and rather manly. His delivery is good and, at first, inspires confidence. Suddenly, without warning, he loses control of the story. He has obviously forgotten the text, or is telling two stories simultaneously. While his audience sits there numb, pulling for him with every fiber, Harry becomes hopelessly entangled. He tries but it simply isn't good enough. His head swings wildly, searching for help but there is none. In one final blurt, Harry gives up and sinks quietly below the surface, leaving only a faint trail of bubbles.

This covers the field generally. Of course there is the admirable type who takes over smoothly. His timing is immaculate, his phrasing breathless. With the agility of a cheetah he threads toward the climax; terse, succinct and sure. His punch line is delivered after the most delicate pause, and with an almost casual grace. The laughter is instantaneous and completely abandoned. His listeners simply die.

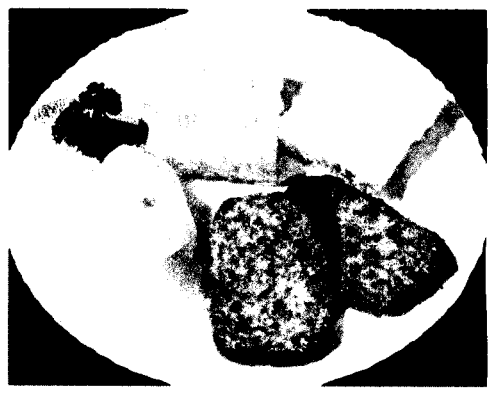
That's you and me, kid THE END

The Baked Ham type can't relate a joke without a load of props

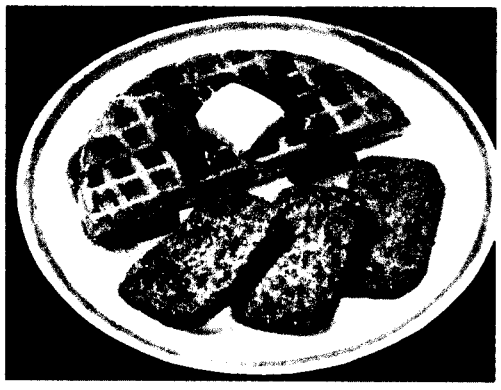


ANY MORNING is a good morning for pancakes—and piping hot fried SPAM. Just get a box of your favorite pancake mix—either the regular wheatcake style or buckwheat. Follow the directions on package. *Griddle tip:* To keep pancakes from sticking on "greaseless" type griddle, DON'T grease griddle. Instead, tie a tablespoon of salt in a square of cheesecloth to form a "salt bag". Rub salt over griddle before baking each batch. No sticking—glorious pancakes.

PERFECT MATES, deluxe eating for lazy breakfasts. Make fluffy scrambled eggs with cream and butter—perhaps a dash of Worcestershire. Crisp-fried, meaty SPAM.



DIG OUT that old family recipe for corn bread. While it bakes, fry tender, juicy oblongs of SPAM. With chilled applesauce on the side, there's an "anytime" meal.



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LEW AYRES · TERESA WRIGHT
in
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production
THE CAPTURE
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Written & Produced by NIVEN BUSCH · Directed by JOHN STURGES
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Truman's New Romance:

THE BUSINESSMAN

By CABELL PHILLIPS

THE Administration is setting its cap for the business vote in 1952. It won't abandon its friends from the farms, organized labor or the near and far left. They are, and will remain, the dependable hard core of its support. But it thinks it has a new wrapper for the Welfare State candy bar that will give it fresh sales appeal in front-office and chamber of commerce markets.

This definitely is not a revival of the tired old "businessmen for whosis" gimmick, those synthetic claques which come mysteriously to life for a few months each election year, and as mysteriously fold before the second week in November.

This is a concerted and carefully organized program to persuade businessmen that the free enterprise system and the Administration are sharing the same life raft on a turbulent wave of the future. Either they pull together toward the same shore (and it reads like Bali in the travel literature), or they both will be gobbled up by the sharks of Communism thrashing the waters just astern.

The idea was born out of many deskside conferences in the Oval Office of the White House in the latter part of 1949. It has been nursed to maturity by some of the President's top aides, a few Administration leaders in Congress and the strategists of the Democratic National Committee. The initial workouts are well advanced.

There is a good deal of smooth talk and bright promises going into this campaign; but there is much more than that. As much reliance is being put in tangible deeds as in talk. Methods are actually being devised to help businessmen live with the antitrust laws and federal trade practices; to cut new paths through the jungle of bureaucratic red tape; to open up the cornucopia of government purchases to thousands of new suppliers. Attention to the particular problems of small business is being put on a permanent, high-level basis. And before another year passes, businessmen, both small and medium, will almost certainly be able to get government-backed financing on bargain-counter terms.

The comparatively few business and political leaders around the country who have become fully

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conscious of this program view the prospects with, as might be expected, mixed emotions. If the Administration is able to do a really bang-up selling job and win over a sizable body of business following, the Welfare State might begin to snowball—freewheeling labor laws, compulsory health insurance, massive welfare programs, bigger and better foreign aid and all. This could be good or bad—national bankruptcy or unparalleled prosperity—depending upon the degree of your conversion to the Administration's doctrine.

But there's one consequence about which there can be little question. If the Administration captures a really substantial business following throughout the nation, it will chop the most important remaining supports from under an already perilously sagging Republican party. Intelligent Democrats do not want to see the United States reduced to a one-party oligarchy. But such an eventuality is wholly conceivable *if* the drive to kidnap business succeeds, and *if* the Republicans don't come up fast with some bright and credible promises of their own.

And how is this grand scheme being carried out? We can get an idea by observing one aspect of it in action.

The scene is a private dining room in the somber precincts of New York's Union League Club. The time, dinner hour one evening a few months ago. The cast, a score of grave- and substantial-looking gentlemen, discovered sipping their coffee and brandy in thoughtful attention to a discourse on A New Era of Understanding between Business and Government. They are a select cross section of the city's industrial and financial leaders—presidents, vice-presidents and chairmen of the boards of corporations whose names are bywords in American business. The host at this private and unpublicized gathering is one of the country's top publishers, and the guest of honor is a plump, professorial young bureaucrat from Washington, Leon H. Keyserling, acting chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

A large number of the guests, having never come upon this Keyserling in the flesh, are prepared to dislike him personally and to distrust him intellectually. He epitomizes, in their collective judgment, all that is unsound and dangerously impracticable about the Truman Administration. But somewhat to their surprise, they gradually find themselves pleased by his modest demeanor, impressed with the lucidity of his discourse, and—in spite of themselves—bewitched by the plausibility of what he has to say. As we intrude he is beginning to summarize his argument of the evening:

"I am sure that I am saying nothing you gentlemen don't already know when I state that the American economy cannot be stable by simply standing still. Indeed, it has never stood still for more than a brief instant, and that is what has given our free enterprise system the greatest vitality of any economic system in the world.

"What is the norm of this progress? Over the past six decades it has averaged out to about 3½ per cent a year. Look at the figures. Our total production of goods and services 60 years ago—in 1890—was about $35,000,000,000 in terms of today's prices. In 1949, with almost two and one-half times the population and with working hours in industry reduced by a third, our output was $260,000,000,000. In the same period, the purchasing power of the typical American family has increased about 130 per cent. That is a truly prodigious rate of growth."

Keyserling continued, to an audience that obviously was becoming more interested:

"During the depression years, as you well remember, a good many people took the despondent view that the forces of business expansion had spent themselves. It was held that only the government could provide the dynamic force for new growth and continued prosperity.

"That doctrine of secular stagnation, as it is sometimes called, has no place in responsible economic thinking today, either inside or outside the government. It has been replaced by the firm conviction that our economic system, given a reasonable climate of stability, has within itself the capacity to operate more or less continuously at very nearly maximum levels of production and employment. Stability and growth are, in this context, virtually synonymous terms."

To these skeptical and hard-boiled captains of industry the plump young professor from Washington, intensely earnest and self-assured, seems to be talking good sense—almost Republican good sense. What else has he got to say?

"Now let's assume—for history proves that we can make this assumption safely—that our economy will continue to grow at this rate of at least 3½ per cent a year. What will we have, say in 1955? We will have a population of about 160,000,000. We will have a labor force of around 66,000,000. Our technology will have stepped up productivity by perhaps 14 per cent. And we will have a total national output of goods and services of the order of $300,000,000,000.

"It doesn't take specially tinted glasses to see that goal of a $300,000,000,000 national income in 1955, gentlemen. Barring the disaster of a global war, it is a mathematical and historical probability. Are any of you prepared to say that the American free-enterprise system has reached the limits of its growth? Or would you admit that it is incapable of progressing during the next five, or the next 20, years at the same steady rate it has achieved over the past 60? I think not."

Nods of assent go around the table. Men whose combined corporate assets run into the billions are likely to be the last to accept the proposition that the capitalist system is running down. But hasn't Senator Taft said that these people are really Socialists at heart?

"That is all that President Truman meant in his annual economic report to Congress in January," Keyserling continued. "The American economy is capable of a national output of $300,000,000,000 in the next five years, with all that that connotes in a continued high level of prosperity for business and a higher standard of living for our people.

"We can have it if, in government and in business, we gear our planning and actions to long-range stability instead of merely to short-range security: government in its taxing, spending and credit policies, and business in its wage, price and investment policies. If we can see with reasonable clarity what our situation will be five years hence, and it is good, it doesn't make much sense to run for cover just because we can't predict infallibly what is going to happen in the next six or twelve months.

"Our unique combination of free enterprise and free government is the most powerful social force in the world today. There is no desirable goal beyond its reach.

"All that we need do is to recognize that the things which unite us are infinitely more important than the things which divide us."

That is the sort of creed the Administration evangels are preaching to business leaders all around the country with, according to the testimony of some of the converts, a considerable degree of success.

Keyserling is the most assiduous and probably the most effective missionary the Administration has. In the last eight or ten months he has talked to over 50 different business groups, varying in size from such intimate private dinners as we have just described (his New York host has set up similar ones in Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Chicago) to trade conventions with attendances above 1,000.

He is, moreover, the principal author of the Economic Council's recent fourth annual report to the President, "Business and Government," in which the new doctrine is spelled out. Neither Senator Robert A. Taft, America's "Mr. Republican," nor such articulate dissenters as Arthur Krock of The New York Times could find fault with this report.

High-level co-ordination of the program is provided straight from the White House through Stephen J. Spingarn, one of the President's more able executive assistants. Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, whom conservative businessmen regard as "their kind" of public official, has, possibly with some reluctance, been persuaded to put his massive shoulder to the wheel. Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder, another "safe" man by Wall Street standards, has contributed after his fashion.

More effectively and enthusiastically, Clark Clifford, former special counsel to the President and now enjoying a slightly fabulous corporate law practice in Washington, accepts occasional speaking engagements (he was at the Executives Club of Chicago a few weeks ago), and also dispenses the gospel among his blue-chip clients.

And, naturally, President Truman lays it on the line upon any and all occasions.

A prominent oil company executive who has been a Republican all his life was recently exposed to these high-level blandishments in the course of an official visit to the White House. Reporting back to his colleagues in the cocktail lounge at the Mayflower Hotel that afternoon, he said:

"I believe the fellow really has something on the ball. He is so damn' straightforward and honest he just *can't* be against business. We have just got into the habit of thinking he is."

But no one knows better than the Administration strategists how *(Continued on page 68)*

What Businessmen Should Think Hard About

For this year of Congressional elections the Administration already has well-defined programs designed to appeal to labor (repeal of the Taft-Hartley law) and the farmer (the Brannan Plan). Now it has unveiled a plan for business, which is explained in the accompanying article by Cabell Phillips, Washington representative of the Sunday Department of the New York Times.

The plan is full of specialized enticements, such as easy loans on easy terms and a bigger share for the little fellow in the golden stream that flows from "the cornucopia of government spending." But the thoughtful businessman may want to ask questions before he buys this prize package on the strength of the prospectus:

Is this a well-considered investment in the country's business, or is it political pump priming?

Is the Administration really concerned about helping business? And if it is, why did it cling so long in peacetime to dozens of wartime excise taxes whose primary purpose was to discourage the production and purchase of luxury goods?

And what about the government's unbusinesslike policy of spending more than it takes in? If this policy continues indefinitely, what happens to business on the inevitable day of reckoning?

Mr. Phillips quotes some friendly, optimistic remarks to business by Leon Keyserling, President Truman's top economist. They urge a dynamic, expanding industrial economy. But the thoughtful businessman, on reading these remarks, may remember that Representative Emanuel Celler, with Mr. Truman's blessing, is bent on revising the antitrust laws so that a business can be punished and dismembered if it gets too big. And the businessman may ask himself how a small business can get enthusiastic over expansion when, after it reaches a certain undefined point of expansion, the government might step in and break it up into several smaller businesses.

No one can say that the Administration business plan isn't politically sound. But how about its economic soundness? Is it consistent? Is it part of an integrated blueprint for general prosperity? Or is it just one section of a haphazard, vote-getting program which aims at being all things to all people?

—THE EDITOR

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SHOWDOWN

By MORGAN LEWIS

Fleming Parson stared at Tuck, and something flickered in his eyes like the play of a snake's tongue

This was the test fo… he …
killed; for th… …

I MUST say, it's a pleasure to see you eat, Tuck," Mrs. Oldun remarked. She took his plate to the stove, heaped a second helping upon it, and added wistfully, "You don't never seem to git fat, neither." She placed the plate before him on the flowered oilcloth and folded her hands across the ample spread of her apron. "I have took note you most never put your knife in your mouth. You must've been well raised, even if your folks did die when you was young."

The paragon of table manners flushed under his tan and gave her one of his rare smiles. "Not me, Mrs. Oldun, ma'am; but whenever Mike and me went to Bison City I took note how civilized folks act." He wrapped a big hand about his fork and stowed food away rapidly.

Mike, Mrs. Oldun reflected, was the man who had taken him in and raised him. Tuck's full name was Tucker Jordan and he was nineteen. Beyond that, for all she knew, he might have just arisen from the dust the day, six months ago, he rode into the ranch with a big Colt strapped low on his right thigh. She was thankful he no longer wore the Colt—guns frightened her, now that she was old—but she burned to know more about him, for various reasons. But it wasn't discreet to pry into a man's past.

"I declare," she exclaimed, "it's past one an' they ain't back from Broken Bow yet. Indy must be shoppin' fit to kill. I hope she don't walk her gran'dad too much in this heat."

Tuck laid down his fork. "India—that's kind of a funny name."

"Well, it is," Mrs. Oldun agreed. "Her mama was kind of a romantic person. She was readin' a book by that name about the time India was born . . . How come you didn't drive in with 'em, Tuck? A barber would do you no harm—an' you ain't ever been to Broken Bow, by your own say-so." She placed a wedge of dried-apple pie before him.

Tuck shifted his lean, hard body in the chair. Dungarees and a blue shirt, fresh from Mrs. Oldun's iron, gave him a starched appearance. Honey-colored hair was thick on his neck. Blue eyes blazed in a face the warm tan of new leather. He said, "Wasn't any reason to go in. And I got those new corral poles to get up."

She made no comment, but it was certainly unnatural for a boy his age to pass up a trip to town. He hadn't stepped foot off the place since he came.

He finished the pie and leaned back with a sigh that stretched the shirt tight across his deep chest. Lines of his neck swelled strongly out into his shoulders. There was an air of hard competence about him. He dragged the makings from a pocket, and with flat, blunt fingers dexterously shaped a cigarette.

At the first outpouring of smoke from his wide nose, wheels rattled and the team and buckboard swept into the yard. He arose at once, and Mrs. Oldun followed him to the porch and put a plump shoulder against an upright and watched his flat, straight back as he crossed the yard with his rocking walk.

She waved to her husband, who was already out of the buckboard, and Niles Oldun returned it with an old man's deliberate slowness. India jumped down as Tuck arrived, and began to pile packages into his arms.

Her hair, piled high for the trip to town, had become loosened, as usual, and was a brightly dark cascade about the shoulders of her yellow dress. She stepped back, laughing, as the packages rose to Tuck's chin, and sunlight gave her dark skin the sheen of polished wood. *(Continued on page 54)*

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Inside WOMEN'S PRISON

By VIRGINIA KELLOGG

A matron in a cocaine stupor. . . a girl's face slashed to make her ugly . . . an inmate dying of syphilis . . . "the cold hose"

IN THE bakery of a women's prison last year a young inmate collapsed while carrying a heavy tray. Victim of the partial paralysis that accompanies the advanced stage of syphilis, she lay unattended for days in the infirmary while the prison doctor—a political appointee later charged with chronic drunkenness—scarcely glanced at her during his twice-weekly visits. Finally, the girl lost consciousness and began to hemorrhage. When this happened, the doctor roared: "Get her into a city ambulance! I don't want her dying on my hands!" The girl died on the way to the hospital. The doctor is still on duty at the prison.

In this "model" penal institution, another young inmate was spotted by unexpected visitors as she was taken from a solitary confinement cell alongside the prison's furnaces. The girl's hair had been clipped to the scalp as a penalty. She was covered with coal dust from head to foot. The dust had settled in her lungs, too, and she had a racking cough. Shivering with cold and fright, she was rushed to the hospital. The diagnosis: pneumonia and shock.

A few years ago this same prison was raided by narcotics agents. They discovered a top member of the staff in her bed in a stupor. At the foot of the bed was an inmate, equipped with hypodermic needle and an alarm clock set to awaken her to give the official a new injection of dope every three hours. The use to which the same institution's "therapy room" is put was the subject of yet another disclosure. This medical chamber is outfitted with a warm tub to calm mentally disturbed inmates. There are both hot and *cold* faucets in the tub, however, and the room is used for another treatment, known as "the cold hose," a form of therapy whereby unco-operative prisoners are knocked senseless by streams of icy water hurled at them by female guards.

From the foregoing samples, this prison may well sound like a product of an Iron Curtain penal system. The shocking truth is that I have been describing an *American* prison—a model penitentiary in one of our wealthiest Northern industrial states. Even more shocking is the fact that such horror houses are relatively common rather than unique in the United States.

To learn this, I lived inside prison walls myself.

I discovered that—aside from a handful of progressive states like New York, New Jersey and California—most state penitentiaries for women are ridden with corruption and political favoritism.

Women guards are on the payrolls of organized crime syndicates.

Representatives of prostitution and shoplifting rings openly recruit among the young inmates.

Ignorant and sadistic matrons are appointed on the basis of political pull alone and cannot be fired by honest officials.

False economies throw first offenders in with hardened criminals.

Homosexuality and dope addiction run riot.

In other words, most of our state prisons function as Crime Universities for Young Women, in which adolescent newcomers are given courses by experts in evildoing, and then are returned to society with a hatred of the law that is guaranteed to bring them back to the university for postgraduate work.

My own Crime University course as an inmate began several months ago when I went to see the governor of a large Eastern state for permission to gather material for a movie inside the women's state penitentiary. The governor had just been defeated for re-election, and he was more than happy for me to engage in investigations that would embarrass the incoming administration.

"Sure," he said, "go see my Commissioner of Correction."

The Commissioner of Correction turned me over to another official, and that's where I ran into great luck. I had no more than the governor's permission to visit the prison as an observer; it was illegal for anyone to be committed without due process of law; but this honest and courageous official wanted me to see the corruption and brutality at firsthand.

Next day I was smuggled inside the walls of the state pen, and became "Convict Virginia Laurel," ex-clerk in a real-estate office, sentenced to three years for embezzlement. I was outfitted with a shapeless, faded, blue denim prison dress, and left in a room in the administration building, as if I had just finished my admissions interview. A towering middle-aged matron came in and picked up my file. I was faint with nervousness over the possibility that she would penetrate my disguise. But she looked at me disinterestedly.

"Okay, Laurel," she said. "Let's go." I was "inside the iron."

I was taken to a cell on the second floor of Building C. Three steel doors opened and closed behind me as we entered first the building, then the second-floor corridor, and finally the cell itself. The matron noted my trembling. "Don't look for sympathy from me," she snapped. "You'll find sympathy only in the dictionary." She locked the cell door. I was alone in an eight-by-five-foot room with a barred window at one end. The cell walls were of sheet steel, the floor of stone. The only furniture was a cot with two faded blankets, a foot locker and a water bucket for sanitary purposes. There was a water spigot on one wall—and that was all.

A shattering sense of claustrophobia swept over me. I rushed to the door. It was then I noticed something that made me scream. *The door had no inside knob!* Smooth steel doors with no knobs—a small but terrifying aspect of prison life I never got used to.

I looked at my wardrobe. It consisted of two worn work dresses, a shabby black wool coat, and a slip which I soon learned was to double as a nightgown. To save money, no brassières were issued. This, I later found out, was a frequent cause of discord among the prisoners. Women beat each other to a pulp for the possession of a brassière sent in by a relative; I heard one inmate agree to become another inmate's slave—do all her washing, ironing and so on, for three months—in exchange for one of three brassières received as a Christmas gift.

I discovered other reasons for inmate discord when the cells were opened before supper and we were allowed to mingle in the locked corridor. Every conceivable type of prisoner was indiscriminately thrown together in that one cell block—murderers, thieves, schoolgirl delinquents, embezzlers, prostitutes, gun molls, madams and youngsters sent up as mere accessories to a crime. A once-pretty eighteen-year-old walked past, her face covered with horrible, half-healed knife wounds. I was told that she had been the companion of an older woman, a homosexual recently released. Before her departure the older inmate had slashed the girl so that she would not be attractive to another prisoner.

At the end of the corridor stood a neat, attractive thirty-five-year-old who looked like a superefficient secretary to the president of a big corporation. The other women seemed to recoil from her, however, and I soon found out why. She was agent for an outside prostitution ring. Her job, while an inmate, was to recruit young girls to go to work for the syndicate after their release. The assignment was not a tough one for her, because inmates in this state are not freed until they have a job and a home on the outside. Thus, they can remain in prison for as long as a year after they become eligible for parole, and in their near-insane desire to get out, many eventually agree to anything the vice ring asks. Thereupon the ring produces a "respectable" job for the girl, and the parole board lets her go.

This syndicate contact was one of the cleverest women I have ever met. I was later shown proof that she had several matrons on her payroll; apparently they picked up weekly salary checks at the syndicate's law offices on their day off. These matrons smuggled soap, candy, underwear and other conveniences of the outside world into the contact's cell. They also got her a clerical job in the prison admissions office, where the records of all inmates are kept. Here she practiced the most diabolical phase of her operations.

Endowed with a photographic mind, she memorized the names and addresses of young inmates' families. If a girl balked at signing up for the prostitution ring, the syndicate threatened her family with exposure as a convict's relatives. When I saw the contact woman in my cell block, she had just been caught at her job by honest prison officials and removed from her admissions office job. So corrupt is the system, however, that none of the implicated matrons could be fired—because of their political connections.

I witnessed at firsthand another example of the nefarious crime-recruiting triangle. Again the principals were an outside *(Continued on page 37)*

WHY NO NAMES

Virginia Kellogg, ex-correspondent for the Los Angeles Times and veteran screen writer, voluntarily served time in prison to get this inside story of women behind bars. All the facts she relates are authentic, although she has disguised the prisons involved in order to protect the courageous officials who helped her gather her material. One such official, in fact, has already fallen victim to a smear campaign begun when the publication of this story became known. Miss Kellogg has drawn on these same prison experiences to write the screen play for the movie Caged, produced by Jerry Wald for the Warner Brothers film studio.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT J. LEE

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Home Town

By MICHAEL FOSTER

"I'm going to get out of this town," I had told her. "I'm going to be part of the main show. You watch me." And now I was back home, where she could hurt me

THEY would know me when I got off the train. But I hoped they wouldn't know what I was. If they guessed what had happened to me, they'd better not show it. I was ready for the first virtuous smirk. They'd better let me alone. They'd better keep out of my way. That defiance had been with me all the way from New York, and as I began recognizing landmarks out across the flat country my throat kept getting drier and drier.

I was luckier than I deserved. There was almost nobody on the depot platform. The sun beat terribly hot from the west, and I was the only person who got off the little branch-line local.

My clothes were still good, and my suitcases were expensive. The brakeman tossed down a bundle of afternoon newspapers from the city; they hit the splintery platform with a thump. A boy was waiting there for them, and I looked at him. That was one of the jobs I had had when I was about his age. And I suppose I had looked something like this youngster—sunburned, needing a haircut, and with the future in his eyes.

Seeing me stand there, watching him, he said, "Can I help you, mister?"

"No," I said.

And then I saw Mrs. Meigs. She had been my mother's best friend. In a floppy straw hat, she was waving frantically from a busted old flivver. I was in for it now, but I guessed it was as good a time as any. She climbed out of the car. Carrying my suitcases, I walked slowly toward her.

"Why, Charlie Andrews!" she said. "You've come home for your vacation! We've all been wondering if you ever would."

"I could stand a little rest," I said shortly. Let them think whatever they wanted to. But you could never really tell what people were thinking. I put down my suitcases to shake hands. That wasn't enough; she hugged me, too. She is a big woman, and the hug had good strength in it.

Holding me off at arm's length, she said, "You do look tired. Real peaked. Your mother would be worried."

The train was pulling out, making a lot of noise, so all I had to do was pretend to mutter something. But that didn't make any difference to Mrs. Meigs; she didn't try to hear me. Her weathered face was just shining.

"I haven't any right to go on seeing you," I said. "I've been a real flop. I came here because it was the only place I have left"

"—so I'll do the worrying about you while you're here," she was saying. "And you'll sleep better with homefolks all around you."

Looking beyond her shoulder, I saw the little main street of Smoky Hill. Nothing had changed much. The two-story front of the old Douglas Block had been painted a bright new red, and the front of Schindler's store had been fixed over to make it look more like a big-town market. I could remember when an ancient corrugated-tin awning had sloped over the sidewalk, supported by pipe-iron posts along the curb. After New York everything seemed very low and sparse. Cars and farm trucks lined the street, and a few people were in sight along the sidewalks. Occasionally someone would walk across the nearly empty street. Beyond the western edges of town, away out across the wheatlands, the low range of bare hills crouched above the line of timber along Dry Creek.

"Are you going to stay at the hotel or out at the old house?" Mrs. Meigs was asking.

"The house," I said, looking sidewise at a sign nailed on the side of the depot:

FOR-HIRE CAR
CALL 228
POTTER'S GARAGE

"Charlie, you get right into that flivver of mine," Mrs. Meigs said. "The idea! Has twelve years made you forget we're neighbors?"

DRIVING along, she gossiped cheerfully, bringing me up to date on all the news. Most of the people who had been boys and girls around my own age were married now and had children, but when she came to the department of recent marriages she was talking about names I only vaguely remembered as belonging to kids who had been little when I was in high school. She stopped the car in front of the old house on the edge of the prairie.

"You go in and get settled," she said. "You're home now, Charlie."

I carried my suitcases up the weed-grown walk. I remembered the uneven bricks. The paint of the house was peeling from the suns of many summers. At the warped front door I had difficulty using my key, but the rusty lock finally turned.

The place had been rented off and on, but it had been vacant for more than two years now. The darkness inside was musty, airless and cold. The stairs creaked under my feet. In the cramped little upper hallway I turned to the west room—mine when I was a boy—not *(Continued on page 43)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

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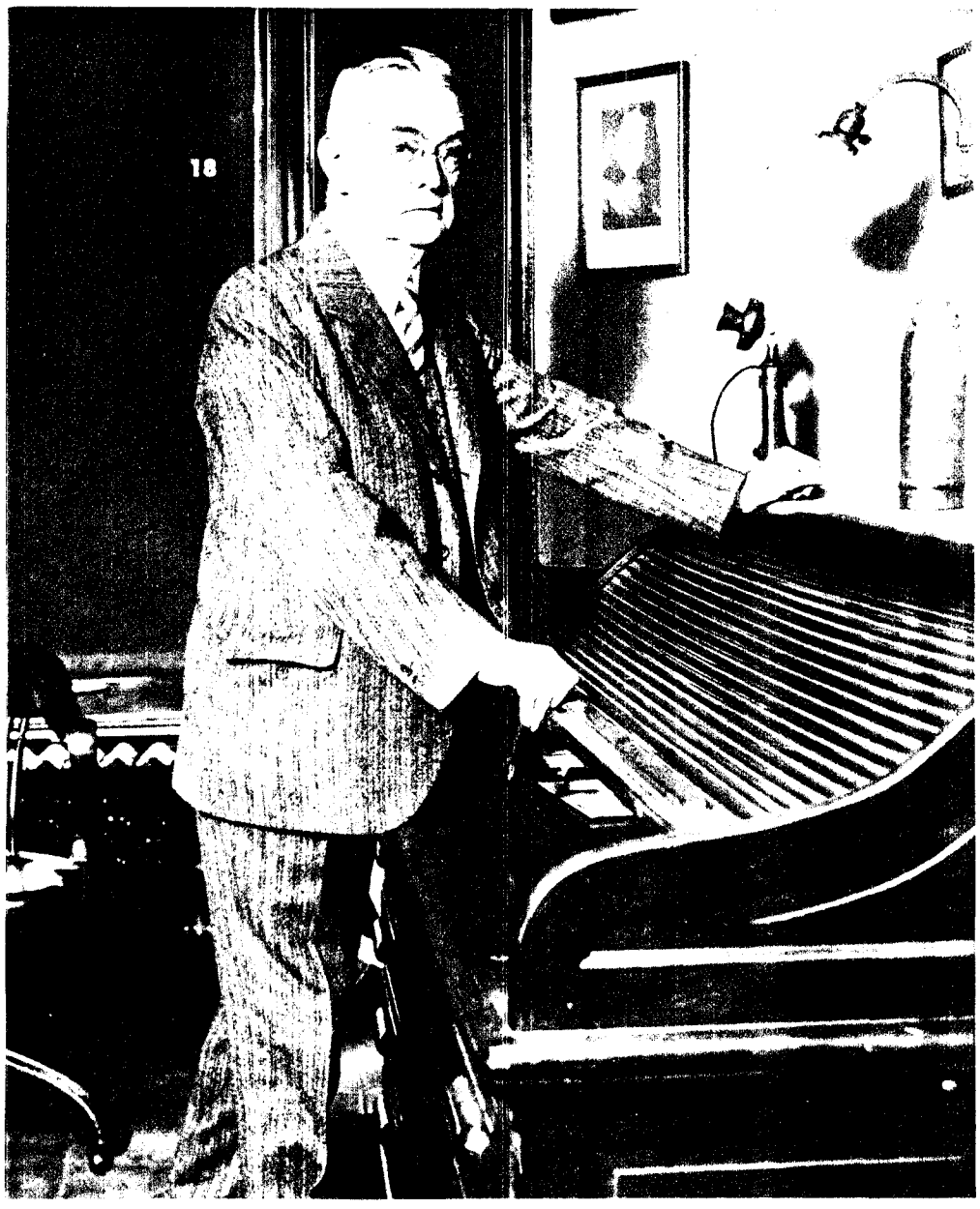


Ban Johnson, American League president until 1927, Barrow's close friend

CHALLENGE

Continuing MY BASEBALL STORY

By EDWARD G. BARROW
With JAMES M. KAHN

Ed Barrow has been called, properly, the Man Who Built the Yankees—a team which for three decades has been the symbol of genuine greatness in baseball. Now eighty-two years old and inactive, he devoted altogether a half century of his life to the game he, and the nation, loves. No history of the national pastime could ever be complete without the Barrow story, which is set down in detail for the first time in this series.

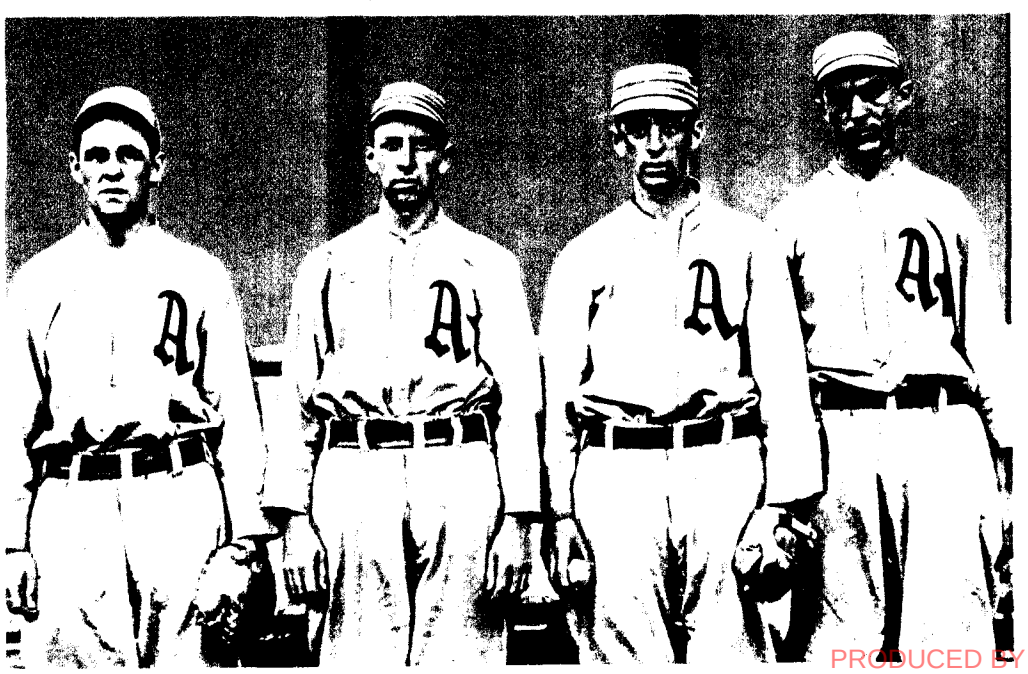
The story is much more than a report of Barrow's success with the New York American League club. He was also a minor-league manager, club owner, league president and manager of a world championship team. And he could have been Commissioner of Baseball had he chosen. Many stars he discovered—like Fred Clarke and Honus Wagner—are now immortals. It was a long and exciting road to Yankee Stadium

Despite rumors, Max Carey of Pittsburgh didn't jump to Feds

"Miracle Man" of Boston's '14 Braves, world champs, was fiery George Stallings

Harry Sinclair was among big losers in attempt of Feds to become major loop

Athletics' famed "$100,000 Infield" (l. to r.) McInnis, Collins, Barry, Baker



Harry Frazee, theatrical producer and owner of the Red Sox in 1918

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from the OUTLAWS

III

THE war between the big leagues, on one hand, and the "outlaw" Federal League, on the other, was the bitterest and most costly struggle that ever threatened Organized Baseball, before or since. It kept the big leagues in a turmoil for two years, consumed millions of dollars, and threatened to drive the International League, the top minor-league circuit of the country, out of existence. It was so far-reaching in its effects that it ultimately got to the United States Supreme Court. Yet, there are many present-day dyed-in-the-wool baseball fans who never heard of the Federal League, or, having heard of it, know little or nothing about it.

I was president of the International League during the Federal League war and it was my circuit's unhappy lot to become the conflict's chief battleground. Coming, as it did, at the same time during World War I that the Kaiser's armies were smashing through the Lowlands and into the heart of France, we were likened to the devastated victims of the German march, and the International League became known as the "Belgium of Baseball." I fought the Feds to a finish, and we beat them, but it was an exhausting struggle. It was years before the damage was repaired and the wounds healed.

Like mankind's own wars, it was not easy to tell the victor from the vanquished.

I was elected to the presidency of the International League—for a one-year term—at a stormy session in the Hotel Victoria in New York City in December of 1910. I succeeded Pat Powers. Powers had been president for some 20 years before, and the move to oust him had split the league into two factions. My first job was to restore peace, which I did, and to strengthen the league, the oldest minor league in the country.

I patterned myself after Ban Johnson, founder and president of the American League, who was my close friend and whom I admired throughout his life. It was Johnson, more than any other baseball executive, who established the supreme authority of the umpire on the ball field, bringing order and dignity to our national game.

My own first official act as the league president was to assemble the strongest possible staff of umpires. There had been a growing spirit of rowdyism throughout the league for a couple of years prior to my election, and I was determined to drive it out.

I fired all but one of the umpires of the year before. I retained Jim Murray, a fine, athletic fellow standing six feet and weighing 215 pounds, whose brother was boxing instructor at West Point. Jim could handle himself, too. Ban Johnson recommended two others, John Pollock and Pat Wright, and I added Bob Black, Frank Rudderham, Bob Pender, Bill Bannon and Bob Hart. All were experienced officials and men of high moral character. Also, they were all six feet or taller. The oldest was thirty-nine and the youngest thirty, and the Jersey City Journal ran a big four-column story with pictures and biographies of my umpires with the headline: PRESIDENT BARROW HAS ENGAGED A CLASSY AND HUSKY BUNCH OF ARBITRATORS.

I issued instructions to my umpires, which is customary, but I also sent a letter to the club owners. To my umpires I said:

". . . You are required to keep yourself above suspicion at all times. Late hours and excessive drinking will not be tolerated.

"You must maintain the dignity of your position at all times. Pay no attention to remarks from spectators and see that the players do likewise. Be firm, but not pugnacious, and treat managers and players with proper respect. Let nothing of a personal nature enter into your duties at any time, forgetting any happenings in former games. Do not indulge in any familiarity or mix with managers or players on or off the field. Cultivate an even temperament and do not be too severe one day and easygoing the next.

"Above all things, do not lose your temper and stoop to the level of arguing with a hotheaded player. This is positively inexcusable in an umpire. You are absolute master of the field, but carrying a chip on your shoulder is not the way to emphasize it. Enforce discipline at all times, but do not look for trouble or allow your judgment to be swayed by losing your temper. Treat all impartially at all times, and the protection of this office will be extended to you as long as you discharge your duties properly."

To my club owners I wrote:

"A rigid enforcement of order and good conduct on the ball field is imperative. The umpire is the sole judge of play. His decisions must not be questioned unless the correct interpretations of rules be involved, and then only the captain may address the umpire.

"No other player must leave his position to question a decision. Chronic kickers and umpire baiters will be dealt with accordingly.

". . . Managers, captains *(Continued on page 71)*

The man who built the Yankees and his beloved Fannie. Of his marriage to her 40 years ago, Barrow says: "That was the greatest deal I ever made"

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY JOE COVELLO

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Can Humans Be Rebuilt?

Quiet research at Chicago's Presbyterian

ALMOST everyone knows of a medical case where the doctor takes stock of the situation and gives it up. "Inoperable," he announces, and the patient is doomed to sooner or later death.

This happens frequently with cancer, but it can happen with other illnesses too. When it does, surgery has, so to speak, reached its limit.

"Inoperable" means that to remove the diseased area in the patient's body, it would be necessary to remove organs without which the body cannot live.

Surgery used to be a simple matter of removal. If you had a diseased appendix, you had it out. But suppose you had a seriously ulcerated duodenum. The duodenum is the extreme upper part of the small intestine, where it joins the stomach.

When the duodenum is too badly diseased it must be removed. But obviously you would not live if it were removed, because your stomach would thereby be separated from your intestines, and your whole digestive system disrupted because no food could pass from the stomach into the intestines.

So, with the simple removal of the duodenum out of the question, surgery had to advance to another phase: reconstruction. The old outlet of the stomach is closed off, a new opening made, the small intestine attached to the new outlet and there you are: You have a new digestive system, sidetracking the duodenum.

Another example of surgical reconstruction is the common case where, following a severe burn, skin from one part of the body is grafted, or transplanted, to another part of the body. The plastic surgeons call this autologous transplantation.

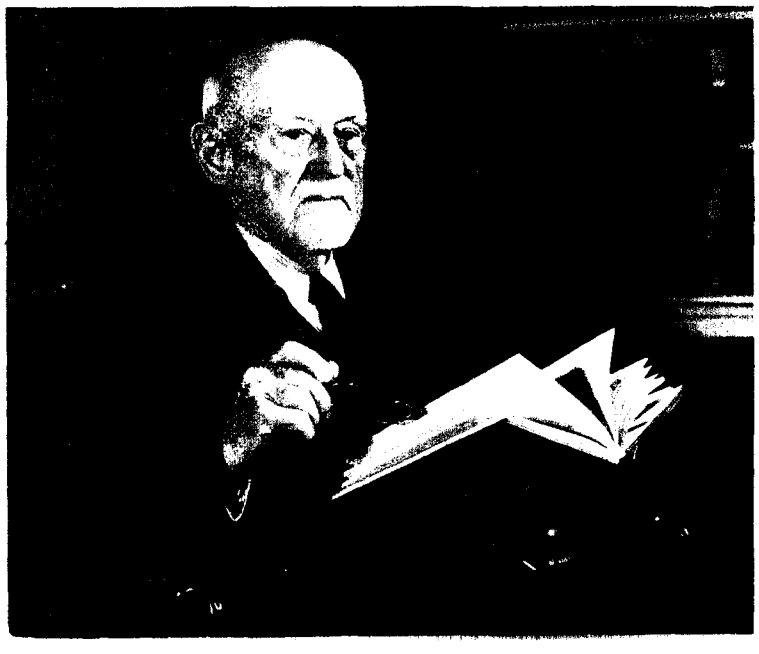
But obviously there is a limit to such procedures. You can take only a limited amount of the patient's own tissue for reconstruction purposes. So again there is a surgical impasse: The surgeon can no longer transplant because he has reached the end of his sources of reconstruction.

Now surgery looks ahead to still a third solution: replacement. The tissue or organ removed from one individual would be replaced with the tissue or organ from another individual. There have been some attempts at using the replacement technique in surgery. So-called "homologous transplantations," that is, grafts of skin or bone or other tissues from one individual of a species to another of the same species, have been made. And everyone knows of corneal transplants in eye surgery. But unless the transplant is from one identical twin to another, the best medical opinion is that such transplants act merely as frameworks over which the patient's own tissue grows.

So far there is no real evidence that homologous transplants succeed as do blood transfusions, where the blood of the donor actually joins the blood stream of the donee. (In lower animals, such as rats, homologous transplants are common, but the procedure is still a mystery when applied to human beings.)

Surgical research is now attacking this mystery. Work on replacement, as well as on new reconstruction techniques of surgery, is right now going on apace at the Presbyterian Hospital of the city of Chicago. The researchers are practicing physicians or residents and the research must be done in their spare time.

This makes what they have achieved to date all the more remarkable. Quietly, without fanfare, they are heading us toward a new era in human health.



Men who have brought world fame to Presbyterian Hospital: Dr. Ludvig Hektoen (above) pioneered the typing of blood. Dr. J. B. Herrick discovered clinical coronary thrombosis

Notable "Firsts" by Staff Doctors

Associated with the University of Illinois College of Medicine, Chicago's Presbyterian is no stranger to remarkable achievement. On its staff is Dr. James B. Herrick, now almost ninety, famous as the discoverer of clinical coronary thrombosis. Another former member of Presbyterian's staff, Dr. Ludvig Hektoen, was among the first to suggest that the basis of successful blood transfusion depended upon proper typing of the blood. It was at Presbyterian, in March, 1923, that the anesthetic ethylene was first used.

Right now the hospital's researchers may be on the threshold of one of the great medical discoveries of all time: how to transplant an organ of one body into another so that it will live and function. They aren't there yet, but they have made progress.

I can't tell you the names of these gentlemen in white laboring so assiduously for the welfare of mankind. They won't let me. A tall, redheaded staffer from Minnesota summed it up. "To say Presbyterian is a conservative hospital," Dr. Minnesota told me, "is to understate the case. We're a tightly closed group, more like a family than a hospital staff, and no individual gets any credit until the experiments are over. And even then the credit goes to the group before it reaches the individual."

This, of course, is more or less true of every hospital worthy of the name, but is particularly the case at Presbyterian.

Replacement research at Presbyterian has been done with the kidneys of dogs. Up to now it has been concerned with developing a technique. In order to achieve this technique, it is first necessary to remove the kidney and then put it back. This was first done by Dr. Alexis Carrel in 1907, but the results were inconclusive. In the early 1920s, Mayo Clinic researchers at Rochester, Minnesota, succeeded in removing a kidney from its bed and grafting it into the neck of an experimental animal, and experiments in the transplantation of blood vessels are now being conducted at Harvard. But the Harvard work involves dead tissue only. So as far as is known, only at Presybterian is research being directed toward replacing a live organ in its original position.

Two Presbyterian researchers were forced to give up from sheer exhaustion and discouragement. Each of them had worked for about a year. But the present two researchers have finally succeeded in replacing the kidney of a dog.

Fifteen Years of Preparatory Study

Because of Presbyterian's ban on names, I'll identify these men by their home states. They are Drs. Illinois and Ohio. And they are working under the supervision of Dr. Iowa, Presbyterian's pathology chief, who spent 15 years in medical schools, including those of Harvard and Cornell, before he regarded himself as well enough equipped to carry on his chosen specialty.

Dr. Iowa and I watched Drs. Illinois and Ohio perform a replacement operation. The dog's kidney was removed after the vein and artery attached to the kidney were severed, along with the nerves, and clamped off. The kidney, about the size of a plum, bluish in color, its subsurface a vast network of tiny blood vessels, was then lifted from its bed. In past successful operations, the kidney had remained out of the body of the dog for about an hour and been kept alive in a warm saline solution. This is up to now the approximate limit of the kidney's life outside its host. But in the case I witnessed the kidney was out of the dog for only 15 minutes.

It was completely free of the dog's body, except for the ureter, the slender tube that is attached to the bladder. Since the ureter is often taken out of the bladder in routine operations on human beings, the researchers aren't concerned with it.

I then saw the kidney replaced in its bed. The critical part of the operation was at hand. This part of the proceedings is what the doctors call reanastomosis, or rejoining of the vein and the artery with their stumps on the kidney. The vessels were sutured so that the kidney would be assured of its normal blood supply, without which, of course, it cannot live. This stage of the operation, which in previous attempts had failed, Drs. Illinois and Ohio had achieved within two months after their researches began.

As they worked, their eyes above their masks were like men under hypnosis, absorbed. They proceeded with painful caution. The vein to be rejoined was about the size of a soda-fountain straw, the artery about the size of a small nail. One slip, one error, one tremor—and the job might have been ruined, the dog sacrificed, the experiment a failure.

But there was no slip, no error, no tremor. Presently the vessels were sutured firmly in place and the clamps removed. Life-giving blood flowed through the kidney again. The wound was closed and stitched, and the dog removed to his kennel.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED KORTH—DRAWINGS BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

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-A Progress Report

By HENRY LA COSSITT

The next day I saw the dog romping around, unaware that he had lent himself to the advancement of human medical science, and quite unconcerned with the stitches in his side as he jumped up on me to be patted. He will be watched, to see if the kidney continues to thrive; because this, of course, is the final test of the replacement technique.

Other dogs at Presbyterian have survived this test. At least one is thriving after two months of living with one replaced kidney only, the other having been removed to make the experiment absolute in its conclusions.

But this is only the beginning of Presbyterian's great experiment, just a phase, a venture into the unknown. The next step will come when Drs. Illinois and Ohio, or some other anonymous researchers at Presbyterian, take the kidney from one dog and transplant it in the body of another whose kidney has been removed. Presumably the doctors will be able to do this successfully because of what has been learned of the technique of reanastomosis in the experiments thus far.

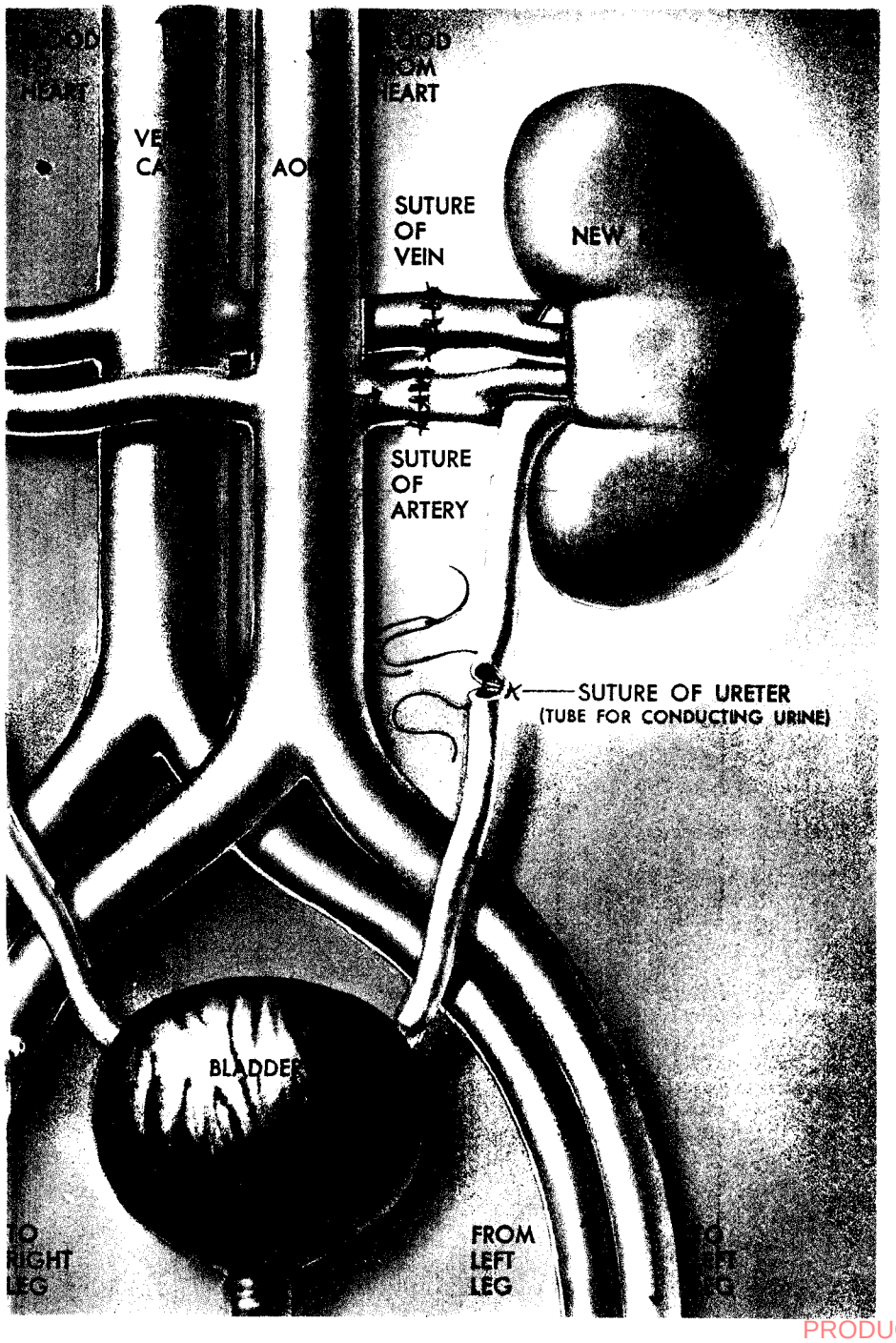
In all medical history, there has never yet been a successful whole-organ transplant, with the possible exception of the parathyroid gland, and since there was no follow-up as to whether the transplanted glands lived or *(Continued on page 70)*

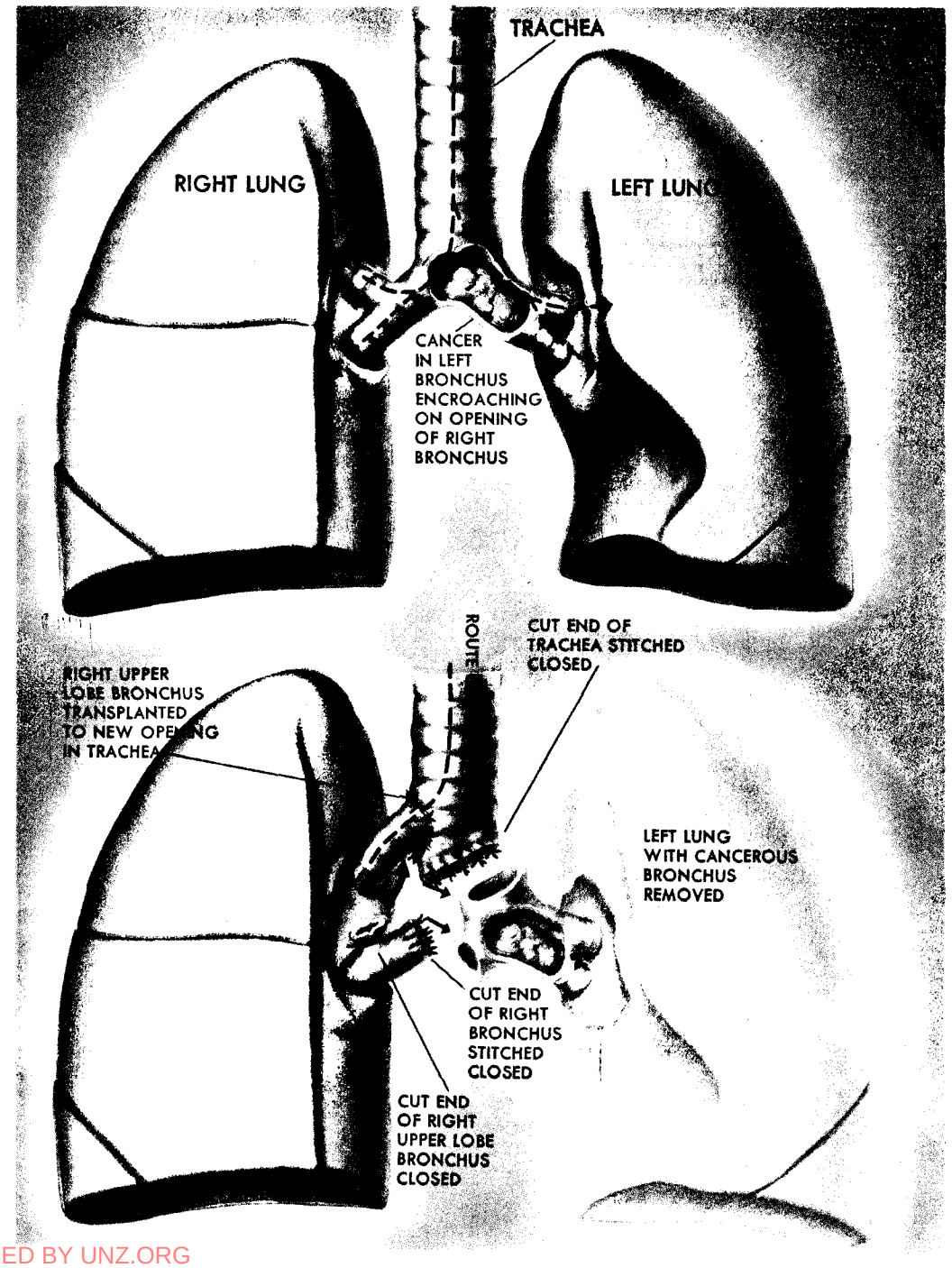
Surgical Experiments Being Made in Chicago May Have Revolutionary Results

If new techniques being studied at Chicago's Presbyterian Hospital prove successful, it will become possible for surgeons to replace a diseased kidney with a sound one from another person. Replacement of legs, arms and lungs likewise will become theoretically possible.

The drawing at the left indicates the surgical technique which may be used to replace a kidney. In experimental operations, the kidney of a dog has been removed from the body, kept alive for an hour, and then replaced in the same dog. The next step will be to remove a kidney from a dog and attempt to transplant it to another dog whose kidney has been taken out.

The drawing at the right illustrates another type of research going on at Presbyterian Hospital. In most cases of lung cancer, the disease has spread so far through the lymph nodes that an operation would sever both major bronchi, which lead from the windpipe to the lungs, cutting off air intake and killing the patient. In the type of surgery being studied, a cancerous lung and its diseased bronchus would be removed. The undamaged bronchus or even a minor bronchus would be attached to the trachea at a higher point, creating a new air intake into the remaining lung. Such operations already have been performed quite successfully on animals.




TRACHEA
RIGHT LUNG
CANCER IN LEFT BRONCHUS ENCROACHING ON OPENING OF RIGHT BRONCHUS
CUT END OF TRACHEA STITCHED CLOSED
RIGHT UPPER LOBE BRONCHUS TRANSPLANTED TO NEW OPENING IN TRACHEA
LEFT LUNG WITH CANCEROUS BRONCHUS REMOVED
CUT END OF RIGHT BRONCHUS STITCHED CLOSED
CUT END OF RIGHT UPPER LOBE BRONCHUS CLOSED

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The JOYFUL NOISE

Of scheming butterflies—and a disapproving teacher who lived in a cocoon, though she didn't really like it

By MARY JANE WARD

IT SEEMED that the superintendent, Miss Beasley, had reached a good stopping place in the closing prayer, and the entire Sunday school hunched their wraps closer about their shoulders in preparation for the dash to the door; but no, she remembered someone else for whom God's intercession had not been asked, and proceeded with great thoroughness to ask it.

Everyone sighed. Numerous wicked little boys, hands in pockets, fingered their collection nickels, thinking guiltily, of the licorice they would buy on the way home. Young ladies with dates looked anxiously at their wrist watches. Emily Benson, at the end of a row of Intermediate Girls, otherwise known as Sunbeams, peeked from under her lowered lashes at the superintendent.

It was too bad about Miss Beasley. She was so tan all over—tan hair, stretched tightly back into an enormous bun; tan skin unadorned by even the slightest smidgen of powder; tan dress draped in successful camouflage over what might or might not have been a passable figure. Her eyes were squeezed shut in the intensity of her appeal to God, and when she spoke about giving comfort to the bereaved, a big tear slipped past and made a tiny dark spot on her tan bosom. This was because of Miss Beasley's dear mother.

Six months ago dear Mother had been summoned to her reward, and was presumably more at peace than her arthritis had ever allowed her to be in this life; but Miss Beasley could not be reconciled. All the ladies said she should be. "You must be reconciled, dear Julia," they said.

Sunday school was over at last. The Sunbeams stepped on one another's slippers in their haste to be the first outdoors. Miss Cunningham, their teacher, came outside with them. "No, girls," she told them. "You can't walk me home. I'm staying for church. Don't forget to ask your mothers if they can make your costumes for the strawberry festival. I'll make a pattern, and you can choose your colors this week. Go right home, now, and study your lesson for next Sunday. You were fine today!" She stood on the steps and waved them on. They turned reluctantly away from the pretty little figure, bright as a bird in her smart cretonne coat.

By next Sunday nearly everyone would have a cretonne coat, but this Sunday only Miss Cunningham had one. An importation from effete Omaha, it was considered a bit daring even for 1925; and though, with its severe lines and its brilliant colors, it was obviously a garment for the young and lithe, no plump matron would rest until she had converted the yardage meant for the couch cover into a coat.

Emily Benson and her friend Sarah walked along Fifth Street, grateful for the shade of the elms; they took off their straw hats and fanned themselves, for the June day was very hot. A brand new runabout sped past them along the street; the young driver gazed ahead, with his brow furrowed.

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Miss Beasley was standing in the doorway of the church annex. "You'll be what, Emily?" she asked. "I'll be green," said Emily politely

"It's Reverend Folsom, late again," said Sarah.

"He can't help it," Emily said. "He has to drive clear over from Elmar after their church is out and he had to spend two hundred and fifty dollars for that car so he can go back and forth. My mother says it's too bad our church can't afford a minister all our own, instead of having to share him."

Sarah giggled. "I know somebody else who would like to share him."

Emily frowned. The conversation seemed to be leading into paths unseemly for Sunday, but she had to know anyway. "Who?" she asked reluctantly.

"Miss Beasley."

"Miss *Beasley?* But she's so old."

"Well, yes, she's twenty-seven, but Reverend Folsom is old too. He's thirty, and she has a crush on him. She blushes when he asks her anything and she stares at him all the time, only he's too absent-minded to stare back."

"Well, to stare at Miss Beasley, anyway," Emily said. "I'll bet if Miss Cunningham looked at him all the time, he'd look back. Except my mother says he is not a worldly man; he has his eye on Heaven."

"Didn't she look darling today?"

"Who? Miss Beasley?"

"No, silly. Miss Cunningham. That cretonne coat! I wonder if Mama will make me one. And I think her hair is beautiful. When I grow up I'm going to peroxide mine."

"It won't be the same. Miss Cunningham was born with hers that way. And she wouldn't look at Reverend Folsom, because she has a steady beau. I saw his picture." Emily threw this in casually but she knew it was a bomb.

Sarah stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. "Did you honestly? You're making it up!"

"No, I'm not," Emily replied with some hauteur. "I took a note over from my mother, and she let me come in her room and she gave me a sample of powder, and there was this picture on her dresser. And I said, 'Is that your brother?' but I knew it wasn't, because it said 'With all my love, Bill.' And she said it was her friend. He comes up from the university to see her all the time, because her landlady tells my mother."

"Oh, isn't she wonderful, Emily? It seems like we've known her forever and she hasn't even been here a year yet. And next year she'll be our *school* teacher.

"Imagine seeing her every day! Imogene Salter tried not to pass out of the sixth, just so she could be in Miss Cunningham's room again next year. But she passed anyway."

They observed a moment of silence in pity for all those who would not be taught by Miss Cunningham next year. . . .

The days stayed hot, and what President Coolidge might do seemed less and less important. The strawberry festival loomed just ahead as the social event of the summer, and the Sunbeams gathered together for consultation.

"Well, Dorothy, if you can't possibly wear green, I think peach would be all right. But you'll have to change your place in line, because you don't want to be right next to the pink. Who would like green?" Miss Cunningham said, pushing a damp curl back from her forehead.

"I'll be green!" cried Emily, relinquishing her favorite blue.

Miss Beasley was standing in the doorway of the church annex. "You'll be what, Emily?" she asked.

"I'll be green," said Emily politely. "There has to be a green butterfly, and Dorothy looks green all over if she wears it, and so I—"

"Colors?" cried Miss Beasley, in delicate horror. "Possibly I forgot to tell you, Miss Cunningham. The butterflies are to be all white."

Miss Cunningham looked puzzled. "No, you didn't tell me, Miss Beasley. I thought dainty pastels, each one different—"

Miss Beasley's face was stern. "May I see your pattern for the costumes, please?"

Miss Cunningham unfolded the bits of newspaper. "A plain bodice," she *(Continued on page 67)*

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Collier's
SHORT SHORT

Rusty saluted with his left hand, his chin pulled in and his eyes straight ahead

A Big Day in St. Louis

By [illegible]

IT REMINDED him of Christmas, because the whole family was here. They had all come to St. Louis together, both his grandfathers and his two grandmothers and his aunts and uncles and, of course, his mother. The train trip was fun, but here at the hotel was even better, with revolving doors to run around in and an elevator that took him for a ride all the way up to the roof and back, just himself.

There was a drinking fountain in the lobby, and he wanted to see how it worked, but his mother held onto his hand because he had his new suit on and anyway they were going to start pretty soon. He wished they would start right away; he was so excited he could hardly wait—it was like waiting for Christmas. He wondered if they were going to the zoo. Or maybe it might be a parade; in the lobby there were some soldiers with uniforms on, and one of them came up and spoke to his mother. She said, "This is Colonel Storrie, Rusty," and Rusty said, "Hello," and the colonel said to him, "I see you're a pilot, too, Rusty."

The colonel was wearing a pair of silver wings, just like his father's wings that his mother had pinned on his jacket this morning. The colonel shook hands with him and said, "I remember a picture of you pasted in the airplane. Of course, you were only about a year old when it was taken."

He told the colonel proudly, "I'm going on six now."

The colonel said to his mother, "It's been a long time to wait, but he's home now."

Rusty didn't understand what that meant, but he didn't like to ask. It made his mother sad when he asked about his father. Once a long time ago he asked her when his father was coming home, and she said, "He isn't coming home, Rusty," and she began to cry, so after that he never asked about him any more. He slipped his hand from his mother's hand, and wandered across the lobby to the fountain. When you pushed the button a stream of water rose in the air, and if you pressed hard enough it splashed onto the floor.

He worked the fountain, but he kept looking around the lobby in case his father walked in. He was pretty sure he would recognize him, from the picture back home on his mother's dresser. His father was in front of his airplane, standing very erect with his chin pulled in and his eyes straight ahead—because he was a hero, his mother told him. He hoped that his father would be able to find them in a big city like St. Louis. He heard his name called, and his grandfather beckoned to him across the lobby. "Come on, Rusty, we're starting."

"Are we going to the zoo?" he asked.

"Not now, Rusty," his grandfather said.

"Why can't we go to the zoo now?"

His grandfather hesitated. "Because we have to go out to Jefferson Barracks, to the National Cemetery. There's going to be a service there."

He heard the word "barracks" and he asked, "Will there be soldiers?"

"Yes, Rusty," his grandfather said, "there'll be soldiers."

He was glad there would be soldiers, and he got into the car with his mother and his two grandfathers and both his grandmothers. He was too excited to sit still, and he kept jumping up and looking out the windows. They crossed some railroad tracks, with a freight train on a siding, and once they passed a red fire engine going in the opposite direction. He wanted to turn around and follow the engine, but they kept on driving out into the country. The car drove in between two white pillars and through a park with rows of white stones and flags in front of them and stopped before a brick building. He was glad now that they hadn't followed the fire engine, because there were a lot of soldiers with white helmets and white gloves and white leggings, and they all had rifles. His grandfathers took him over and let him talk to the soldiers and one of them squatted beside him and showed him his rifle and even let him take it in his own hands and work the bolt.

THE head soldier shouted something, and all the soldiers picked up their rifles and formed in line in the center of the street. He wanted to go with them, but his grandfather whispered, "No, you walk with Mother."

The head soldier shouted something else, and they began to march along the street. It was like a parade except there wasn't any band, just the sound of their shoes on the pavement. He walked with his mother and tried to keep step with the soldiers; after them came his grandfathers and grandmothers and the rest of the family and the colonel with the silver wings. They marched across the lawn, to a place where some flowers were piled on the grass. The soldiers stopped, and he and his mother and the rest of the people sat down on some camp chairs on a platform.

A man in uniform opened a book and began to read out loud. There were no wings on his coat, but there was a silver cross pinned on his collar. It was hard to understand the words, and after a while Rusty began to twist in his chair. The soldiers with the rifles were standing in a group on the lawn, and in front of him were six more soldiers holding an American flag like firemen holding a net for somebody to jump into. He craned his neck and looked around, but he did not see his father anywhere. He turned to look behind him, and at that moment the soldiers fired their rifles into the air.

He jumped a foot off his chair, and whirled in delight. The head soldier shouted something, and he heard the bolts click, and they fired a second time. He could not see what they were firing at, but he was so excited that he trembled all over. The head soldier shouted again, and they fired a third time. Rusty waited for them to fire a fourth time, but they lowered their rifles and stood at attention, and a bugle began blowing.

He turned to look for the bugle, and he noticed that his mother was crying. He didn't like to ask her, but probably she was sad because his father was not here, after all. The bugle finished, and the man with the cross on his collar took the flag from the soldiers and folded it and started toward them. Rusty nudged his mother, but she did not look up. The man halted in front of them and held out the flag.

Everyone else was watching Rusty—his grandfathers and grandmothers and the rest of the people and all the soldiers and the colonel. He stood up, and his mother raised her eyes slowly and looked at him. He was standing very erect, with his hands at his sides. His shoulders were back, and he held himself so stiff that the little calves were knotted in his legs. The man gave the flag to him, and stepped back, and saluted. Rusty had the flag in his right hand, but he saluted the man with his left hand, his chin pulled in and his eyes straight ahead.

He sat down, hugging the flag to his chest and grinning at his mother. She was crying, but she was smiling, too; her eyes were shining. The colonel leaned over and said, "I wish his father could have been here."

"He's here." Her arm was tight around Rusty. "He's right here."

They walked back to the car together. His mother leaned a little on him, but he walked erect, because he was holding the flag. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

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FISHING GOOD?

By ARCH WARD

For the nation's 18,500,000 freshwater anglers the outlook this summer and fall is extra-bright. Here's a report on prospects in various areas

AN ATTEMPT to predict exactly what fishing conditions will exist this summer and fall, either in one area or across the nation, would be comparable to calling the turn on the weather, but late reports from most of the important angling areas paint a glowing over-all picture.

Good fishing no longer can be attributed to chance, as it was during the horse-and-buggy era. It is the result of scientific study, careful planning and expensive restocking. And in view of the notorious impatience of the modern angler, it is fortunate that he has every assurance of finding better fishing sooner during the coming season.

The majority of the important fishing states were favored by a mild winter, which has resulted in a minimum fish loss in the lakes and better growth and survival conditions in all waters. This made everyone happy but the ice fisherman.

The low but persistent moaning sound that prevailed during the winter in several Northern states was not always the voice of the polar wind. In addition, there was the plaintive cry for thicker ice and a longer season from the ever-increasing ranks of hardy sportsmen who drop their lines through holes cut in frozen lake surfaces. This frostbite brigade was once scorned by the warm-weather anglers, but now rates cheers, because some biologists have advanced the belief that ice fishing improves the sport in most waters.

The old theory, that *poor* fishing was the result of *over*fishing, has been disproved. Only a few years ago, the lake which failed to provide its quota of legal-size fish was said to be "fished out." Howls would go up for immediate restocking, usually accompanied by demands that ice fishing be prohibited on those waters.

Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago Tribune for the past 20 years, turns out a daily column and devotes a great deal of time to promoting top events for charity

But that was yesterday. Recent studies have shown that winter angling, except in locations where extreme pressures are exerted on small lakes, improves the quality of the spring and summer catches. Few trout are taken through the ice, and as bass lie dormant during the winter, both of these popular species are benefited by the harvesting of the coarse fish, which eat food that otherwise would be available for the more desirable species.

Faced with the problem of providing more fish, as a result of the tremendous increase in the number of anglers since the war, the state conservation agencies have thrust aside guesswork and turned to the trained biologists. This has resulted in the reversal of many time-honored practices and not a few policies.

Scientific studies revealed that many waters reported to be fished out were supporting not too *few* but too *many* fish. In several areas "legal-size" restrictions were eliminated and creel limits were increased, moves which would have been classed as "conservation boners" 10 years ago.

Wisconsin, one of the most popular angling states, has gone so far as to bring out a list of several hundred "underfished" lakes, and has urged anglers to rally around and bring down the fish population in order to insure better fishing. Fish just don't grow up to be big, scrappy lunkers if there is not enough food; and overpopulated lakes tend to provide stunted, half-starved specimens which have no more chance of prospering than a cat in a greengrocery.

The new theories have had a definite effect upon the restocking programs of most states, and are responsible, in part, for conditions which will insure better fishing and more fish for the angler this season. The old practice of indiscriminately dumping millions of fish, propagated at great cost, into the water has been abandoned; emphasis is now placed on improving environmental and food conditions.

With the exception of money spent on trout, whose natural reproduction rate is insufficient to combat fishing pressures except in the more isolated waters, many states now spend almost as much on lake and stream improvement as they do on restocking. Michigan has been among the pathfinders in pushing improvement work. According to Dr. Albert S. Hazzard, director of Michigan's Institute for Fisheries Research, their lake and stream improvement program has been greatly increased since the war, and will undergo further major expansion during the current season.

In addition to improving the feeding, resting and spawning areas in Michigan trout streams, the institute is making a survey of the watershed as a whole. Similar surveys, now being conducted by several states, have resulted in real savings and have produced better fishing as well.

Maine illustrates the benefits that can be obtained through scientific stream surveys. Following a series of studies conducted on a few of their northern rivers, this state initiated a program to restore the Atlantic salmon, *(Continued on page 47)*

A largemouthed black bass fights the plug. Largemouthed or smallmouthed bass—sometimes both—are found in every state

PETE BARRETT

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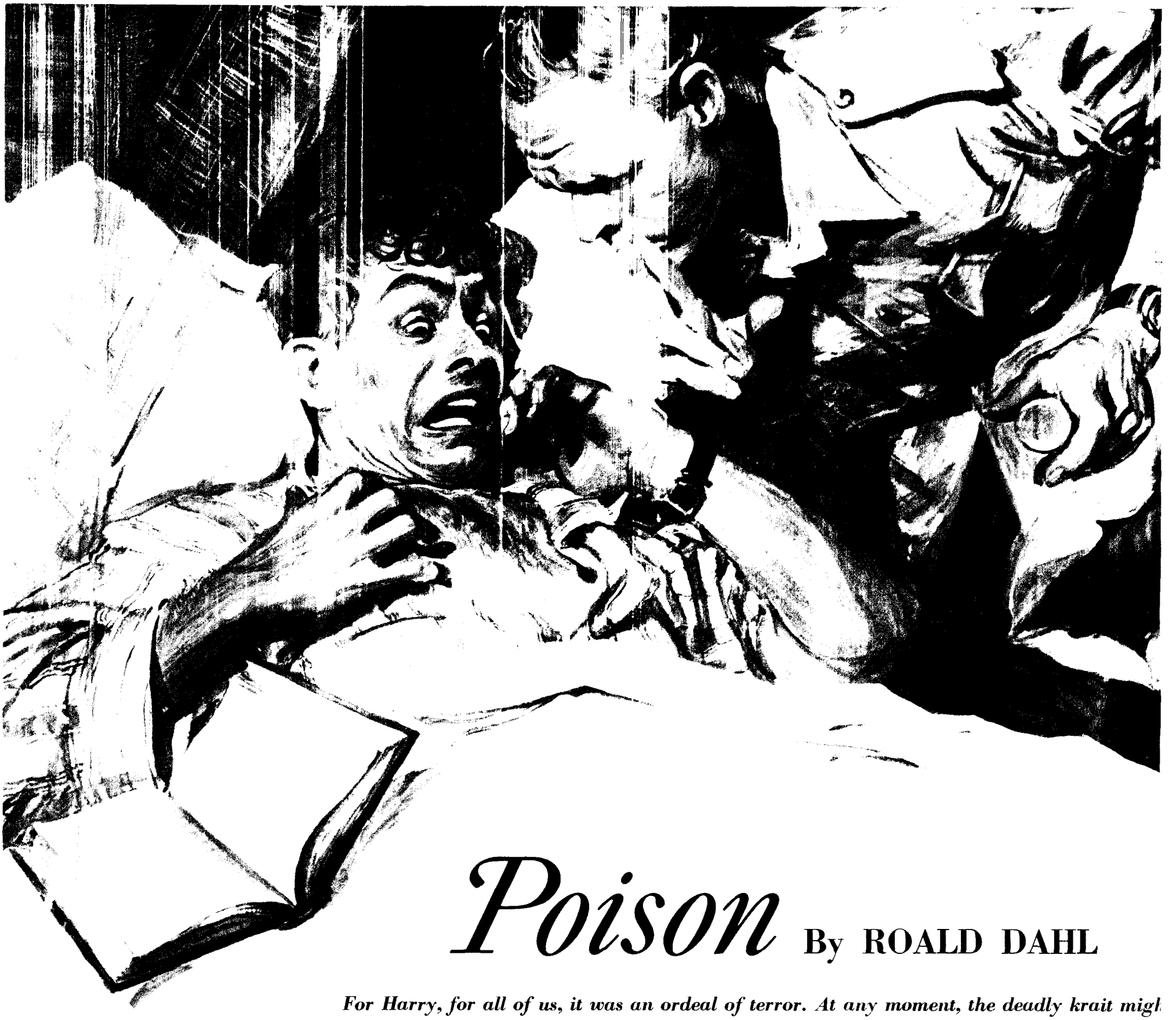

Poison

By ROALD DAHL

For Harry, for all of us, it was an ordeal of terror. At any moment, the deadly krait migh

IT MUST have been around midnight when I drove home. I hadn't meant to stay on as late as that, but it had been pleasant sitting there with Ganderbai, listening to his stories and drinking his whisky. I have always had a layman's fascination for doctors' stories, the more so if the doctor is—as Ganderbai was—a Hindu who worked among the pathetic, suspicious Indian peasants. Some of his stories were pretty awful, and it was easy to see, by the way he told them, how deeply he felt about his own people and incidentally how much he mistrusted the white men who lorded it over them. Fine person, Ganderbai, I thought. Really a very fine person.

As I approached the gates of the bungalow, I switched off the head lamps of the car so that the beam wouldn't swing in through the window of the side bedroom and wake Harry Pope. Must try not to wake Harry again tonight, I really must. He gets up so hellish early in the morning. For the two years I'd been sharing a house with him he'd got up at five every single morning, seven days a week. I decided I'd creep up the driveway very slowly in bottom gear.

But what a man that Harry was. Not many like him about these days. Coming out to India at twenty-six and going into the poor quarter of the town and starting a boys' club. Persuading all the wealthy merchants to cough up money and starting this club for adolescent boys to keep them off the streets at night. Hindus and Moslems alike. Chucking them together when they were young, before the taste of racialism had become bitter in their mouths.

And now after two years the club was a big thing and the Indians adored him and the English thought he was crazy. Without a doubt, he was a kind of missionary, but he was better than a missionary because he didn't have an ax to grind. What was it Ganderbai had said this evening? "You English," he had said, "you don't know one tenth of what Harry Pope has accomplished in this town. He's the only one of you I know whom I trust absolutely."

So tonight, I told myself, I must be careful not to wake Harry. Needs all the sleep he can get. Been showing a few signs of strain lately too; but who could wonder at that? Two years is a long time in this climate without a break. Too long a time. I must tell him, I thought. I really must tell him to pack it up and take a trip to Kashmir and get back to normal. But he won't go. I know he won't go.

I turned slowly in through the gates and, as I did so, the bungalow came into view and I saw there was a light shining from Harry's window. So he was awake anyway. But that's late for Harry, I thought. That's very late for Harry. Or maybe he's gone to sleep with the light on. I parked the car and went up the five steps to the balcony, counting each step carefully in the dark so I wouldn't take an extra one which wasn't there when I got to the top. I crossed the balcony, pushed through the screen doors into the house itself, and switched on the light in the hall. I went across to the door of Harry's room, opened it quietly, and looked in.

He was lying on the bed and I could see he was awake. But he didn't move. He didn't even turn his head toward me, but I heard him say, "Timber, Timber, come here."

He spoke slowly, whispering each word carefully, separately, and I pushed the door right

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

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waken, and strike—and kill

open and started to go quickly across the room.

"Stop. Wait a moment, Timber." I could hardly hear what he was saying. He seemed to be straining enormously to get the words out.

"What's the matter, Harry?"

"Sshhh!" he whispered. "Sshhh! For God's sake don't make a noise. Take your shoes off before you come nearer. *Please* do as I say, Timber."

The way he was speaking reminded me of George Barling when he got shot in the stomach, when he stood leaning against a crate containing a spare airplane engine, holding both hands on his stomach and saying things about the German pilot in just the same, hoarse, straining half whisper Harry was using now.

"Quickly, Timber, but take your shoes off first."

I couldn't understand about taking off the shoes but I figured that if he was as ill as he sounded I'd better humor him, so I bent down and removed the shoes and left them in the middle of the polished wooden floor. Then I went over to his bed.

"Don't touch the bed! For God's sake don't touch the bed!" He was still speaking like he'd been shot in the stomach and I could see him lying there on his back with a single sheet covering three quarters of his body. He was wearing a pair of pajamas with blue, brown and white stripes, and he was sweating terribly. It was a hot night and I was sweating a little myself, but not like Harry. His whole face was wet and the pillow around his head was sodden with moisture. It looked like a bad go of malaria to me.

"What is it, Harry?"

"A krait," he said.

"A krait! Oh, my God! Where'd it bite you? How long ago?"

"Shut up," he whispered. "Shut up, Timber."

"Listen, Harry," I said, and I leaned forward and touched his shoulder. "We've got to be quick. Come on now, quickly, tell me where it bit you." He was lying there very still and tense, as though he were holding on to himself hard because of sharp pain.

"I haven't been bitten," he whispered. "Not yet. It's on my stomach. Lying there asleep."

I took an abrupt pace backward; I couldn't help it, and I stared at his stomach, or rather at the sheet which covered it. The sheet was rumpled up in several places and it was impossible to tell if there was anything underneath.

"You don't really mean there's a krait lying on your stomach now?" I said.

"I swear it."

"How did it get there?" I shouldn't have asked the question because it was easy to see he wasn't fooling. I should have told him to keep quiet.

"I was reading," Harry said, and he spoke very slowly, taking each word in turn and speaking it carefully so as not to move the muscles of his stomach. "Lying on my back reading and I felt something on my chest, behind the book. Sort of tickling. Then out of the corner of my eye saw this little krait sliding over my pajamas. Small, about ten inches. Knew I mustn't move. Couldn't have anyway. Lay there watching it. Thought it would go over top of the sheet." Harry paused and was silent for a few moments. His eyes looked down along his body toward the place where the sheet covered his stomach, and I could see he was watching to make sure his whispering wasn't disturbing the thing that lay under the sheet.

"There was a fold in the sheet," he said, speaking more slowly than ever now and so softly I had to lean close to hear him. "See it, it's still there. It went under that. I could feel it through my pajamas, moving on my stomach. Then it stopped moving and now it's lying there in the warmth. Probably asleep. I've been waiting for you." He raised his eyes and looked at me.

"How long ago?"

"Hours," he whispered. "Hours and bloody hours and hours. I can't keep still much longer. I've been wanting to cough."

THERE was not much doubt about the truth of Harry's story. As a matter of fact, it wasn't a surprising thing for a krait to do. They hang around people's houses, and they go for the warm places. The surprising thing was that Harry hadn't been bitten. The bite is quite deadly except sometimes when you catch it at once, and they kill a fair number of people each year in Bengal, mostly in the villages.

"All right, Harry," I said, and now I was whispering, too. "Don't move and don't talk any more unless you have to. You know it won't bite unless it's frightened. We'll fix it in no time."

I went softly out of the room in my stocking feet and fetched a small, sharp knife from the kitchen. I put it in my trouser pocket ready to use instantly in case something went wrong while we were still thinking out a plan. If Harry coughed or moved or did something to frighten the krait and got bitten, I was going to be ready to cut the bitten place and try to suck the venom out. I came back to the bedroom and Harry was still lying there, very quiet, sweating all over his face. His eyes followed me as I moved across the room to his bed and I could see he was wondering what I'd been up to. I stood beside him, trying to think of the best thing to do.

"Harry," I said, and now when I spoke I put my mouth almost on his ear so I wouldn't have to raise my voice above the softest whisper, "I think the best thing to do is for me to draw the sheet back very, very gently. Then we could have a look first. I think I could do that without disturbing it."

"Don't be a damn' fool." There was no expression in his voice. He spoke each word too slowly, too carefully, and too softly for that. The expression was in the eyes and around the corners of the mouth.

"Why not?"

"The light would frighten him. It's dark under there now."

"Then how about whipping the sheet back quick and brushing it off before it has time to strike?"

"Why don't you get a doctor?" Harry said. The way he looked at me told me I should have thought of that myself in the first place.

"A doctor. Of course. That's it. I'll get Ganderbai."

I tiptoed out to the hall, looked up Ganderbai's number in the book, lifted the phone and told the operator to hurry. Much *(Continued on page 49)*

Ganderbai slowly poured a few drops of the chloroform into the funnel, and waited while it ran down the tube. The heavy sickening smell filled the room

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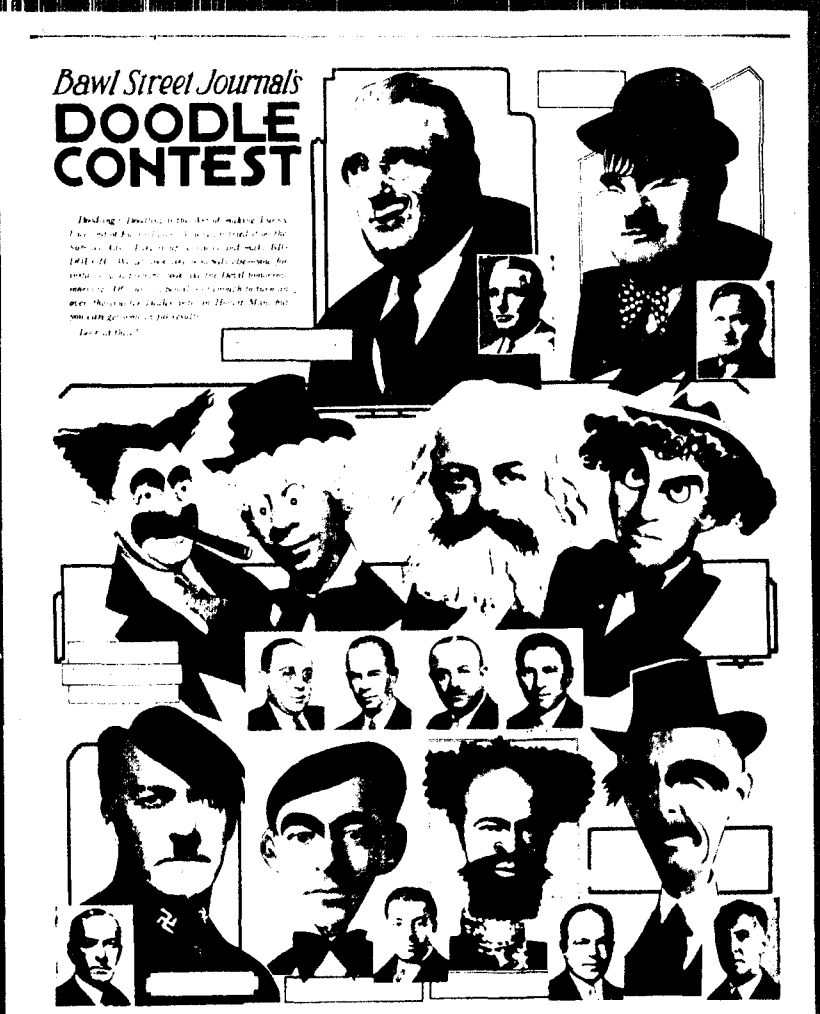
WALL STREET *Has a Sense of Humor*

By MURRAY CAMPBELL

NEW YORK FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1948

Who'll Make The Put-Out?


Bawl Street Journal's
DOODLE CONTEST

RETURN LOUISIANA; CANCEL FRENCH DEBT

AND
DITION
THE BAWL STREET JOURNAL.

NEW YORK FRIDAY, MAY 26 1933

Every year its merry Bawl Street Journal kids the coupons off bonds and the pants off the brokers who sell them. They love it—to the tune of $1 a copy

BACK in the very thinnest days of the depression, when many a stockbroker in striped pants was wolfing the 30-cent lunch and glad to get it, at least one Wall Street institution never lost its cheery faith in the future.

This institution was, and still is, a firmly irreverent "newspaper" which looks at first glance almost exactly like the sturdy Wall Street Journal, and is named the Bawl Street Journal.

Bawl never once sulked or brooded. Instead, it ran a large and handsome free "ad" offering for sale or exchange such knickknacks as yachts, miniatures, old masters and real estate.

Bawl remained fiercely loyal to its journalistic policy of printing *all* the news fearlessly. Here, too, it was all in highly imaginative fun. It ran a gruesome report of a double murder at a downtown New York restaurant. A bond salesman and a life insurance agent had invited each other to an 80-cent lunch under the impression that each was a prospect for the other's wares. At check-paying time the hideous truth came out, and each man shot the other dead. Police had quite a struggle dispersing the crowd of ragged financiers who assembled at the rumor that a salesman was buying lunch for a prospect.

On the more touching side, Bawl reported in detail on the fresh-air outing, with free hot dogs, given for hungry brokers by the Street's Armenian settlement:

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"Ragged brokers turned out in a body to take advantage of the opportunity. Their thin, pinched faces shining in happy anticipation of a square meal, and their threadbare clothes painstakingly patched and brushed, they swarmed over the decks of the Hendrik Hudson while Bogap Armrigigian made them welcome and distributed lollipops and hot dogs. Armrigigian, who is the usually dignified head of the First National Peanut Stand, was assisted by a corps of the Street's leading rug dealers and old-clothes men."

The Bawl Street Journal is published once a year by the Bond Club of New York, whose roster of 650 members includes just about all the distinguished names of Wall Street. It usually comes out on the first Friday in June, in time for the Bond Club's annual romp at the exclusive Sleepy Hollow Country Club, north of the city. In fact, Bawl finances the romp; it also helps pay for the club's monthly luncheons and occasional university scholarships for deserving young men.

Bawl sells for a dollar a copy, and some 26,000 copies are sold each year. Largest purchasers are always the banks, brokerage houses and investment concerns which have been most grossly insulted in that particular issue.

Some of the insultees buy hundreds of copies, which they mail with shy pride to their branches and clients all over the country. In addition, banks and financial houses write in from all over the nation, asking to buy copies.

Indeed, Bawl's "mail-order" business has got so luxuriously out of hand in the past several years that the permanent editor, John A. Straley, has had to insist that somebody take these bread-and-butter details off his neck, leaving his creative side free to concoct suitable affronts to his readers. Nudged along by Straley, an affable financial man in his fifties, the tradition has grown up that it is only fair for the bigger Wall Street houses to take turns supplying a "circulation manager" and mailing facilities.

With his mind relieved of such sordid matters as circulation, Straley devotes himself to finding and serving up to his public the cream of the financial picture. Like the more dignified Wall Street Journal, he does this in the form of news stories, feature articles, editorials, market reports and advertisements. Some of this material is of interest to the country at large; for instance, his "lead" story of the 1939 issue was headlined:

RAILROADS DEMAND MANN ACT REPEAL

"Rails were slow at the time, Straley explains modestly, "and we were just trying to help. But things picked up anyway, and the idea wasn't needed."

Incidentally, Bawl is having *two* main stories in its 1950 issue, at least one of which Straley feels will directly benefit the community. Along with quite a few of his neighbors out on Long Island, where he lives with his wife and three daughters, Straley has been somewhat morose over the cancellation of the annual Notre Dame-Army football game. To make sure Notre Dame gets to New York every year anyway, a neat scheme will be unveiled in the imminent Bawl.

Like Notre Dame, the bond house of Halsey, Stuart & Company, Inc., has a tremendous alumni association. It used to have hundreds and hundreds of salesmen, and now still has hundreds. With all this local alumni "support" eager to buy tickets, an annual game between Notre Dame and Halsey, Stuart should be a "natural," and Bawl will go all out promoting it.

Bawl's other lead story for this year is not, Straley admits, of such overpowering community interest, though he does feel it may revolutionize the art of stock-and-bond selling. In any case, he plans to unveil the idea of having Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane take up the two-platoon system now fashionable in football. When the market is "up," the aggressive platoon will be in there selling; when the market is "down," the defensive platoon will take over and try to save the pieces.

"I do hope the boys will like Bawl's suggestion," Straley says earnestly. "We like to feel we are helpful."

This same eagerness to be of service is frequently evident in the "advertisements" in the Bawl. One year, for instance, investors were criticizing the way some Wall Street predictions about bonds were turning out. Bawl undertook to spread reassurance

Editor John A. Straley once captioned a story: "Railroads Demand Mann Act Repeal"

by printing the following "ad" in the name of a major investment house:

We take pleasure in announcing
the appointment of
WRONG-WAY CORRIGAN
as Head of our Investment
Research Department

About the same time, when fresh money was pretty scarce in the Street, Bawl did its bit for another firm by announcing:

Office Boy Wanted
One who can invest up to $16 in the
business preferred

Such advertisements lose none of their pulling power, Straley feels, by looking exactly like the advertisements that swarm in the Wall Street Journal. Indeed, up till 1942 Bawl was printed on Wall's presses, using its type; now that circulation is so large, an outside printer does the job, using type that looks as much like Wall's as possible.

"But Bawl and Wall are still very good friends," Straley reveals. "Some of our laziest contributors are Wall staff writers."

"Lazy," by the way, is not a term of reproach with Straley when applied to writers. He has been Bawl's editor for the past 19 years, and has learned to accept writers for what they are.

"We've tried giving them prizes and not giving them prizes," he remarks without heat. "We've tried buying them Martinis *(Continued on page 52)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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The CANDY KID

By DOROTHY B. HUGHES

Aragon learned that death can walk with surprising companions—even with a girl like Dulcinda Farrar, who was innocent enough to be called the Candy Kid

The Story: When DULCINDA FARRAR saw JOSE ARAGON lounging in front of the Chenoweth Hotel in El Paso, she mistook him for a farm laborer because of his dirty dungarees, and asked him to pick up a package for her at an address in Juárez, the border town across the Rio Grande. Jose—who had come in only that morning with a load of cattle from his prosperous ranch near Sante Fe, New Mexico—played along with the mistake for laughs and because it might lead to a closer acquaintance with the beautiful Dulcinda. It actually led him into more danger than he had known since the war, when he served as a Counterintelligence agent in the United States Army.

All Jose had to do, Dulcinda told him nervously, was to pick up a package at the shop of one SEÑOR PRAXITELES, also known as SEÑOR EL GRECO. From his war experience, Jose knew it to be a sinister name, associated with every kind of international skulduggery and intrigue.

Leaving the Chenoweth, where he was staying as the guest of pretty, elderly LOU CHENOWETH, Jose went to Juárez accompanied by his happy-go-lucky cousin BEACH ARAGON, and by ADAM ADAMSON, a businessman from Santa Fe who was loved by everyone who knew him—especially by Lou Chenoweth. Jose was already aware that he was being shadowed by a big man in a seersucker suit; from PABLO, one of the bellhops at the hotel, he learned that the man's name was MR. TOSTEEN.

Jose slipped away from Adam and Beach, and set out to find the shop of Señor Praxiteles. He paid a grimy street musician named CANARIO to set up a noisy serenade to distract Tosteen; finally he found the shop and was given a package by Praxiteles, an evil-looking old man. From the smell, Jose guessed that the package contained cheap perfume.

Outside the shop, the package was snatched from him by a thin little Mexican girl who, as he learned later, was FRANCISCA, the granddaughter of Praxiteles. Jose bought a bottle of the same cheap scent, hoping Dulcinda would not know how the original was wrapped. He found Beach at a night club with Dulcinda, her brother TIM FARRAR, and a big, brutish man named RAGS RAGSDALE.

Jose and Beach took a cab back to the Chenoweth. In the cab was Tosteen, ostensibly drunk but actually dead, though Beach was not aware of this. Jose left his phony package at the desk for Dulcinda; later she came to his room and said she wanted him to do her another favor.

III

DULCINDA ignored the contempt his face so plainly showed. "It is very simple," she said. "You are going to Santa Fe in the morning." It was a statement.

"Yes."

"You picked up the package."

"Didn't you get it? I left it at the desk."

"Will you carry it to Santa Fe for me?"

He wanted to laugh out loud. But it might wake Lou or Beach. And his curiosity was greater than his wish to show contempt. "Why?" he asked.

She had better make it good. She twisted one finger around another as if trying to figure out what to say. "I will pay you well," she began. But she knew as soon as she said it that it was the wrong approach. Knew from the curl of his smile.

"Ten dollars, American?"

Her cheeks colored faintly. "I didn't know this morning that you were—"

"Who am I?"

"Jose Aragon."

"I told you I was."

"I didn't know—" He didn't help her and she let it trail away. She lifted her enormous eyes, pleading, "Will you?"

"Why?" he demanded more harshly.

She gave all the outward appearances of being desperate. "Because I'm afraid I can't get it there safely."

"I don't like a knife in my back any more than you do."

"I didn't mean that," she said. "I mean—I'm afraid it will be taken away from me."

"Stolen?"

She didn't answer save by a nod. She was watching the way her hands moved. As if they weren't hers.

"What if it's stolen from me?"

"It wouldn't be." Up came the eyes and the attempt to convince him. Hoping. "No one would know you were carrying it. No one would know you knew anything about it."

He could ask her what it was and let her think up an answer. But he already knew. He could ask her why it was important to carry a bottle of cheap perfume to Santa Fe. And get a tall tale for his pains. He could tell her everything that had happened today since she spoke to him on the street. He could even tell her that the man who threatened her was dead. He could, and that would start something, let her know that her precious packet had already been stolen. But he didn't tell her a thing.

"How much would you pay?"

Hope glistened. "Fifty dollars?"

He waited.

"How much do you want?" She was slightly wary.

"Fifty will do. And an answer."

The wariness stiffened. "Yes?"

"Would you have asked the noon Jose Aragon to do this job?"

Relief became a trickle of laughter. She lied well. "No, señor." She rose in one fluid movement.

"Just a minute. Where do you want it delivered? And when?"

"We're leaving tomorrow. We'll be at La Fonda. Will you drop it off at the desk there? You know where that is?"

That was a funny one. There was only one La Fonda. Quite evidently she'd never been to Santa Fe. "Yes, I do," he said gravely. "And how do I get the package again? From the desk here, I mean. It was left for you, wasn't it?"

"Don't worry. It will be there for you in the morning." She skirted by him to the door. But he was quicker than she; he'd handle the exit. He gave it the usual inch. No patent-leather toe was stuck into the crack.

She said, "Thank you."

He wanted to touch her. It was almost a compulsion. She looked so fragile, as if she were a small girl—not one tall and proud. She looked as if she needed his comfort more than she needed his help. He kept his hands dug in his pockets. *"Por nada,"* he said with a shrug. Then he grinned. "Thank you. Those ten bucks will come in handy. With the fifty I'll buy another ranch. Or a night on the town." He was even more impudent. "With you?"

Her cheeks colored again and she slipped away. He didn't watch her disappear up the corridor. He closed the self-locking door fast. And again he shrugged. He didn't want anything more to do with her—so he'd taken on another assignment.

He put out the light, joined the sleeping Beach in the bedroom. In the dark he undressed, fell into the other bed. But sleep didn't come easy. It didn't come until he'd figured out the next move.

SLEEP lasted longer than he expected. It was after nine when he opened his eyes. Beach was still snoring cheerfully. It was a pity to wake the kid. He wouldn't feel so cheerful after the load he'd hoisted last night.

The sun was caldron-bright against the open window.

"Are you going to sleep all day?" Jose inquired loudly.

Beach buried his head under the pillow, but he was awake.

"I'm going to shower," Jose said. "Start pulling yourself together." It took a little time for a man to come to after a bar tour of Juárez. But by the time Jose finished showering, Beach's first fogginess should have worn off. By the time Beach finished his shower, Jose could start talking to him.

He didn't know just how to start on it. He waited until both of them had their shirts buttoned, their sleeves rolled, their dungarees snug about their lean hips.

Beach opened. "Aren't you going to pack?"

Jose didn't ease into it. He said, "No."

"What's the idea?"

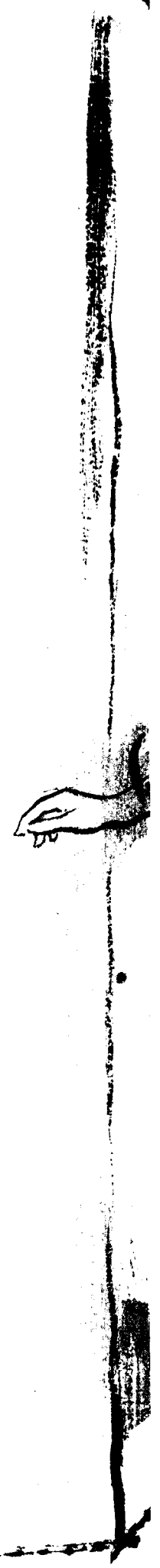
He sat down on his unmade bed, lighted a cigarette with deliberation. "I'm not starting back this morning."

"You're what?" Beach tossed the clothes he was folding in two directions. "I was sleeping peacefully. You woke me, you insisted I get up and get going. For what?"

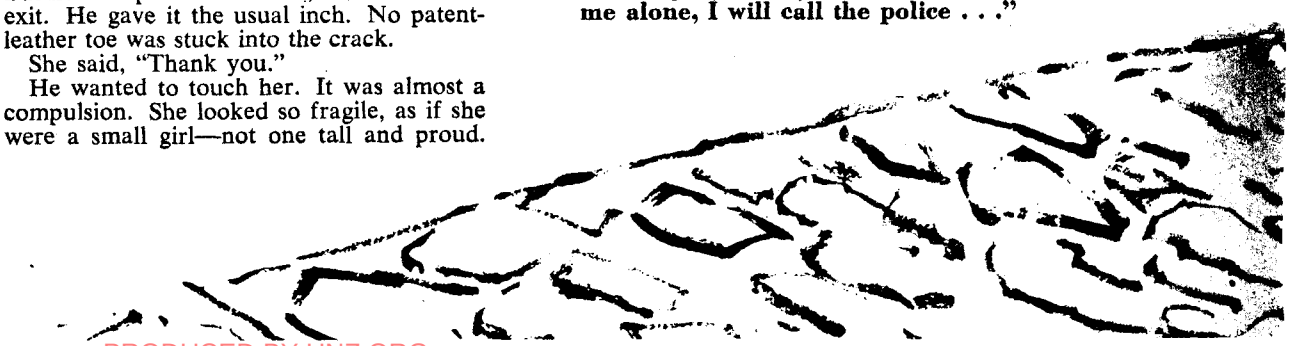
"You're leaving," Jose said.

Beach eyed him as if he were nuts. Well, he was. "And you aren't?"

"That's correct." *(Continued on page 57)*



"Take your hands off me," the girl said angrily. "If you do not leave me alone, I will call the police . . ."



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ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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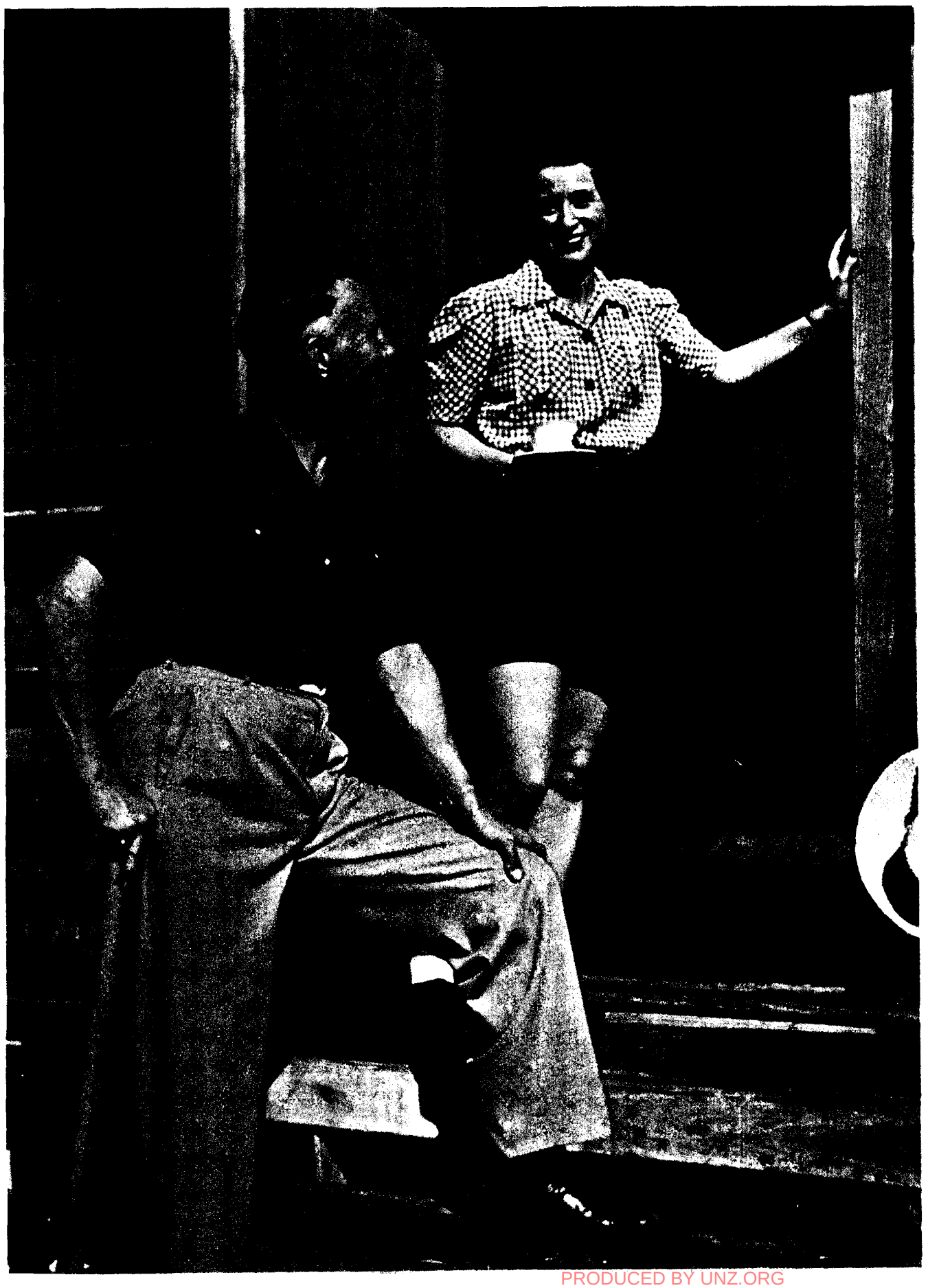
$100 Honeymoon

By DODDY BÖRGE as told to MARGARET COOPER GAY

Sleeping in their car, eating on 60 cents a day, a European couple spend three happy months in the U.S.



THREE-MONTH honeymoon in the United States for $120? Everyone said it was impossible. Her Majesty's government would allow us to take only $120 out of Holland and our friends said that amount wouldn't last us three days. Why, a decent dinner for two, with a little wine, would cost at least $5, a hotel room even more. They knew; they had been to the States.

Pitying smiles greeted our explanation that we were going to cook by the side of the road. What, they asked, would we cook? Everyone knew Americans lived on ham and eggs and beefsteak; how much beefsteak would $120 buy? And where would we sleep—under the leaves like the Babes in the Wood?

Sleep in the car? They hooted. People didn't sleep in cars, and anyway we were much too big to sleep in Gunnar's little Volvo, which is about half the size of most American cars. Gunnar is six feet, four inches tall and I am nearly six feet.

But Gunnar is a Swede and stubborn. I am Dutch and stubborn too. He hinged the front seat of the car so it would fold back and make a bed; we stocked it with camping equipment and bedding. And with many sarcastic wishes for "a pleasant week end in New York," we loaded the Volvo into the ship's hold and sailed, feeling only a little less venturesome than Leif Ericson.

"We must eat all we can on the ship, my anyel," Gunnar said (he speaks four languages). So we ate diligently until the famous sky line of New York climbed out of the murk of a rainy January afternoon.

The customs inspector scanned our declaration, and we scanned him anxiously. He was quite a nice-looking chap, but one couldn't tell. Our own experiences in Europe had proved repeatedly that brotherly love ends at the border.

"'Cheese, chocolates, overage U.S. Army margarine,'" the inspector read aloud. He smiled whimsically: "What's this, reverse Lend-Lease, or the Marshall Plan come home to roost?"

"We saved it all from our rations," Gunnar said with dignity. "We had the right not to eat it."

"You don't ever have to eat it; but bringing food to the United States does seem like carrying coals to Newcastle." Still smiling he examined our hoard, then whistled. "Did you pay $15 for that? You could get it here for five."

And that was all; it was so easy we didn't feel official.

When we reached Hoboken ferry, New York glittered with light. Reflections danced on the black, oily river, and a golden halo hung over the enchanted city.

We bought a loaf of bread in a store where everyone spoke Italian, and then we drove aimlessly, staring at store signs in Italian, Chinese, Greek, Yiddish, Spanish, German. No one had told us that New York was a hundred cities, each with its own language, its own ways, a smell of its own. The only bond between *(Continued on page 34)*

Doddy and Gunnar liked this country so well they came back to live. Here they are at the shack they built in Florida

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY LOIS AND JOE STEINMETZ

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elp him get out from
R PRESSURE"

Chances are, he'll come home tired ag
Surprise him with a little freshening magic o
making. A big shimmering pitcher-full o

For iced tea is more than the Grea
Cooler Off-er. Isn't tea nature's answer to this
age? Isn't tea the one refreshing mealtime
steps you up without saying you up? Doesn't
cool taste make everything you eat tas

Try tea—a steaming cup or a frosty g
it doesn't help relieve the pressure of the day
you

And isn't it good to know that tea, fine tea, i
than any other

give him so

ICED
tea

GOOD TEA
ARE THREE

2

3

P.S. For Iced Tea, use half again as much tea and plenty of ice.

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$100 Honeymoon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

them seemed to be the all-pervading stench of motor exhaust and the litter that eddied through the wet streets.

We gawked at mansions and skyscrapers. When we came to Broadway, Gunnar said, "We must study this, anyel, for there exists no other place on earth like this." We drove up and down Broadway until the lights went out and only an occasional taxi or drunk or prowling cat moved in the silent streets. We were very tired.

We found ourselves, at last, on a quiet, tree-lined street bordered by parked cars, and slipped into the first vacant place. We wanted a cup of tea, but it was raining too hard to permit us to light the primus stove by the roadside; so we had a cheese sandwich and a drink of water.

Bedding Down for the Night

It was exciting to fold back the front seat, lie on our mattress and spread the sheets and blankets. By the time we had our little curtains into the windows and windshield, we were soaked. Of course I had forgotten to take out our pajamas, so the suitcases had to be dragged from under the foot of the bed.

The next thing I knew Gunnar was saying in his serene way, "Anyel, I think we have made a mistake."

Mistake! It was eight thirty in the morning and we were snug abed in the midst of a roaring pandemonium of honking horns and squealing brakes and racing motors.

"Where on earth are we?" I gasped.

"It is a place called Riverside Drive," Gunnar said.

By the time the bed was put away, with the help and advice of a lot of little boys who came from nowhere, we had already seen more cars than there are in all of Holland. Most of them were going in one direction, and we began to think some great event had taken place. I asked the boys, enunciating my words carefully as I had been taught to do in prewar England.

Nothing had happened, they said. Finally a cherubic lad jerked a thumb at the traffic. "You mean them? That's just the morning rat race."

For weeks we believed that people thronged into New York of a morning to watch rats run races.

Riverside Drive did not seem a suitable place to cook breakfast, and so we started for Niagara Falls, which we had read all honeymooners must visit.

The distance was much greater than we expected because we were still reading miles and thinking kilometers. As a result we saw Niagara by moonlight.

It was an unforgettable experience to hear the cataract roar louder and louder until it drowned out everything else in the world, and then to see it shimmering silver under the biggest moon that ever shone. It was awesome and humbling and very, very cold. I remember wondering why such impersonal magnificence was the choice of lovers.

We started South, camping by the side of the road, feeling brave and vaguely wistful in the vast empty reaches of New York State. After the evening traffic stopped, we seemed to be the only people in the world.

Then late one night, after we had settled down in a roadside camping spot, a loud rapping woke us. Gunnar peered out, stiffened. "Be brave, anyel," he whispered, "it is the police."

While he fumbled with the door latch, I could hear again the metal-tipped heels of the Gestapo clanking, saw again the long lines of Hollanders being herded away to German prison camps. What had we done?

A flashlight swept the car. A brusk, official voice said, "What are you doing here?"

"We were sleeping—we didn't know—we arrived only yesterday—" Gunnar was trying to say a lot of things at once.

"Where you folks from?"

Gunnar handed over all our papers. "We came from Holland."

"Whadda you know! I was at Nijmegen —paratroops."

Immediately we were all talking at once. The policeman remembered that our house had been shelled and burned, and that we all lived in the cellar. He knew my cousin Yop. He said Florida was really warm and it was good that our little car would go 40 American miles on a gallon of gasoline. Without even glancing at the papers, he handed them back to Gunnar.

"Must we have permission to sleep?" Gunnar asked timidly.

The policeman laughed. "Oh, I give you permission. Good night, folks. *Daaaag!*"

"Dag!" we shouted. *"Daaaaaaag!"* and laughed almost hysterically with relief.

Gunnar patted my hand. "Don't worry, anyel. I will ask the permission always now."

And ask we did, to the apparent surprise of the police, who suggested safe camping places, offered to keep an eye on us, and in Morristown, New Jersey, said we could camp in their back yard if we felt nervous. Finally we realized that if a policeman knocked on our door in the middle of the night he was merely checking up, not plotting to arrest us; and we went back to camping where we pleased.

We were so afraid of spending all our money that we lived almost entirely on bread and cheese and tea until we discovered that wonderland of the stomach, a supermarket. We went from vegetables to meat to fruit to cans, fingering everything like children in a toy store. When I was so hungry during the German occupation of Holland I used to dream of mountains of food, but I never imagined anything to equal a supermarket.

Of course we were extravagant that first day. In addition to the necessities we bought a box of four tomatoes. Tomatoes in January would be considered a great luxury in Holland, and here they were only a quarter.

Gunnar said we must watch the working people and buy as they did. But, good heavens, they bought like kings! We finally solved the problem by putting 60 cents in a separate pocket before entering a supermarket; when it was gone, we spent no more unless desperately tempted.

We did not spend more than 75 cents in any one day.

Everyone to whom we have told this says we couldn't possibly have lived on so little. But we did; we were comfortably filled; we gained weight, and we felt wonderful.

We found treasures in cans—spaghetti, the many kinds of beans, fish cakes, corned-beef hash, scrapple (which we'd never heard of) and the canned soups which were our delight because they transformed leftovers into meals and made sauce for many things. A cabbage, cooked in very little water with a dollop of mushroom soup stirred in at the end, can be Lucullan.

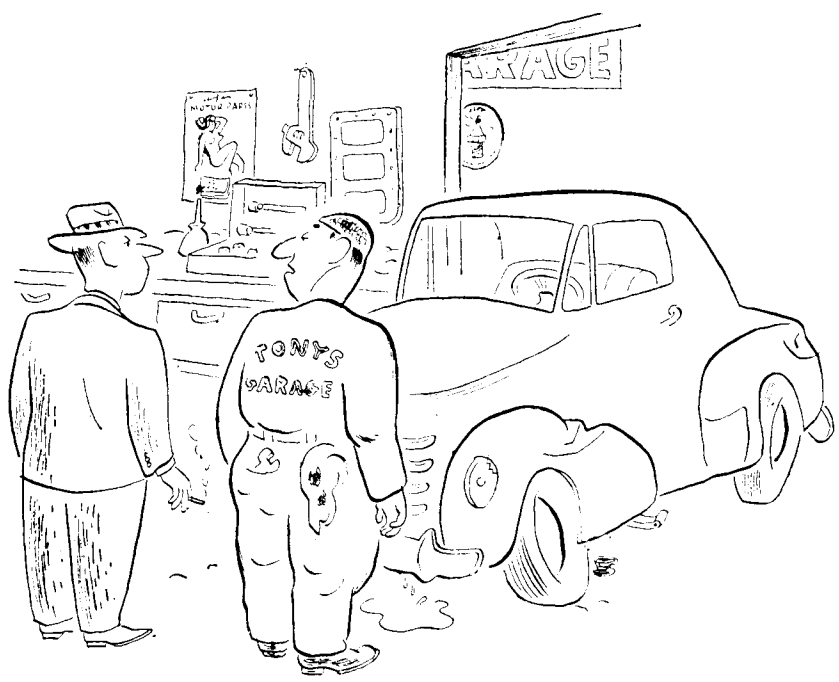
Eggs, milk and cheese were the foods we treated ourselves to regularly. An occasional frankfurter, a couple of slices of bacon or a hamburger patty was sheer luxury.

We discovered the "mix" family. Pancake, biscuit, muffin, waffle, even cake mix went into the frying pan and came out good. When our chocolate bars were gone we discovered fudge mix and made lovely sweet messes.

It takes a bit of management and considerable restraint to feed two people on sixty cents a day, and I think it's desirable that the two be in love.

When we were cooking by the side of the road, passing cars always slowed down. The thought of being stared at made me nervous at first, but I soon got used to it, for we were always being stared at. Whenever we stopped for gas the attendant and all the customers gathered round to ask what sort of car we had, how much gas it consumed, where we came from and why.

We bought one gallon at a time and always from the company that had the nicest rest rooms, because there we bathed, shaved and even washed clothes.



COLLIER'S **"I estimate it'll cost around two dollars to figure an estimate"** JOHN DEMPSEY

Collision at a Red Light

Cars followed us for miles, and once when we stopped for a red light, a cream-colored car that had been behind us for an hour smacked into our rear bumper.

The driver, a pretty little woman with curly gray hair, watched us climb out.

"My stars, what handsome giants!" she said, and went on in a rush: "I'm awfully sorry. I was so busy staring at your license plate and wondering where you came from that I forgot to watch the light. I know now —you're from Mars."

We laughed and told her we were from Holland.

She offered to pay for the damage, but there wasn't any. Then she introduced herself as Mrs. Roberts and invited us to lunch.

Gunnar accepted. I was curious and utterly baffled: no one in Holland would think of inviting guests in from the highway.

We drove up to a big white house. Mrs. Roberts waved to a shiny new car standing in the drive. "Thank goodness, the carpenter's here. My cellar door has been stuck for a week."

"The carpenter, did you say?" Gunnar stared. "In Holland only an executive of a large company would drive such a car."

Mrs. Roberts smiled. "Bob Travers executes the darnedest bills."

Just as we were sitting down to lunch, a man in a leather jacket strolled in and announced that the cellar door was fixed.

Mrs. Roberts introduced the carpenter. He stayed to lunch.

He and Gunnar plunged into a discussion of cars, mostly ours, and in no time we were telling them about our honeymoon and our impressions of the United States.

"The people are not as rich as we expected," Gunnar said, "but their courtesy is amazing." He told about the truck driver who rescued us from the coils of our first traffic circle and went a mile out of his way to set us right. "Of course," he added reflectively, "he thought I was a famous person whom I must resemble greatly, for I am often mistaken for him."

"Who's that," Mrs. Roberts asked, "Paul Bunyan?"

"It is a man named Mac," Gunnar said.

They shouted with laughter. Then the carpenter explained: "It's like Joe—" We blinked. "Well, skip Joe and try again. There isn't any Mac—at least, there are lots of guys named Mac, but—it's politer than 'Hey you.'"

Gunnar joined in the laughter. "That," he said, "is what I like about America."

Walnuts from the Carpenter

When we left, Mrs. Roberts gave us an immense cake with icing an inch thick, and the carpenter presented us with a sack of black walnuts which happened to be in his car. The cake was wonderful and no doubt the walnuts were, too, but we never found out. Gunnar tried unsuccessfully to crack them all the way to Fort Myers, Florida, and gave up when he cracked a curbstone instead of a nut.

On the way South, we were fascinated by the change in the scenery: from hills and woods to bare flat land. The poverty in some areas was distressing, and the signs of waste everywhere appalled us: garbage trucks loaded with thrown-out food, the mountains of sawdust where once forests had stood, fruit rotting on the ground, and even the way motorists ground gears and slammed on brakes so that we could smell the burning rubber.

Food became cheaper as the latitude diminished, and we expanded our diet rather recklessly. But we had been so starved during the war and so ill-fed since it ended that we still felt anything edible was to be treated with respect, even the three ears of corn we found lying on a road in Virginia.

We had already discovered canned corn, which made many a delicious dinner for us, and when we came upon three large ears just waiting to be picked from the highway, we thought it was as good as a gold mine. I boiled that corn for hours and hours and hours, and to the last bite it tasted like what we learned much later it actually was—something for horses.

We had no more than digested it when we bought a can of hominy without the least idea of what *that* was, except that the can was large and the price small. We tried hominy hot and hominy cold, with milk, with sugar, with soup—but no matter what my original recipe, it had the remarkable quality of tasting like nothing at all. Somewhere in Georgia we finished it—a bite of hominy, a bite of chocolate.

The can of okra really baffled us. Only

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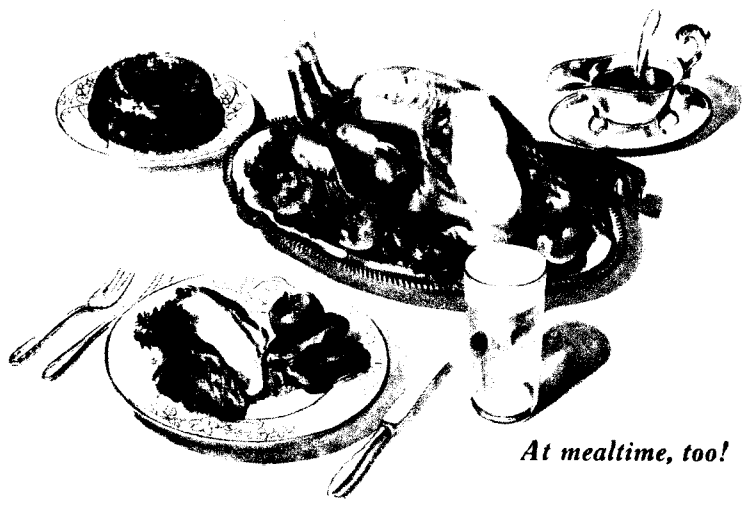
"Showing Off the Engagement Ring," by John Gannam. Number 43 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



At mealtime, too!

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Sponsored by The United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

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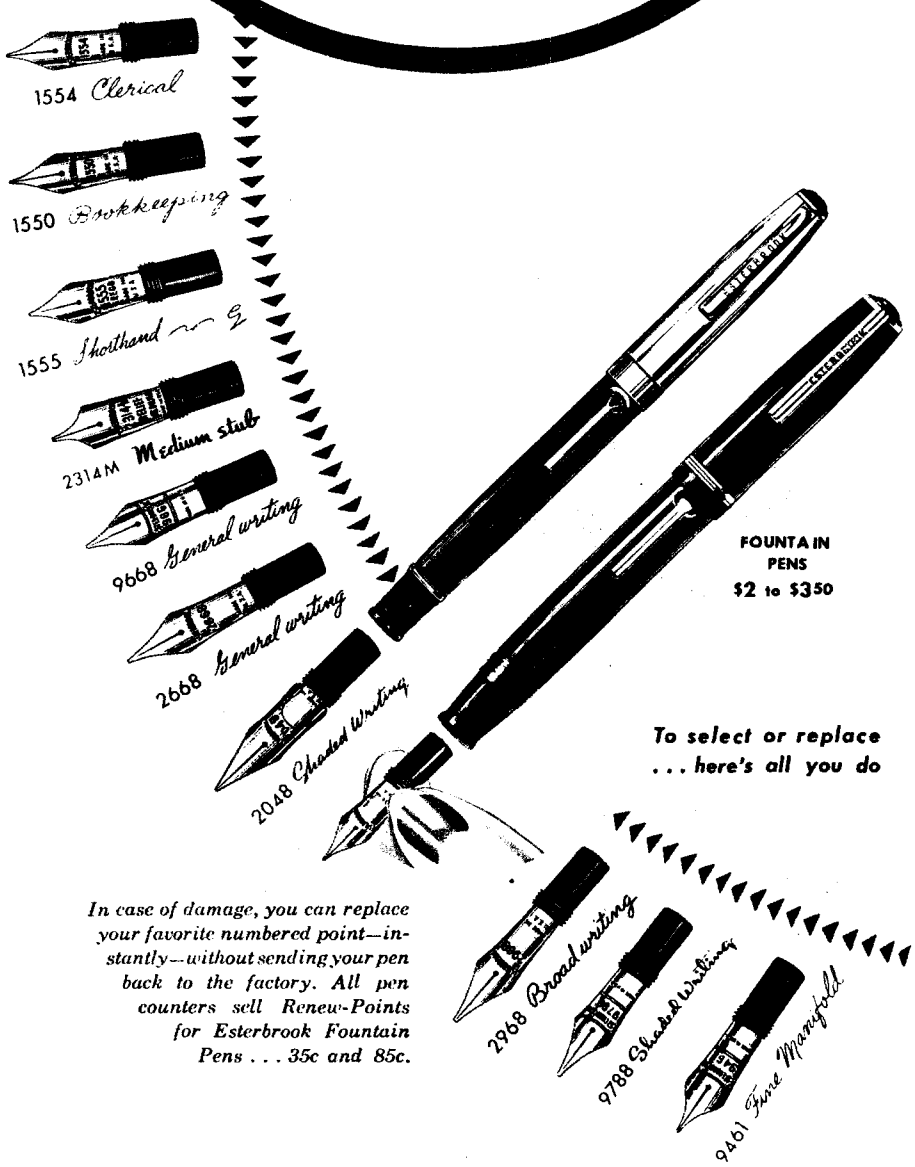

In case of damage, you can replace your favorite numbered point—instantly—without sending your pen back to the factory. All pen counters sell Renew-Points for Esterbrook Fountain Pens . . . 35c and 85c.

Only Esterbrook makes a fountain pen so truly personal. Only Esterbrook offers you so large and so *varied* a selection of point styles. You can choose the precise point to match *your* way of writing—the exact point for *your* writing job. You can even fit this point in the pen yourself!

MATCHING PEN AND PENCIL SET $4 to $650

Esterbrook

FOUNTAIN PEN

All prices slightly higher in Canada

Copyright 1950, The Esterbrook Pen Co.

the memory of wartime tulip-bulb dinners and days of no dinner at all kept me from throwing it to the happy pigs that rolled in the Georgia swamps and cavorted on the highway. We liked them—we'd never seen free pigs before.

For the rest of our food we feasted on sweet potatoes, collard greens, pumpkin and summer squash and black-eyed peas.

In Florida, despite our experience with the corn, we had another fling at living off the scenery. This began with a whole lot of unripe coconuts and ended abruptly after a snack of castor-oil beans. One exception was oranges which we picked from the abandoned groves on the west coast—we couldn't mistake an orange.

We glanced at Miami and left. It was too rich for our limited purse.

We thought of going to California, but the west coast of Florida enchanted us—sand flies, fleas, tarantulas, scorpions and all. It seemed to us to be a raw, untamed wilderness waiting to be peopled.

Vagabonds though we were, we felt like pioneers, and the other pioneers we met were independent beyond imagining. But all of them seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to befriend us.

Canadian Offers Cash Loan

There was the fruit grower from Canada who had started out with his wife, two sons, two cats, a dog and 200 jars of jam, all loaded into a truck, to see the United States. They invited us to dinner in the truck, gave us a lot of jam and tried their best to lend us money, though they knew we had come from dollarless Europe and couldn't pay it back.

A couple who made their living by renting apartments gave us one for a night, simply because they liked to give things to people.

Even the man from Boston who didn't like cold weather and had packed his meek, small wife and 11 cherished goats into a truck and had gone South to get warm gave us a bottle of milk every time we met.

We became obsessed with the idea of doing something for someone, but no one seemed to need our help.

We were coming out of the supermarket in Bradenton when a spry little old man tapped Gunnar's arm.

"My name's Mullins," he said with a courtly bow. "I've heard about you folks and I'd like you to have an American ice-cream soda with me."

In an unguarded moment we admitted that we'd never had one, so he made us eat six and sighed when there were no more flavors. He took us to the movies, bought us barbecued hot dogs and banana splits. Then he decided we must see his papaya plantation.

As we followed his expensive car down the white shell road, we thought Mr. Mullins must be very rich. We wound slowly through an astounding jungle of tropical vegetation, an outraged rabble of cats, dogs, chickens, geese, guineas and a mournful cow, and stopped before a house that might take first prize in any kindergarten project.

It was a sort of free-form structure that ambled aimlessly over a lot of ground and hadn't a single corner. Mr. Mullins told us proudly that he had made it himself by driving poles in the ground and wrapping roofing paper around them, which he had then coated with aluminum paint. We never knew what kept the roof up.

Mrs. Mullins came out to meet us, a smiling little woman in blue calico and a big white apron.

"Come right in, my dears," she said. "The tea's ready."

Protesting desperately that we could take no more refreshment, we went in. On a low table facing the door, a huge samovar was steaming away, and all around it, enclosed by a wire fence, 20 or 30 baby chicks cheeped and pecked.

"We couldn't do without the samovar." Mrs. Mullins drew tea from it. "We call it Old Broody because it mothers all our babies."

Under the circumstances we had to drink the tea.

By that time it was dark. Nevertheless, Mr. Mullins undertook to show us his plantation by matchlight, and somehow the grass caught fire.

He hurled a pail of water with such force that the flames scattered and raced through the grove like mad dogs. He went into the house. My husband and I stripped to our underwear, snatched mop and broom and attacked the fire. The moon came up and still we battled.

When finally we staggered triumphantly into the house, as black as chimney sweeps, Mr. Mullins, Mrs. Mullins and the chickens were rapturously enjoying a radio concert.

"You shouldn't have troubled," Mr.

"And after you've learned the twenty-six letters we already have, *then* you can start making up new ones"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

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Mullins told us. "I'm sure it would have gone out."

They filled our car with papayas that lasted us until we reached New England. All the way, we comforted ourselves that we had managed to do something for someone at last; but we were less than satisfied.

We spent the last week with my brother in New England. We'd been saving him in case we ran out of money. Gunnar, who had never met my brother or his wife, wanted to know what they were like.

"Francis is very chic," I told my husband, "and his wife is an American intellectual. She writes books."

Gunnar Meets His In-Laws

When we arrived, my chic brother was spreading manure on the vegetable garden. His intellectual wife was in the kitchen trying to shave half a hog with a safety razor.

They weren't rich and didn't care. They lived in a glum little old brick house with a new and marvelous kitchen. They had no servants, and the house was a riot of books, cats, dogs, infant tomato plants and general disorder. There were cans of floor paint in the bathroom, lipsticks in the kitchen, typewritten pages everywhere.

"This," Gunnar whispered, "is our golden opportunity, anyel."

I said, "Okay, Mac," and we started at the attic and worked down, sweeping, scrubbing, tidying, burning joyously. There was one blaze in the fireplace that might have been a bit too large; it made a lot of smoke.

Francis came in. "Please stop while we can still find a few things," he said accusingly.

"I was only going to prune the pine tree that makes your house dark," Gunnar said plaintively.

"We like the pine tree that way," Francis said. "You two are like the kindhearted elephant who sat down on a nest of little birds to keep them warm." He put his arm around me, "Please, Doddy, stop sitting on us."

We had a lovely time after that, even though they wouldn't let us do things. When we left they gave us some sandwiches.

The last morning in New York we still had $18.32 left of our $120. I wanted to put it in the bank but Gunnar said we must spend it or take it back, so we decided to have a really fancy lunch.

Dressed in our best seagoing tweeds, we squandered every penny on a spectacular lunch in New York. We had cocktails and champagne, pheasant and crepes Suzette. And we begrudged each golden bite that would have bought pork and beans and pancake mix for another two weeks if we could have stayed.

At the pier some hours later we had to unpack the car before it could be taken aboard. It was like hurting a friend to paste "First Class Cabin" stickers on the portable stove and the old collapsible tub that had washed everything, including us. When we finished, Gunnar took out the sandwiches my brother and his wife had given us.

"Mustn't waste them," I said.

Some men working on the pier had been watching us, and now one of them brought us two steaming hot mugs of coffee. It was the last American kindness and it touched us more than any other.

As the ship began to move the men waved and called good-by.

We waved and shouted, "So long, Mac!"

* * *

We had been in love with America for months, and when we reached the other side we knew we never could live anywhere else. Our values had changed. Little pretensions and conventions that had seemed important were now absurd. The atmosphere in Europe seemed stifling.

It was lucky for us that Gunnar was a Swede, because the Swedish quota is never filled, and in September, to the amazement of all the people who had originally challenged us to have "a pleasant week end" in America, we returned to the U.S.A. as immigrants, bringing our personal possessions and the few hundred dollars we were allowed to take out of Holland.

We have bought a little piece of land in Florida—on time—and we live in a one-room shack we built ourselves. Gunnar has the beginning of a Southern accent, his fifth "language." We work hard, but we're happy. And last Saturday, Gunnar brought home to dinner a young Frenchman he had picked up on the street in Bradenton—a grateful, baffled young Frenchman. He'll learn.

THE END

Inside Women's Prison

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

gang, an inmate contact woman and dishonest matrons. In this case the contact was "queen" of my cell block. She was a tall, heavy-set woman whose hair, once dyed blond, was now an untended mess of dirty gray and yellow. She was one of the chief lieutenants of a shoplifting gang on the outside, although she was in prison not because of shoplifting activities but because, in a fit of rage, she had killed her husband.

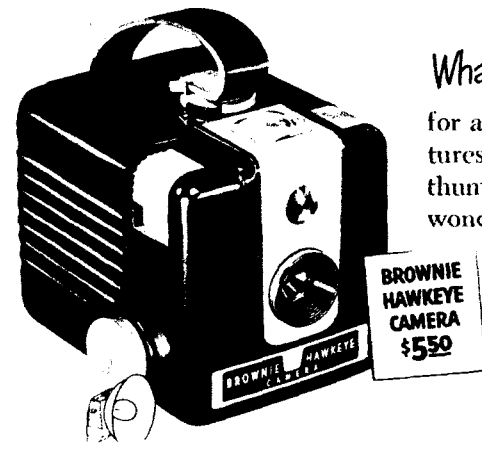
I watched the Queen working on a young backwoods girl, whose records later indicated to me that she had never before been guilty of premeditated wrongdoing. The fresh-faced youngster had come to the city for a job, and on one of her lonely nights off, had stepped into a bar to watch a television show. She was offered a ride home by a man at the bar. On the way, a police car pulled alongside and she and the man were arrested. The car was "hot." So here she was in state prison for one year, as an accessory. Technically the girl was guilty in this state because she was sitting with a car thief in an automobile he had stolen. She told me bitterly, "I didn't even know the guy's name."

From the moment the girl came to the prison, she fell under the influence of the Queen. At first she resisted, saying that all she wanted was to go back to the family farm. But little by little, with bribes of jewelry, perfume and cosmetics—all smuggled in—the Queen wore her down. Finally, the girl gave in. The last time I saw them together, the Queen was teaching her some shoplifting tricks, using bars of soap in the prison laundry. Two matrons were on guard while this course of instruction went on. One was seventy years old and so nearly blind that she could scarce see from behind her thick bifocals. The other matron saw—but yawned.

The requirements for matrons in this prison call for nothing more than a seventh-grade education. Most of the guards are broad-beamed, amazonish spinsters who are somehow related to politicians, or else they are decrepit widows of men who had influence, hanging on long enough to get a pension. The prison superintendent told me that, of her staff of 60 matrons, there were only five whom she trusted.

One matron openly bragged to me that she was "collecting real estate for my old age," and asked if I had any outside connections who might want to contribute a lot or two for the sake of my comfort in prison. I saw another matron caught red-handed by the superintendent while smuggling a solid-gold toilette set into the cell of a prisoner whose friends on the outside were paying off well. "This is the fourth time I've sent in a recommendation for that matron's suspension," the superintendent said. "The third time, the recommendation came back with a note warning me that her family was so powerful in state politics that if I didn't lay off, I'd be out of a job myself."

I learned that matrons smuggled dope into the prison both for their own use and that of inmate addicts. One old convict told



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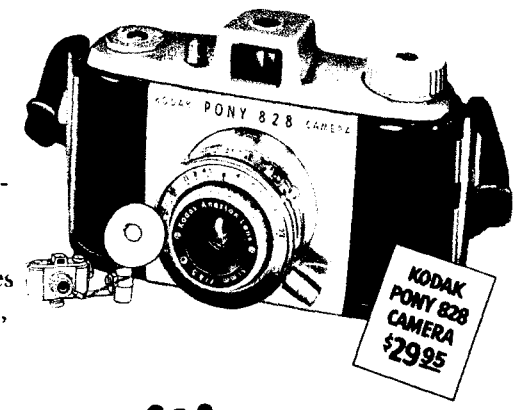

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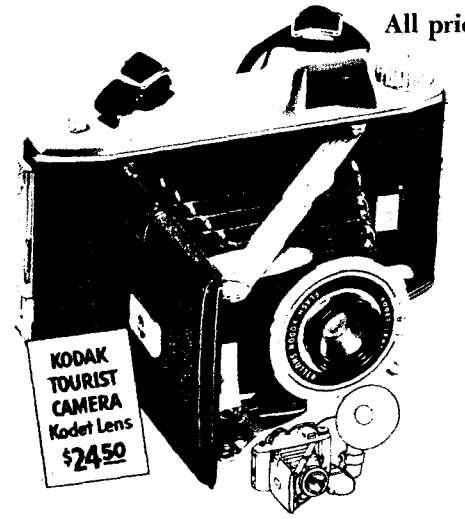

New simplicity

in a folding camera. Factory-set, no adjustments to make. Just sight and press the built-in shutter release. Clear, sharp snapshots, both black-and-white and full-color, are that easy! Flash shots, too, of course. Camera, $24.50 (other "Tourist" models to $95). Flasholder, $11.08.

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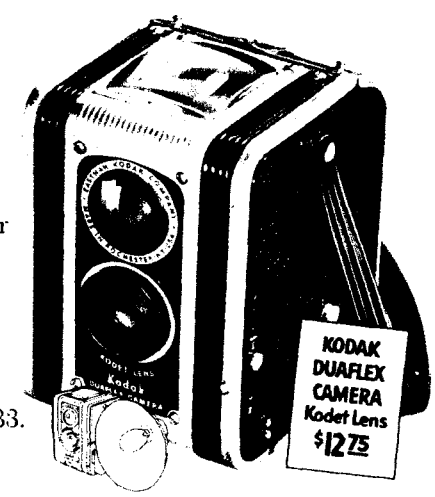

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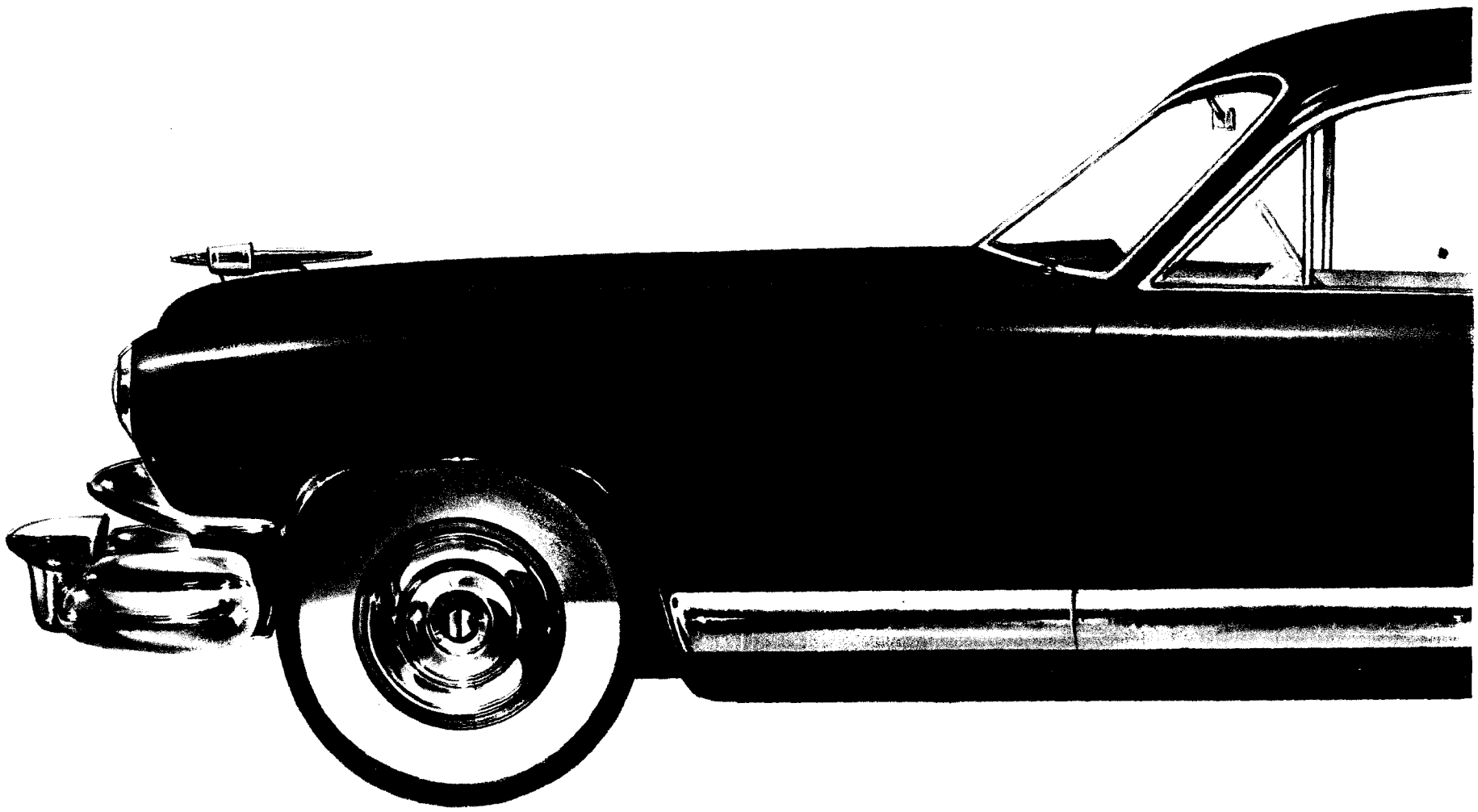

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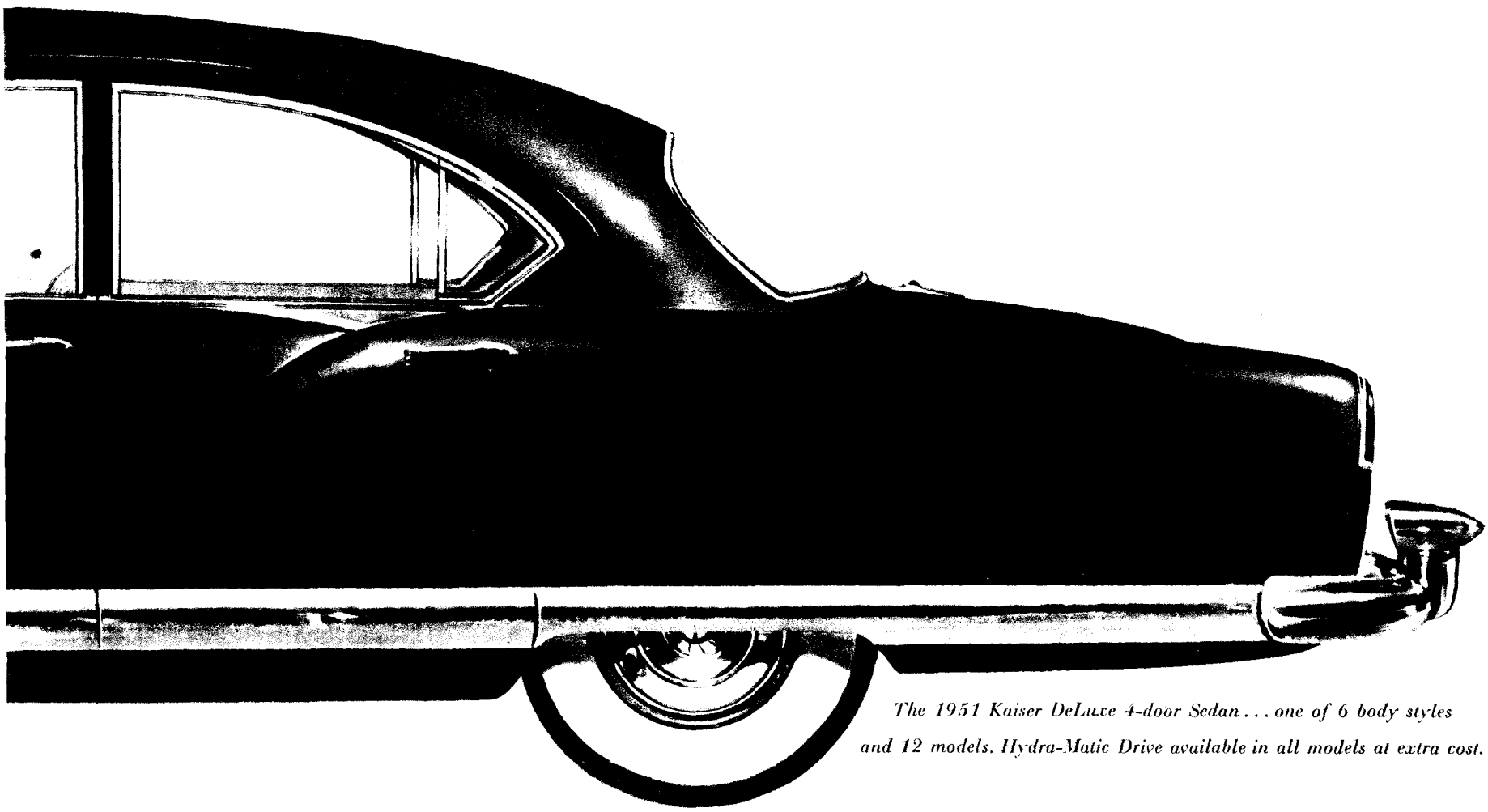

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me: "They've been carrying the junk inside the iron for me for years. It's a nice bit of side money for them. They get paid off by the dope stealers on the outside for making new customers out of the young kids in here." Later I heard the same prisoner offer "a sleigh ride in a snowstorm" (cocaine) to a grieving young first offender whose husband had just divorced her. My honest-official friend told me that the prison often stages unexpected inspections of the matrons and their quarters in the search for hidden dope. "But," he shook his head hopelessly, "that inmate-matron grapevine is too fast for us. We never find anything when we arrive."

Nearly every minute as an inmate I saw or heard something to shock me. In the unbearable heat of the prison laundry, where the washing is done for all state hospitals and institutions, I watched a matron force two pregnant inmates to lift heavy bundles of sheets until they were soaked with perspiration and ready to drop. At a prison church service, I saw inmates passing "kites" (love letters) to each other under the indifferent eyes of matrons.

Crazed by Train Whistle

Every night in my cell I could hear women crying. One night a girl down the corridor went crazy at the sound of a passing train's whistle. She plunged her hands and face through the glass of her window, shouting, "Everybody's going home on the train! Wait for me, conductor!" Matrons carried the bleeding girl out. I felt sure she would be transferred to a mental hospital but afterward I kept seeing the girl around the prison. She was locked in a segregation cell—without treatment—along with other mentally disturbed inmates. Every once in a while she would be taken outside for exercise. She kept lunging wildly at all passers-by, shouting her mournful cry, "Wait for me, conductor!"

Toward the end of my stay in the prison, such things began to prey on me. I wasn't treated badly. The food was good, and I worked in the superintendent's office, where the matrons had the least chance to vent their frustrations on me.

But I had acquired the convict's habit of glancing nervously over my shoulder, whether someone was there or not—the prisoner's instinct to be alert against other inmates creeping up behind: perhaps a murderer, a mental case, a pervert. Besides that, the other inmates were getting suspicious of me—my easy job, the fact that none of the other new convicts recalled seeing me in the isolation ward where all new prisoners are supposed to spend two weeks on arrival. I kept staring at the rocks the inmates carried as weapons in their handkerchiefs; I listened to the story of how the convicts had treated a suspected stool pigeon. This unfortunate girl had a blanket thrown over her head to stifle her cries, and then was beaten unconscious through the blanket by five inmates. She had to be carried out to a hospital.

Finally I asked my official-friend to get me out. He did, in a hurry. That night, in civilian clothes, I was introduced to the prisoners as they lined up to receive Salvation Army gifts. They were told I was a newspaperwoman trying to better their lot. But an angry murmur went up, and I was rushed from the room. The last thing I saw was the Queen snarling at me: "Amateurs—coming to take lessons!"

From this prison I went to several others. In three of them I lived as an observer in the matrons' quarters. I thought I had already seen the worst, but I was wrong. The same sickening pattern repeated itself—the brutal, corrupt matrons and the Crime University for Young Women.

I saw clipped heads—a form of female degradation dating back to medieval inquisitions. In one prison, young girls and habitual criminals were thrown together in an open bull pen, with 40 cots crowded in a room no bigger than 20 by 45 feet. The

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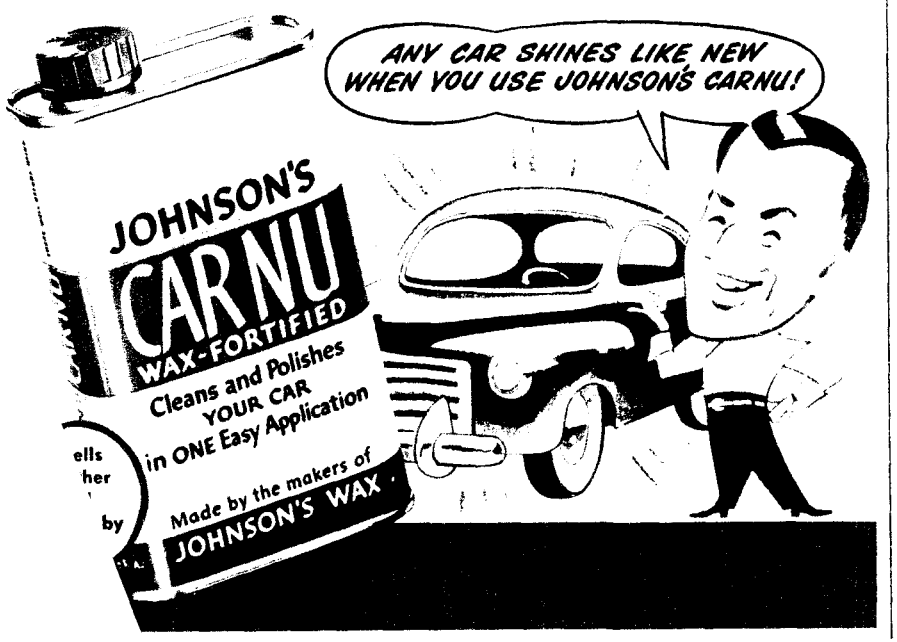
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COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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prostitution rings and the shoplifting syndicates competed openly for the first offenders here, and pitched battles for their souls raged back and forth in the cell rooms. There were also reform-school children in the bull pens, thirteen- and fourteen-year-old girls who had committed no felony. By state law it was illegal to hold them here, but they had been sent on by the reform schools as "incorrigibles." There they were, being worked on by the "hustlers" (prostitutes), the "boosters" (shoplifters) and the Lesbians.

In another prison, the inmates ate nothing but stewed fruit during the two weeks I was there. There was no meat or vegetables because prison officials were waiting for the state legislature to get around to passing that year's budget. A girl inmate was faint with hunger as she served me my food, which had been brought in from outside shops. In this prison, I watched a brutal matron torturing man-starved inmates with pornographic pictures she had smuggled in, and I listened to her describe in lurid detail every amorous moment of her date the night before. A young convict finally spat at the matron and yelled, "How long ago did you resign from the human race?" The prisoner was rushed off for punishment—presumably solitary confinement.

The solitary confinement cell of this prison would do credit to a Heinrich Himmler. It is a one-room stone hut built alongside a river, away from the other buildings. Unheated, it contains no furniture—just a single blanket and the ever-present water bucket. In the wintertime, the temperature often drops below zero in the cell; in spring and summer it is well chilled by mists rising from the river. The only openings into the cell are the sheet-steel door and a tiny barred window just below the ceiling. The occupant can do nothing all day and night but shiver on the stone floor wrapped in her blanket, and wait for an occasional half loaf of bread to be shoved under the door through an opening. She gets a regular meal only every third day.

I passed this building many times during my stay at the prison, but I thought it a tool shed until the day I heard a woman screaming inside. Stunned, I looked at the matron who accompanied me wherever I went. She grinned. "Sure," she explained, "it's a solitary confinement cell. That fish won't try to escape no more when she gets out of there. We call it 'the icebox.' We got the idea from the military. If an American man can take it, we figure an American woman can, too."

Out of my prison observations, the most frightening thing of all was the realization that the conditions that I saw exist even in our most enlightened states, and that few Americans have any idea of what is going on in their own back yards. Clubwomen often visit the women's penitentiaries in their states (on carefully guided tours). Invariably they come away impressed with the clean, modern buildings and with the gracious, intelligent superintendents. Usually they are right about the buildings and the superintendents, most of whom are capable officials recommended by penal-reform organizations. But the clubwomen cannot see the rot *inside* the buildings. They cannot guess that the superintendent is saddled with irrevocable old rules and a political-appointee system that make her virtually the prisoner of her staff. Often she is brought in by clever politicians as an unwitting front to mask the patronage and crime-recruiting doings inside. She is unable to carry out the reforms she advocates, afraid to resign for fear that the lot of the inmates will even worsen.

By the power of their protests, these clubwomen can force their state legislatures to change all this. But how can an ordinary citizen tell a good prison from a bad one? In the decent penitentiaries—in New York, New Jersey and California—certain minimum standards always exist:

First: Young first offenders are kept in areas of the prison completely separate from those allotted to older, hardened criminals. Under no circumstances are they allowed to come in contact with one another.

Second: The prison has a staff of psychiatrists who attempt to help the women prisoners who have mental abnormalities (60 per cent of them do, according to a leading penology journal). In this way the state can reduce much of the dipsomania, homosexuality, kleptomania and nymphomania that keep offenders coming back to prison.

Third: The prison has a library and a staff of teachers to educate the illiterates and teach the girls a useful trade. New York, for example, turns out skilled seamstresses, cooks, laundresses, farm experts, stenographers and bookkeepers. Learning these trades not only keeps the girls out of trouble in prison, but when they get out they are less likely to fall prey to the crime rings. In enlightened prisons, long-termers generally are taught agricultural pursuits; some are put in charge of the prison's chickens. This provides an outlet for their emotions, which might otherwise be diverted into abnormal channels.

Fourth: Matrons in good prisons are selected solely on the basis of high-standard civil service examinations; the better states require them to have at least a high-school education. Prospective matrons must undergo intelligence tests and psychiatric examinations—to eliminate sadists and perverts—and they are adequately paid, to offset the temptation of bribery. In the ideal women's prison (yet to be attained) there are no political appointments, no outside pressures on the way the prison is run, no matrons' jobs for the widows of political wheel horses.

Actually, there is no such thing as a *good* prison, since the most progressive penal institution hardly can be a resort hotel. But if minimum standards are put into effect, at least there is a good chance that young female criminals can be rehabilitated. It costs a little more, but it is cheaper in the long run.

As one penologist recently put it, "It's like sending your mother-in-law a slightly higher allowance today—to keep her from moving in on you as a permanent guest tomorrow."

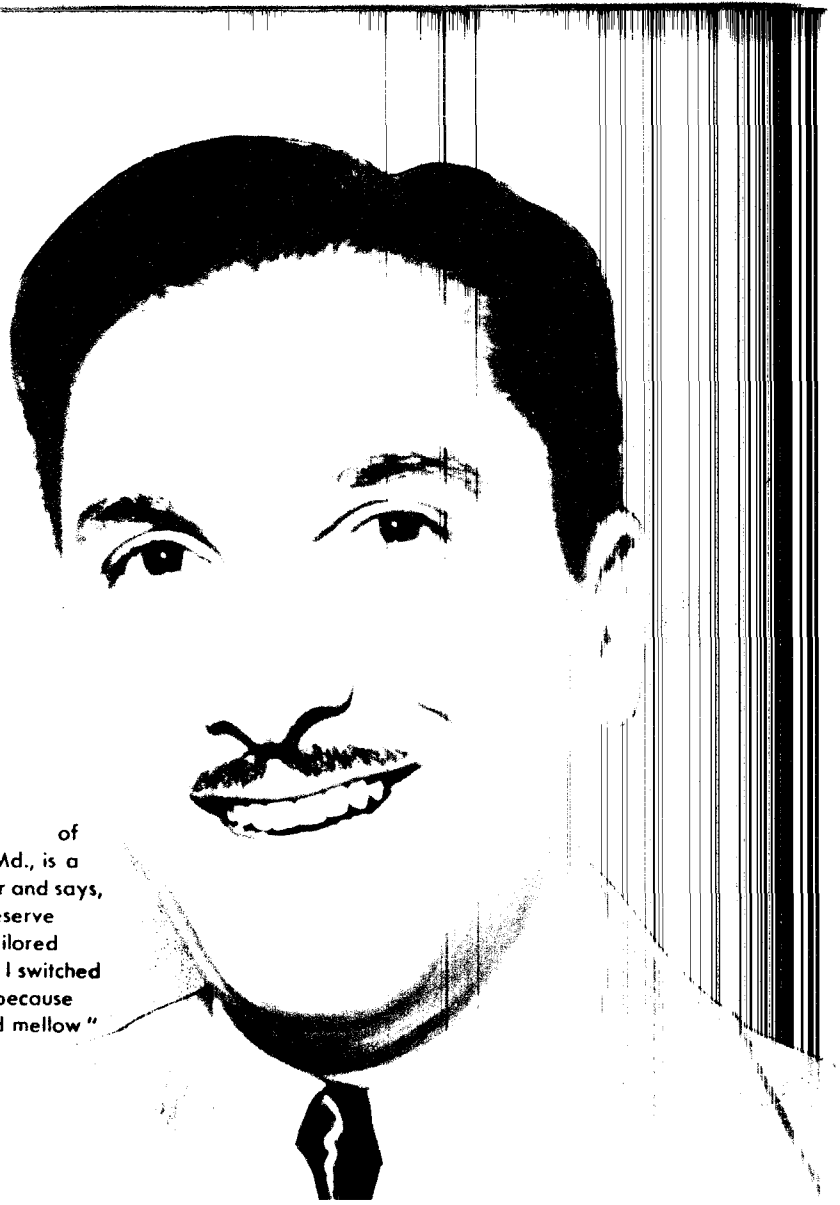
THE END

Reading Matter

What's written quite plainly,
And meant to be read,
I skim over quickly,
Or skip it instead.

But if something's scratched out,
Do I let it then pass?
No, I call for more light
And a high-powered glass!

—RICHARD ARMOUR



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Home Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

looking at the other room, which had been Mother's and Dad's. I set my suitcases down on the bare floor and just stood for a minute with my eyes closed, sick with resentment that I had to come back here.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around. On the other side of the room the bleached-out wallpaper showed some nail holes where I had built shelves to hold my books and the various grubby treasures that a boy whose family is poor gathers for himself as he grows up. Some renter had torn down the shelves.

Often I had lain warm and safe in this bed while the blizzard wind howled at the dark window, and often when the summer moon turned the cornfield to silver and black I had lain here awake with a boy's dreams of the future and the world and the cities beyond the prairie's rim. I would hear my mother stirring around in the other room, getting ready for bed alone, because my father sold insurance and most of the week was out on the long roads talking to farmers and at night going to bed in some dingy hotel room in some other little town. I was almost glad that they were gone, both those gentle, poor people. They had believed in me so.

It was bitter to have to come back here. I was sick with a weary hatred of the big-city world that had rejected me.

ONE night, two weeks ago, I had sat on the edge of the bed in a New York furnished room, and taken a good look at myself. Here again I faced the fact that I was a failure. That night, in an ugly room where many failures had sat looking at the wall, I had realized that I had only one place left in the world to go. I knew of only one roof that I didn't have to pay for. So now I had come home, with enough money to eat on for a few weeks if I were careful, and some expensive clothes left from the good days when I had been on the way up.

Without bothering to open my suitcases, I started out to look around the house. The kitchen, where Mother had done such wonders, sometimes on so little, still held the memory of laughter and of love, of suppers by lamplight with the snow upon the sill. I went into the living room and raised one of the front blinds. It made a harsh, brief sound. I stood looking at the shabby old furniture, the best they had ever been able to buy, and at Mother's second-hand piano. Sometimes Mother would play in the evening—nothing grand, just old tunes as worn as the piano itself. She would sit very upright, frowning a little at the mistakes her tired fingers made. I walked over and struck a chord. The keys were dusty, and the chord sounded remote and out of tune.

I turned away quickly, because Mrs. Meigs and her husband were coming up the front walk. Henry was carrying a tray, heavily stacked and covered with a white linen cloth, and Mrs. Meigs had some clean sheets over her arm.

"Next to plain home cooking, a good tight-made bed is important to the soul of man," she said while Henry set the tray down and shook my hand. "I'm going to see to you while you're here, Charlie. As your mother would want me to. So's you get a real rest before you go back to that office of yours in New York."

They stayed only a little while, just long enough for Mrs. Meigs to make my bed upstairs while Henry and I stood around in the living room. Henry had always been a silent little man, but there were old times in his faded eyes and remembrance of my father.

"Kind of lonesome here, Charlie," he said with social effort. "What do you think of the old place, after all these years?"

I said, "Well, I've just been looking around the house and thinking"—with a sort of desperate honesty I thought that now was the time to get it over with—"thinking what an awful failure I've made of things."

"Heh!" he said, and with a knuckly forefinger poked me in the ribs. "Do your dad good to hear you say that. He always was a great one for a joke instead of bragging. Many's the time I've heard him—" He broke off and gazed out the window for a minute, strangely and, I think, deeply uncomfortable. Then he began to speak again: "Sure, I guess everybody gets tired sometimes, son, and thinks of the things he might have done and failed to do. The sins of omission. But you big men can't fool the homefolks, Charlie. You oughtn't to try. It makes us feel bad."

So he thought I was guilty of that kind of insincerity, did he?—that lousy sort of false-humble vainglory! I opened my mouth to tell him, and then didn't. What was the use? Henry and Mrs. Meigs believed in me.

After they had left, I lifted the linen cloth and looked at the tray. There were four or five covered dishes—I could smell the rich brown gravy of her famous pounded steak

COLLIER'S **"Okay, Filstrup. Go to the bull pen and get rid of a few of those kinks"** VIRGIL PARTCH

—and besides supper she had brought a can of coffee, homemade bread and preserves and some eggs so I could cook my breakfast. She had remembered everything, even a pitcher of country cream and some sugar. I took the tray to the kitchen, but I didn't eat right away. Unbolting the back door, I walked out through the dried weeds to the grape arbor.

For years, in the cool of Saturday evenings, Dad had carried buckets of water from the pump to pour around the roots of the vines, patiently making many trips in the summer twilight. I could still hear the rusty sound of the pump. But now the arbor was nearly dead, only a few bunches of big leaves, some of them pale, sprouting in clumps from the heavy and twisted vines. Somewhere a bobwhite whistled across the sunset fields; from far away somewhere I heard the evening voices of children. Stooping, I pulled up a weed which had grown beside the bench. It had been a long time since neighbors had sat here visiting.

And maybe because I was poorer now than any of them had ever been, emptier of hope or courage and more lonely, I wondered what had become of Mary Calvert. She was the only one I could remember here—she and her mother—who would know about the dry throat of desperation, the empty hands which had nothing to reach for.

Looking back, now that I was older, I knew that she had been the most startling girl in high school, shyly dark and too thin, with a silent wild beauty such as I had not seen since, anywhere. That young girl and her mother had been poor and proud in a small ruined house on the other side of town. I don't think they always had enough to eat. But at the time, I guess I hadn't thought about it at all, especially. Whenever I had a date it was with Marjorie Brannan, a fluffy blond girl whose father worked in the bank, or with Helen McMurdo, or Elaine Schindler, all of whom, I'd heard, were placid young matrons by now. Mrs. Meigs hadn't mentioned Mary Calvert.

WHEN I was a boy, her father was a town character—a big, florid, shabby-glossy man who was always gone somewhere, for months at a time or maybe a year or so, on one wildcat get-rich scheme after another. I suppose he sent some money home when he could. Occasionally he would come back from places like Idaho or New Orleans or Mexico with his large, booming, important voice, and you'd see him around town for a while, talking to people on the street. Then he'd be gone again.

Mary Calvert would know about desperation, all right. But one night I had boasted to her, under the winter stars, and if I were to meet her now—wherever she was—I knew I'd see myself in hell before I let her suspect the fix I was in. I guess maybe it was the bragging I had done that called her to mind in that dry and bitter moment in the grape arbor. And yet, when I thought, I couldn't really remember very much about her. She was a couple of years behind me in high school, so she had never been in any of my classes. She was just a girl that had always been there in the background, ever since I could remember.

Mrs. Calvert did plain sewing for the better-off women of the town; but at one time she must even have had to take in washing: my first recollection of Mary was of a child pulling a tin wagon loaded with laundry through the snow.

I remember that I stopped to help her get the squeaky wagon over a place where a big tree root had bulged the sidewalk up into a ridge. As if that gave her some claim on me, during the following spring she would nod vigorously and mysteriously to me across the schoolyard when she caught my eye; but I couldn't be bothered with a third-grader, so after a while she gave it up. She was always painfully clean while the rest of us could afford to be muddily careless, maybe because she knew firsthand the work it took to make people's clothes and wash them. She looked lonely, even in the middle of a crowd of little girls.

Later on, in high school, I used to see her walking along the corridors in her crisp homemade dresses, somehow more delicately becoming than other girls' pull-over sweaters and skirts, and with her dark hair all cloudy about her thin face. Sometimes I would say hello, but at that self-conscious age she would only smile faintly and hurry on. I was quarterback on the football team and editor of the school paper.

The time I did that bragging was one January night, my last year in high school. Old Pa Fowler had just relieved me at the hotel desk where I had a job from suppertime to midnight registering in the occasional traveling salesmen and helping them carry their sample cases. When I came out the door with my schoolbooks under my arm, Mary was walking by. She had an evening job, too, clerking in Ecklund's drugstore.

We walked along together, and after a while she said, very low:

"I hear you're going away to college. In the East." Her voice capitalized that word, that magic word which means the dreamed-of great world to a prairie child.

To the other girls, whose fathers were substantial men in the town, I had been decently modest about my plans. But to her, who had so humbly little, who looked up at me with wistful, admiring eyes, I sounded off, with the raw rebellion of adolescence.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm going to get out of this town and I'm never coming back, either. There's no future here, not the kind of a future I want. I'm going to be part of the main show. You watch me."

Clumsily, I knew I was being false to all the shining, anxious thoughts I'd had walking home alone under the stars that winter; and I was relieved when this strange and disturbing girl turned off at her corner and walked steadily away under the bare branches.

Well, it had come partly true, for a while. Working my way through college, I couldn't come home because I had to count too much on my summer job in an Atlantic City hotel, and railroad fare for Christmas was out of the question. And after my mother and then my dad died while I was in law school, I never had made another trip back, until now. But the crudely swaggering kid, loud and honking, that I had been to one quiet girl—that memory became the most painful thought of this moment. All the others—I could damn their eyes and stare them down, if I had to. Mary Calvert I thought I could never face again.

TURNING from the grape arbor, I walked slowly back to the house. It was dark by the time I ate my supper at the kitchen table, and the food Mrs. Meigs had so kindly prepared for me was cold.

When I finally went up to my room, I found the clean sheets had been turned back on my bed and my clothes unpacked and put away. My laundry was in a pillow slip on the floor of the closet where my two other suits and overcoat had been hung. Strangely, when I didn't expect it, sleep came easily in the country silence.

The next morning, I was having a cigarette after breakfast when Mrs. Meigs came in, cheerful and practical.

"Let's make out a grocery list now, Charlie," she said. "You won't want to go down to the store today. Everybody would be stopping you on the street; and besides, there'll be too much to carry. I'm going down in the car, and I'll do your shopping along with mine."

She spent twenty minutes writing down all the things she thought I'd need, talking away like sixty at the same time—more neighborhood gossip all mixed up absent-mindedly with easy recipes and household

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hints for a bachelor who was going to cook for himself.

"—and if you get too much salt in the soup, just drop in a peeled raw potato," she finished. "And then lift the potato out and throw it away. See you later, Charlie." And out she sailed. She was gone a long time, probably spreading the word, and when she came back I was dusting the furniture. It was good to have something definite that needed doing.

I carried the boxes of groceries in from her car and then handed packages and cans to her while she put them up on the shelves.

"Now nobody's going to bother you, Charlie. In fact, hardly anybody, really, knows you're here yet," she said innocently. "I've saved you all that."

BUT during the afternoon the iceman arrived with a dripping fifty-pound block on his back for the old-fashioned icebox; a Mrs. Staples, whom I didn't know, showed up to get my pillow slip full of washing and stopped for a visit; a boy from a farm out on Dry Creek brought me a can of milk and some country butter, and stopped to tell me all about how things were going at high school. Toward evening there was a thump against the door, and there was our local paper.

Unfolding it to the first page, I saw a story headed: *Noted Son Comes Home For Visit;* and my name jumped out at me. It started: *Charles V. Andrews, brilliant New York attorney whom all will remember as a Smoky Hill boy, has returned to our midst to occupy the Andrews family residence for a brief vacation away from his pressing legal affairs . . .* It went on from there. It was accurate enough, as far as it went. It said that after graduation I had joined the legal staff of Consolidated Utilities Corporation; it mentioned my war service as a Navy lawyer; and, with a rhetorical flourish, it said that three years ago I had resigned my position with Consolidated to open my own law offices in New York with a partner. It fondly breathed success and money, and I put the paper down with a trapped feeling.

After supper, there was another knock on the door, and this time it was Tom Middleton. He had played football with me in high school and I had already heard that he had come back to practice medicine in Smoky Hill. His car was parked out at the curb.

"Hello, Charlie," he said. "Mrs. Meigs has cautioned everybody you're not to be disturbed, but I'm out making my evening calls and I couldn't drive by your house. Besides, I'm a privileged character around here."

Beaming desperately, I took him into the living room and we started one of those old-home conversations, with much kidding and laughter—all of it too hearty—trying anxiously to pick up threads of friendship where they had been dropped years ago. It was pretty grim. Smoky Hill is too small to have a chamber of commerce but we do have a luncheon club, and pretty soon he told me I was going to speak at the luncheon next week.

For a minute I felt like a winter-bitten range bull, slab-sided and mean, with his head down—just wariness, just sullen resentment; his head down, against the world. But in some obscure and painful way, I was beginning to change, to make a new adjustment to my town, which was trying to show me that it liked me still and wanted me. The ugly sense of defiance was beginning to melt a little, I guess, in spite of myself. I felt an odd humbleness, wanting to put myself straight, at least with my nearest friends here. But when I answered Tom about the luncheon club, I was watching his face for the least sign at which I could take offense. I was still watching for that first smirk.

"Tom, I can't do it," I said. "I just can't do it. I've come home all beat up and smashed out and flatter than a pancake. I'm here because it's the only place I could come for a breathing space, to get myself together and try to figure things out. Before I go in for another licking. Somewhere. I don't know where. I haven't any place to go from here."

"You're tired," he said. "Overwork, a bit underweight. Nervous. Anybody could diagnose by watching you five minutes. I'd send you a tonic if I thought you needed one. Your subject is going to be What Corporation Law Really Means."

"Listen, Tom, I tell you I'm"—I choked on the word "broke," but still tried to make him understand—"I've fallen flat on my face, I've failed, there isn't any more. I'm washed up. I'm not going to make a fool of myself by talking to your club about success."

But it was useless to try to tell him the truth.

"We all have our bad cases, Charlie. I've felt the same way, and I guess lawyers do, too," he said. "All right, tell us about your bad cases—tell us about the one that's upset you like this. It'll do you good to tell your friends, Charlie. You big-town guys get too neurotic anyway. Gosh, I got to go. Sick people, babies coming. I'll see you."

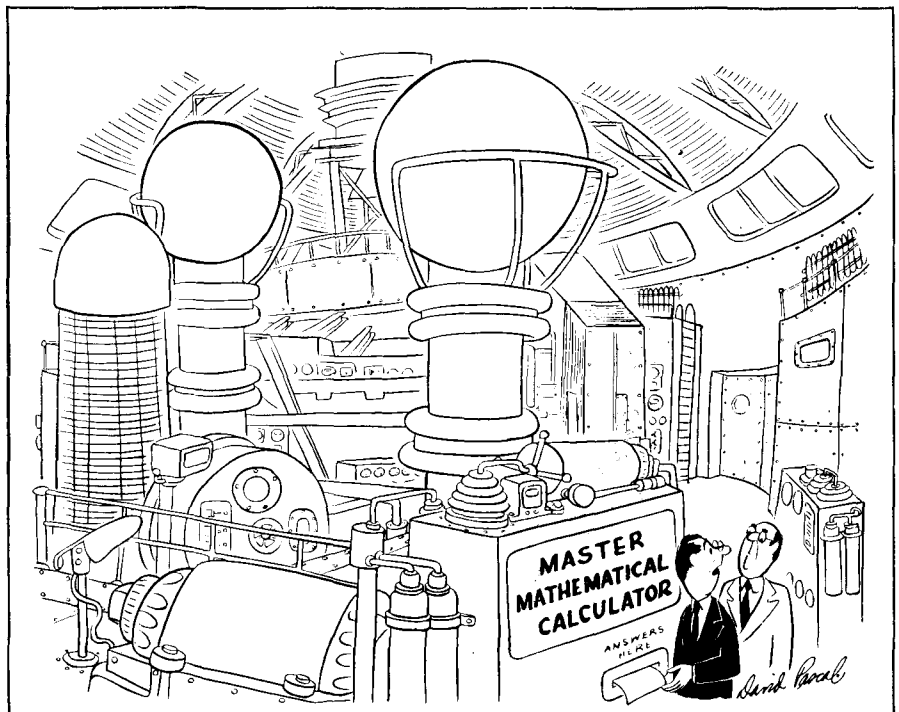
But at the door he turned and put his hand on my arm. "Forget it, boy," he said. "Get some rest. And at the lunch, just get on your feet and talk to people who—well, who thought a lot of you when you were here. Still do, and they're mighty proud of you, Charlie. You can't disappoint us."

THAT luncheon was all I was afraid it would be, and worse. I felt like an impostor, and I knew I'd have to get out of town and starve someplace else, after this. It was at the hotel, one long table set up in the dining room, but before we all sat down everybody gathered around me in a big noisy welcome. I hope my face wasn't as ghastly as it felt. The worst, I think, was when John MacLaren, our town's best lawyer and my father's friend, came quietly into the crowd and shook my hand, respectfully.

After that awful moment, the speech later on was a minor sin. I got on my feet and, with Tom looking up at me, I talked. I just told them about a few cases in corporation law in New York courts, one or two that I had been in on while I was with Consolidated, and I tried to make it as interesting as I could. At least a third of the club members sitting there listening to me were men I remembered as boys. And now they were successful businessmen here at home. And I—well, I told them a little something about corporation law. But I didn't tell them about good connections that in the city somehow withered away and weren't there any more when you opened your own little office, counting on them.

I didn't tell them about sitting at my nearly empty desk and listening to Paul Elton, my partner and classmate, walking nervously around in his room or practicing with a putter on the expensive carpeting we had bought. I didn't mention my partner at all, because I would have had to say that last year, when a chance came, he had given up and gone into a big Boston law firm. I didn't blame him; I wished I had found some chance like that.

And I didn't tell them about the long road down, of heartbreaking idleness, of good mental tools hardly anyone asked you to use; I didn't say anything about trying to keep up the appearances of the office but concealing my own address because finally it wasn't even a small bachelor apartment any more; or about worrying over office rent and the secretary's salary until finally I had to let her go, close up, and run for home after my slow licking. So here I was at home, and when I finished talking they all applauded me.



COLLIER'S **"Just for argument's sake, suppose it did make a mistake. How would *we* know?"** DAVID PASCAL

Afterward, I tried to sneak away, but I found myself walking down the street with John MacLaren.

"Good talk, Charles," he said. "You have presence. And you know law." He sighed. "As a young man, I hankered for the big fields. But I couldn't do it. Things kept me here. Well, I'm glad one Smoky Hill boy has made it."

"I haven't. I had no right to make that talk." Miserably, cold with shame and agony, I just simply had to tell this man whom I respected so. "Judge MacLaren, I'm a failure at law."

He smiled gently. "All good lawyers know they are often failures, son, in wisdom and in justice," he said. "And home is the place to come for a little rest when you feel like that. I liked your talk, but I like better your saying that. The finer the mind, the more often is the head bowed. We're all proud of you, Charles, but I'm prouder now of your humbleness. It's good to know you have kept it, in the city."

I couldn't say any more. They *all* believed in me.

And then I saw Mary Calvert.

She was coming toward us along the sidewalk, carrying a bunch of letters to the post office. She stopped very still, looking up at me. John MacLaren said, "Ah—Miss Calvert," and smiling slightly again, he lifted his hat and walked on.

"Hello, Charlie," she said.

We both hesitated. The letters made a small crinkly sound in her hand. She was not so thin now, and she was beautifully dressed in a pale summer suit and dark brown blouse.

"Well!" I said in a voice so hearty that it sounded even falser than it was. "Well, this *is* a surprise!"

We stood there in awkwardness. She started to take an uncertain step as if to pass me by, but swallowed instead and said offhandedly, "How's New York?"

Helplessly, I realized that I still wanted to impress this girl. And now I had nothing whatever to impress her with. Hurriedly, I asked, "What are you doing these days, Mary?"

"I'm Mr. Brannan's secretary, and general handy woman around the bank. He's president now," she said. "I'm known as Miss-Calvert-over-at-the-bank. There's always one, in a little town."

"You make it sound awfully efficient," I said, lamely enough.

"I suppose I am," she said. "I've been there for a long time."

This time she did start to pass me, with a brief nod and the faintest of smiles. And I turned and fell into step with her, and we were walking up the street together. I didn't know why then, but I think I do now. The memory of that blatting boast, which only she had heard, was eating into me badly; and I wanted, by being awfully nice to her, by being very urbane and big-city, to take the rough edges off that remembrance. But walking along, neither of us could think of anything to talk about.

AT THE post-office door I stopped abruptly and said, "Mary, I'd like to see you again, while I'm here."

With one hand on the door, she slowly turned her head to look at me. In her eyes I could see the thought: He's just here for a vacation, and all the girls he used to go with are married. But finally she said, "All right, Charlie."

I knew she was thinking that, after I went back to New York, the people of the town, who take any hint of romance seriously, might feel sorry for her. "I'll tell you what," she said. "After banking hours I'm going out to look at a farm. Mr. Brannan sometimes sends me when it isn't too big a loan. You be at Elm and Center at four o'clock and I'll come by in my car."

She went on into the post office, and I walked home to wander around the empty rooms for a couple of hours. There is no feeling quite like the panicky awareness that all the world is at work, not needing your help.

When she picked me up at four o'clock she had on a little hat which fitted down over her hair, somehow making her profile very fine and remote and pure, but after a while, as she drove in silence, an unsuspected laughter-line deepened in her cheek. "I'm glad you like it," she said demurely. "I just bought it a few minutes ago. For my first date in—uh, some time."

"I should think you'd have lots," I said with uneasy gallantry.

"I scare 'em off, I guess," she said. "And anyway, I can't afford to be serious, and for me it would have to be serious to have many dates with a man. You're different," she said hastily, "you're just a visitor now. You don't belong here any more and pretty soon you'll go away again. You've done what you said you would, Charlie. That night—I've often thought about it."

So she did remember it. But not the way I did.

"The silly little things that stick in people's minds!" I said. "I remember a lot of things about you too, Mary. It's funny, because we didn't see much of each other when we were kids."

"Yes, it is odd," she said, in a small voice.

At least that got us started talking a bit more easily, though after that we both shied away from personal subjects. The farm was fifteen miles out to the southeast of town and by the time we got there we were pretty good friends, talking about her work and the town and people. I waited in the car while she went into the farmhouse.

In about five minutes the anxious-looking farmer came out the back door with her

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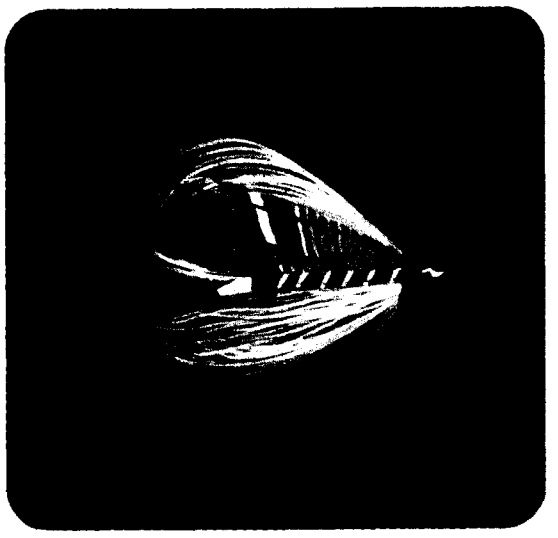

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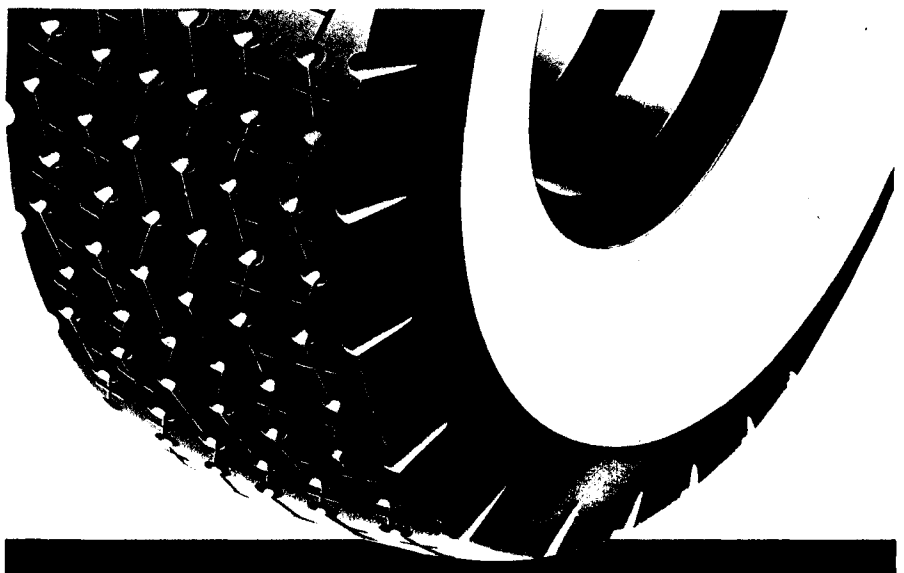

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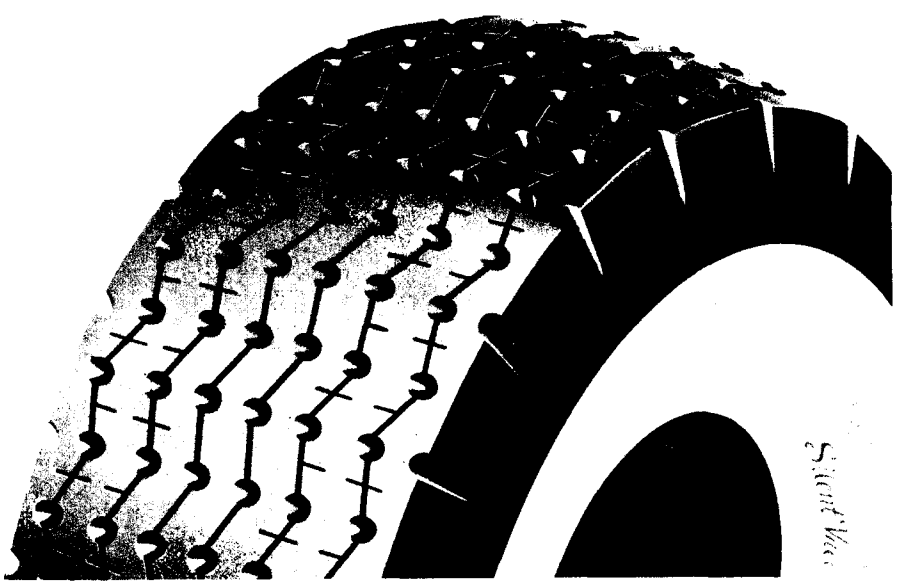

and began showing her around the place. It took quite a while; they walked out into the hot fields, and I suspect she had a hard time trying not to remember how people felt when they needed a little money very badly. She came back to the car and we drove back more silent than when we had come out. In front of her house, she said, "Come in and meet Mother."

The house had been all remodeled, painted white with green shutters, and the lawn was velvety. It was beautiful and modern inside, and her mother, tall and white-haired, came down the stairs. She was surprised to see me, but I think she was pleased, in a questioning sort of way, and, while the three of us sat talking, she always called me Mr. Andrews. I didn't stay long. I could smell supper cooking.

At the door I asked, "Tomorrow?"

"Yes," Mary said.

THAT next evening we didn't have any farm to look at but we drove into the country again, and then again on Sunday afternoon, and after that it was a habit. Sometimes I would have supper with them and Mary and I would do the dishes before we went out driving through the long September dusks or sat in wicker garden chairs, watching the stars come out above her back yard. Mrs. Meigs became breathless with silent speculation whenever I saw her, and the town elaborately pretended not to be noticing, but I guess by that time we didn't care.

I know I didn't care any more what anybody thought or believed. Except Mary. Someday I would have to tell her. But I put it off. She was—well, when I was with her I believed in myself again. I guess it was as simple and as selfish as that.

After four or five weeks, though, people I met on the street began looking at me with a puzzled expression, as if they were wondering when I was going back to New York; and one evening Mary asked me. We were coming home from a long Sunday drive and had stopped on the crest of the range of hills. We got out of the car and we walked in the evening air. Below us and far away, the town was tiny and remote under the stars. The time had come, the time I had been afraid of. Mary hadn't asked me anything until now—that's her way—and a few stories about my early professional experiences had been enough. I took a deep breath.

"Mary," I said, "I'm not going back at all. I haven't got any New York office. I don't know what to do. I'm busted."

"What do you mean, Charlie?" she said.

"I haven't had any right to go on seeing you. But I've—I've needed to," I said. "Mary, I've been a real flop. I came home whipped to a frazzle. I came here because it was the only place I had left, and I don't have to pay rent. I have a hundred and sixty-two dollars, and nothing in sight."

She said, "Do you want to tell me?"

"I'd better tell somebody pretty soon," I said; and, while she sat gazing at the immense distances of the prairie country, I gave her the whole story. When I had finished, we walked back to the car. For a long time we drove in silence, away from the town again, out into the country.

"Listen," she said at last. "You're going to open a law office here. In Smoky Hill."

"On a hundred and sixty-two dollars?" I said. "It's a long road up."

"I know that. I know all about the long road up. And I know all about failure, and what it does to people. My father died of it ten years ago, and you're not going to." Her voice became practical. "Now you listen to me for a while and don't say a word until I've finished. I have some money saved, enough for this, and I'm going to resign from my job in the bank and be your secretary. I've got plenty to run us for a year, and that will be enough."

"I won't do it," I said.

"I'm resigning tomorrow morning," she said. "You're going to have to do it, to take care of me. And Mother. I mean I'm going to keep the books and draw a salary. You're going to have to work. It won't take you too long to pay me back, and nobody will ever know."

We argued until nearly midnight, driving aimlessly around the country roads, and once she was crying with rage and beating my arm with her fist.

Wearily I said, "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to. Because— Let's don't talk about it now. Just say it's because I believe in you, and I'm going to see to it that you believe in yourself again."

IT TOOK a lot of doing, but the day came when I sat in a new-painted office in the Douglas Block. My lawbooks were out of storage; we had spent two evenings unpacking them and arranging them on the shelves. There had been a long story in the paper about brilliant New York attorney, now a member of the state bar, etc.—very flowery and flattering—and down toward the bottom of the column it said Miss Mary Calvert had accepted the position of secretary in my office. But everybody knew that much anyway, and for days half the town had been in and out, giving us advice and help while the furniture was coming in.

Just now, as I looked up from my desk, Mary was standing there in the early sunshine, smiling at me before she took off her hat, and her lips were trembling a little. I thought: The prairie winters will come, and the great windy springtimes, and I will be here in my town that wouldn't let me be a failure. And may the honor and humanity of all good country lawyers be always here in this office, as I feel it now.

There was a step in the corridor outside, and the shadow of our first client fell across the frosted-glass door that had my name on it. Mary slipped swiftly into her chair behind the desk in the reception room and, as the doorknob slowly turned, she nodded vigorously and mysteriously at me. THE END

"Haven't we met someplace before, Miss, or are we going to have a long, dull ride to Toledo?"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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Fishing Good?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

a fish banished from most of their waters for more than a century.

The restoration projects thus far have been so encouraging that there is reason to believe this great fish eventually will be brought back in rivers as far south as the Connecticut. There will be an effective demonstration of the salmon's great popularity during the next few weeks.

A legion of anglers who could not hope to meet the high cost of fishing remote Canadian waters will be going after bright, fresh-run fish in the Dennys, Penobscot, Machias and Narraguagus.

Effects of Mild Winters

Most states point out that their optimistic outlook for this season is based on the relatively mild and open winter we recently enjoyed. This explanation cannot be disputed in areas where trout, lake trout or land-locked salmon are the important fish. Many lakes, normally ice-locked for months, remained partially open during the past winter. This also insured better growth and survival conditions for such species as bass, pickerel, pike, walleyes and the assorted pan fish.

Winter is a critical period for any *stream* fish, particularly the trout. The young fish, and a good percentage of the adults, winter in shallow feeder streams which, during severe or even normal winters, often freeze solid except for a central channel. The so-called *anchor* ice, which forms over the food-producing bottom, takes everything with it when it breaks up in the spring. The resulting destruction of insect and plant life brings on a drastic food shortage for adult trout during the spring and summer, and causes a heavy loss of small trout.

Reports from a large majority of the popular streams, even in the North, indicate that the thin ice went out with a minimum of damage to stream beds. Furthermore, the likelihood of high-water conditions now is remote. As any angler knows, fishing in the high-water years is never as productive as it is when water levels are low and fish more concentrated.

The biologists, who take a long-range view, prefer to see a higher water level, believing it to be more beneficial to all kinds of aquatic life. This view is sound as applied to the fish that spawn early in the weedy shallows such as pike, pickerel and walleyes.

Extreme low-water conditions constitute a hazard. The water level may recede rapidly in late spring, leaving the tiny fry without the protection they require during this formative period.

Wisconsin, which led all other states last year in the number of nonresident licenses sold, reports prospects for an exceptionally fine season. In preparation, that state has embarked upon an ambitious stocking program in all waters able to handle an increased finny population.

A special bid has been made to interest the fly-rod devotees by building up the schedule of planting legal-size trout. More than a half-million trout now are released annually in Wisconsin lakes and streams, and experiments have been made in planting rainbow trout in some of the deeper, clearer lakes. Both Wisconsin and Michigan have found the practice successful, and some of the outsize rainbows that have been taken from these lakes have led many stream fishermen to put aside their waders and take up oars.

When it comes to pike, walleyes and the giant member of that family, the muskellunge, Wisconsin takes undisputed first place. Not every visiting angler has muskie ambitions, however, and this has placed excessive fishing pressure on the walleye. To insure a continuous supply of these fish, the state conservation agency has changed its stocking policy, switching from plantings of walleye fry to fingerlings. According to G. E. Sprecher, Assistant Conservation Director, this has brought gratifying results. To supplement this program, two large walleye rearing ponds have been created which will produce more than a half-million fingerlings a year.

Along with several other states, Wisconsin has launched a watershed improvement program designed to prevent the siltation of streams and lakes from the effects of erosion. Good fishing conditions are tied up very closely with reforestation, and streamside plantings not only retard erosion and subsequent siltation, but greatly improve stream conditions by lowering summer temperatures.

In an attempt to obtain a clearer picture of angling requirements, several states have tried—without real success—to obtain a reasonably accurate creel census. Census takers have been defeated, except in certain controlled waters, because of the great variation in angling pressure. A few states hit upon the plan of making careful checks on the catches of a definite number of anglers in scattered areas. From these guinea pigs an average catch was approximated, which was multiplied by the total number of anglers, for a general estimate of the total catch. While this did not offer the degree of accuracy desired, it did produce some amazing figures which point up the enormity of the sport and emphasize its economic importance.

When the statisticians laid down their pencils and examined the totals, they discovered that in the year ending June 30, 1949, exactly 15,478,570 American citizens bought fishing licenses. Add to this an estimated 5,000,000 salt-water sports fishermen who fished the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts (for which no license is required except in California), an estimated 3,000,000 youngsters who do not require licenses, and you get a dramatic picture of the fantastic popularity of angling today.

Granting that statistics are pretty dry fare for a man who is anxious to hear the song of a reel and the plunk of a lure, it will not hurt him to know he is participating in a sport which supports an annual industry worth more than $2,000,000,000.

Fine Angling in TVA Lakes

Among the waters that will bring together an increasing number of fishermen and fish this season are the TVA lakes. These waters were impounded for practical rather than sporting reasons, and were expected to produce little if any fishing. But they have surprised both biologist and angler by providing some of the finest fishing in the country. Dr. R. W. Eschmeyer, fish biologist for the TVA, has estimated (conservatively) that the 600,000 acres of water in the system now provide several million man-days of angling each year, with an annual catch of about 7,000,000 pounds.

The more popular fishing spots—such as the tail waters below the dams on the Tennessee, where anglers have been checked daily for three years—have produced some amazing statistics. Records indicate that the number of anglers has almost doubled since 1947, increasing from 393,000 to 657,000. Despite this increased fishing pressure, the catch per man-day went up from an average of 4.6 pounds in 1947 to 5.4 pounds in 1949.

The TVA lakes, being controlled, provide opportunities to compare fishing pressure with natural reproduction, and the results have amazed some biologists. Tagging experiments revealed that on several of the Tennessee reservoirs less than 3 per cent of the adult fish were taken by anglers. On other storage waters, such as the Cherokee, the percentage rose to as much as 6 and 8 per cent, and it was as high as 25 per cent on the Norris.

Having been certain that the fishing would deteriorate rapidly after the first few

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years, biologists were puzzled as to what factors were responsible for the opposite result. Careful study enabled them to advance several reasons for the phenomenon. First, they noted that it had been possible to control the water levels. Since the water was kept rising or at full level during the spawning period, conditions were favorable for natural reproduction.

Also, since floods occur in winter, the water levels never had been lowered until fall. Therefore, all during the summer, when the fish were feeding and growing, the levels had been high and conditions advantageous. Adequate forestation of the surrounding land was offered as another important factor.

The presence of a small, silvery fish with the staggering scientific name of Dorosoma cepedianum (known familiarly as the gizzard shad) is responsible for providing a bountiful food supply for the TVA fish.

Insect-Eaters Don't Thrive

The presence of this food fish, coupled with the absence of insects, has tended to limit the species found in these waters to the piscivorous (fish-eater) species, such as bass, crappies and walleyes. Insect-eaters, such as bluegills, do not thrive, but crappies weighing more than a half pound are common, and many are taken that scale up to two pounds.

Trout fishermen who are planning an assault upon the New England or Rocky Mountain streams are certain of finding much better success than last season in most areas. Unless the Eastern streams are swollen by unscheduled, heavy rainfalls the trout will be in fine condition and hungry. The angler could not hope for more. The streams of the Rockies could, of course, receive a blanket of snow even now, but barring this the early season runoff should be of shorter duration than usual and streams should drop down and clear well ahead of normal schedule.

The light snows of the past winter in the Rockies may actually bring about a shortage of water in a few streams. However, reports indicate that this threat can be averted in many sections through utilizing the carryover from last year that is holding up the levels in most reservoirs.

Colorado and Idaho streams, extremely popular with rod-and-reel addicts who favor tumbling, fast water, have wintered well and many state hatcheries report an especially large yield of trout. In Colorado alone, a million and a half legal-size trout were planted in the streams prior to the opening on May 25th, and as a result of the hatchery surplus, an equal number will be released during the season. This tops previous release figures by about 25 per cent.

Colorado sportsmen do not consider their angling picture bright in all respects, however, and are bitterly protesting the loss of many miles of fine trout waters as a result of projects being carried out by the Bureau of Reclamation. A long stretch of the upper reaches of the Colorado will be flooded out by Granby Dam, and conservationists estimate that equally large stream losses will result from the Shadow Mountain and Green Mountain reservoir projects.

California is one of the states where a high precipitation rate is necessary, and fortunately it was ample this winter, assuring an adequate supply of water to carry through the season. This state does not attract a great many visiting anglers to its mountain streams, but the coastal waters are extremely popular. The steelhead runs in the rivers and the striped bass fishing in the delta area of the Sacramento-San Joaquin Rivers provide exciting sport. Striped bass, imported from the Atlantic Coast 70 years ago, thrived so on the California coast that angling for this fish is now one of the major attractions of the state.

California has been carrying on extensive trout-research programs, and large plantings have been made "ahead of the rod" in test waters to solve such mysteries as the recovery ratio, growth and the cost of putting a fish in the angler's creel. The state recently allocated $3,600,000 for fishing-improvement projects.

As in Colorado, California sportsmen and conservationists are joining in protest against proposed hydroelectric, flood-control, irrigation and navigation projects which would destroy many of their major fishing waters. Paul R. Needham, professor of zoology at the University of California and nationally known conservationist, points out that if funds are provided and these projects materialize, present aquatic conditions will undergo a complete change.

Northward, in Washington and Oregon, where the salmon and steelhead runs attract sportsmen from every state each year, projected dam construction is being vigorously opposed. In the Columbia River alone, it is estimated that an annual income of more than $20,000,000 will be wiped out through the damage to steelhead and salmon runs which would result from the construction of projected dams.

State and federal fishery officials are uniting in a battle to have upstream dams constructed first so that the salmon and steelhead runs in lower waters won't be blocked. The combined voices of conservation and fishery interests, however, are heard but faintly above the roar of the dam advocates.

Perhaps it is especially fortunate that in many areas the outlook for this season is abnormally bright, for in another year some of the famous angling waters may be only a memory to be discussed around future campfires. THE END

"Shucks, there ain't much to tell, Miss Camille. I'm just a plain ol' farmer. I got a section of land, a house, barn, pigs, chickens and twelve oil wells"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

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Poison

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

better get Ganderbai than one of the Europeans. Better than Taylor or Russell. Neither of them been out here long. Wouldn't know half what Ganderbai knew about snake bites. And anyway, Ganderbai worshiped Harry.

"Doctor Ganderbai," I said. "This is Timber Woods."

"Hello, Mr. Woods. You not in bed yet?"

"Look, could you come round at once? And bring serum—for a krait bite."

"Who's been bitten?" The question came so sharply, so loudly, it was like a small explosion in my ear.

"No one. No one yet. But Harry Pope's in bed and he's got one lying on his stomach, asleep under the sheet on his stomach."

FOR about three seconds there was silence on the line. Then speaking slowly, not like an explosion now but slowly, precisely, Ganderbai said, "Tell him to keep quite still. He is not to move or to talk. Do you understand?"

"Of course."

"I'll come at once!" He rang off and I went back to the bedroom, Harry's eyes watched me as I walked across to his bed.

"Ganderbai's coming. He said for you to lie still."

"What in God's name does he think I'm doing!"

"Look, Harry, he said no talking. Absolutely no talking. Either of us."

"Why don't you shut up then?" When he said this, one side of his mouth started twitching with rapid little downward movements that continued for a while after he finished speaking. I took out my handkerchief and very gently I wiped the sweat off his face and neck, and I could feel the slight twitching of the muscle—the one he used for smiling—as my fingers passed over it with the handkerchief.

I slipped out to the kitchen, got some ice from the icebox, rolled it up in a napkin, and began to crush it small. That business of the mouth, I didn't like that. Or the way he talked, either. I carried the ice pack back to the bedroom and laid it across Harry's forehead.

"Keep you cool."

He screwed up his eyes and drew breath sharply through his teeth. "Take it away," he whispered. "Make me cough." His smiling-muscle began to twitch again.

The beam of a head lamp shone through the window as Ganderbai's car swung round to the front of the bungalow, tires crunching on the gravel. I went out to meet him, holding the ice pack with both hands.

"How is it?" Ganderbai asked, but he didn't stop to talk; he walked on past me across the balcony and through the screen doors into the hall. "Where is he? Which room?"

He put his bag down on a chair in the hall and followed me into Harry's room. He was wearing soft-soled bedroom slippers and he walked across the floor noiselessly, delicately, like a careful cat. Harry watched him out of the sides of his eyes. When Ganderbai reached the bed, he looked down at Harry and smiled, confident and reassuring, nodding his head to tell Harry it was a simple matter and he was not to worry but just to leave it to Doctor Ganderbai. Then he turned and went back to the hall, and I followed him.

"First thing is to try to get some serum into him," he said, and he opened his bag and started to make preparations. "Intravenously. But I must do it neatly. Don't want to make him flinch."

We went into the kitchen and he sterilized a needle. He had a hypodermic syringe in one hand and a small bottle in the other, and he stuck the needle through the rubber top of the bottle and began drawing a pale yellow liquid up into the syringe by pulling out the plunger. Then he handed the syringe to me.

"Hold that till I ask for it."

He picked up the bag and together we returned to the room. Harry's eyes were bright now and wide open. Ganderbai bent over Harry and very cautiously, like a man handling sixteenth-century lace, he rolled up the pajama sleeve to the elbow without moving the arm. I noticed he stood well away from the bed.

He whispered, "I'm going to give you an injection. Serum. Just a prick but try not to move. Don't tighten your stomach muscles. Let them go limp."

Harry looked at the syringe, which I was holding.

Ganderbai took a piece of red rubber tubing from his bag and slid one end under and up and around Harry's biceps; then he tied the tubing tight with a knot. He sponged a small area of the bare forearm with alcohol, handed the swab to me, and took the syringe from my hand. He held it up to the light, squinting at the calibrations, squirting out some of the yellow fluid. I stood still beside him, watching. Harry was watching too, sweating all over his face so it shone like it was smeared thick with face cream melting on his skin and running down onto the pillow.

I could see the blue vein on the inside of Harry's forearm, swollen now because of the tourniquet, and then I saw the needle above the vein, Ganderbai holding the syringe almost flat against the arm, sliding the needle in sideways through the skin into the blue vein, sliding it slowly but so firmly that it went in smooth as into cheese. Harry looked at the ceiling and closed his eyes and opened them again but he didn't move.

When it was finished, Ganderbai leaned forward, putting his mouth close to Harry's ear. "Now you'll be all right even if you *are* bitten. But don't move. Please don't move. I'll be back in a moment."

He picked up his bag and went out to the hall, and I followed.

"Is he safe now?" I asked.

"No."

"How safe is he?"

The little Indian doctor stood there in the hall, nibbling his lower lip.

"It must give some protection, mustn't it?" I asked.

HE TURNED away and walked to the screen doors that led onto the veranda. I thought he was going through them, but he stopped this side of the doors and stood looking out into the night. There wasn't any doubt he was worried. He was worried mostly because it wasn't just an ordinary person who was going to get bitten; it was Harry, Harry Pope himself.

Also, he was worried about his reputation and I must say I couldn't blame him. It was probable that he had never before been called in to attend a European. None of them bothered with him much, except perhaps the British upon whom, in those days, his job depended, and who noticed him only in order to be politely offensive—as only the British can be. I imagined that even now little Ganderbai could hear the thick fruity voice of Dr. James Russell in the lounge at the club, saying, "Young Pope? Ah, yes, poor fellah. Not a nice way to go. But then if people *will* call in a native witch doctor, what can they expect?"

"Isn't the serum very good?" I asked.

"Unfortunately not," he answered, without turning round. "It might save him. It might not. I am trying to think of something else to do."

"Shall we draw the sheet back quick and brush it off before it has time to strike?"

"Never! We are not entitled to take a risk." He spoke sharply and his voice was pitched a little higher than usual.

"We can't very well leave him lying there," I said. "He's getting nervous."

"Please! Please!" he said, turning round, holding both hands up in the air. "Not so fast, please. This is not a matter to rush into bald-headed." He wiped his

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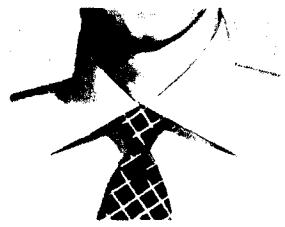

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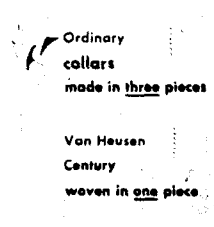

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forehead with his handkerchief and stood there, frowning, nibbling his lip.

"You see," he said at last. "There is a way to do this. You know what we must do—we must administer an anesthetic to the creature where it lies."

It was a splendid idea. Russell would never have thought of it.

"It is not safe," he continued, "because a snake is cold-blooded and anesthetic does not work so well or so quick with such animals, but it is better than any other thing to do. We could use ether . . . chloroform . . ." He was speaking slowly, but I could see he wasn't really wasting time; he was trying to think the thing out while he talked.

"Which shall we use?"

"Chloroform," he said suddenly. "Ordinary chloroform. That is best. Now quick!" He took my arm and pulled me toward the balcony. "Drive to my house! By the time you get there I will have waked up my boy on the telephone and he will show you my poisons cupboard. Here is the key of the cupboard. Take a bottle of chloroform. It has an orange label and the name is printed on it. I stay here in case anything happens. Be quick now, hurry! No, no, you don't need your shoes!"

I drove fast and in about fifteen minutes I was back with the bottle of chloroform. Ganderbai came out of Harry's room and met me in the hall. "You got it?" he said. "Good, good. I just been telling him what we are going to do. But now we must hurry. It is not easy for him in there like that all this time. I am afraid he might move."

He went back to the bedroom and I followed, carrying the bottle carefully with both hands. Harry was lying on the bed in precisely the same position as before, with the sweat pouring down his cheeks. His face was white and wet. He turned his eyes toward me and I smiled at him and nodded confidently. He continued to look at me. I raised my thumb, giving him the okay signal. He closed his eyes. Ganderbai was squatting down by the bed, and on the floor beside him was the hollow rubber tube that he had previously used as a tourniquet. There was a small paper funnel fitted into one end of the tube, which he must have constructed while I was away.

WITH awful caution he began to pull a little piece of the sheet out from under the mattress. He was working directly in line with Harry's stomach, about eighteen inches from it, and I watched his fingers as they tugged gently at the edge of the sheet. He worked so slowly that it was almost impossible to discern any movement either in his fingers or in the sheet that was being pulled.

Finally he succeeded in making an opening under the sheet, and now he took the rubber tube and inserted one end of it in the opening so that it would slide under the sheet along the mattress toward Harry's body. I do not know how long it took him to slide that tube in a few inches. It may have been twenty minutes, it may have been forty. I never once saw the tube move. I knew it was going in because the visible part of it grew gradually shorter, but I doubted that the krait could have felt even the faintest vibration. Ganderbai himself was sweating now, large globules of liquid standing out all over his forehead and along his upper lip. But his hands were steady and I noticed that his eyes were watching, not the tube in his hands, but the area of crumpled sheet above Harry's stomach.

Without looking up, he held out a hand to me for the chloroform. I twisted out the ground-glass stopper and put the bottle right into his hand, not letting go till I was sure he had a good hold on it. Then he jerked his head for me to come closer and he whispered, "Tell him I'm going to soak the mattress and that it will be very cold under his body. He must be ready for that and he must not move. Tell him now."

I bent over Harry and passed on the message.

"Why doesn't he get on with it?" Harry said.

"He's going to now, Harry. But it'll feel very cold, so be ready for it."

"Oh, God Almighty, get on, get on!" For the first time, he raised his voice, and Ganderbai glanced up sharply, watched him for a few seconds, then went back to his business.

Ganderbai poured a few drops of chloroform into the paper funnel, and he waited while it ran down the tube. Then he poured some more. Then he waited again, and the heavy sickening smell of chloroform spread out over the room, bringing with it faint unpleasant memories of white-coated nurses and white surgeons standing in a white room around a long white table. Ganderbai was pouring steadily now and I could see the heavy vapor of the chloroform swirling slowly like smoke above the paper funnel. He paused, held the bottle up to the light, poured one more funnelful and handed the bottle back to me. Slowly he drew out the rubber tube from under the sheet; then he stood up.

The strain of inserting the tube and pouring the chloroform must have been great, and I recollect that when Ganderbai turned and whispered to me, his voice was small and tired. "We'll give it fifteen minutes. Just to be safe."

I leaned over to tell Harry. "We're going to give it fifteen minutes, just to be safe. But it's probably done for already."

"Then why for God's sake don't you look and see!" Again he spoke loudly and Ganderbai sprang round, his small brown face suddenly very angry. He had almost pure black eyes, and he stared at Harry, and Harry's smiling-muscle started to twitch. I took my handkerchief and wiped his wet face, trying to stroke his forehead a little for comfort as I did so.

Then we stood and waited beside the bed, Ganderbai watching Harry's face all the time in a curiously intense manner. The little Indian was concentrating all his will power on keeping Harry quiet. He never once took his eyes from the patient and, although he made no sound, he seemed somehow to be shouting at him all the time, saying: Now listen, you've got to listen, you're not going to go spoiling this now, d'you hear me?; and Harry lay there twitching his mouth, sweating, closing his eyes, opening them, looking at me, at the sheet, at the ceiling, at me again, but never at Ganderbai. Yet somehow Ganderbai was holding him. The smell of chloroform was oppressive and it made me feel sick, but I couldn't leave the room now. I had the feeling someone was blowing up a huge balloon and I could see it was going to burst but I couldn't look away.

AT LENGTH Ganderbai turned and nodded and I knew he was ready to proceed. "You go over to the other side of the bed," he said. "We will each take one side of the sheet and draw it back together, but very slowly, please, and very quietly."

"Keep still now, Harry," I said, and I went around to the other side of the bed and took hold of the sheet. Ganderbai stood opposite me, and together we began to draw back the sheet, lifting it up clear of Harry's body, taking it back very slowly, both of us standing well away but at the same time bending forward, trying to peer underneath it. The smell of chloroform was awful. I remember trying to hold my breath and when I couldn't do that any longer I tried to breathe shallow so the stuff wouldn't get into my lungs.

The whole of Harry's chest was visible now, or rather the striped pajama top which covered it, and then I saw the white cord of his pajama trousers, neatly tied in a bow. A little farther and I saw a button, a mother-of-pearl button, and that was something I had never had on my pajamas, a fly button, let alone a mother-of-pearl one. This Harry, I thought, he is very refined. It is odd how one sometimes has frivolous thoughts at exciting moments, and I distinctly remember thinking about Harry being very refined when I saw that button.

Apart from the button, which was properly done up, there was nothing on his stomach.

We pulled the sheet back faster then, and finally we had uncovered his legs and feet and we let the sheet drop over the end of the bed onto the floor.

"Don't move," Ganderbai said, "don't move, Mr. Pope"; and he began to peer around along the side of Harry's body and under his legs.

"We must be careful," he said. "It may be anywhere. It could be up the leg of his pajamas."

When Ganderbai said this, Harry quickly raised his head from the pillow and looked down at his legs. It was the first time he had moved. Then suddenly he jumped up, stood on his bed and shook his legs, one after the other, violently in the air. At that moment we both thought he had been bitten, and Ganderbai was already reaching down into his bag for a scalpel and a tourniquet when Harry ceased his caperings, stood quite still, looked at the mattress on which he was standing, and said breathlessly, "It's not there!"

Ganderbai straightened up and for a moment he too looked at the mattress; then he looked up at Harry. Harry was all right. He hadn't been bitten and now he wasn't going to get bitten and he wasn't going to be killed and everything was fine. But that didn't seem to make anyone feel any better.

"Mr. Pope, you are of course *quite* sure you saw it in the first place?" There was a note of sarcasm in Ganderbai's voice which he would never have employed in ordinary circumstances. "You don't think you might possibly have been dreaming, do you, Mr. Pope?" The way Ganderbai was looking at Harry, I realized that the sarcasm was not seriously intended. He was only easing up a bit after the strain.

Harry stood on his bed in his blue, brown and white, striped pajamas, glaring at Ganderbai, and now the color began to spread out over his cheeks.

"Are you telling me I'm a liar?" he shouted.

Ganderbai remained absolutely still, watching Harry. Harry took a pace forward on the bed and there was a shining look in his eyes.

"Why, you dirty little Hindu sewer rat!"

"Shut up, Harry!" I said.

"You dirty black—"

"Harry!" I called. "Shut up, Harry!" It was terrible, the things he was saying.

I LOOKED at Ganderbai. He was frozen where he stood. His eyes were closed; his whole face had fallen apart. I'd never seen such anguish on a man's face before. He stood there and he was suddenly very small and very ill. He didn't move; he just stood there with his eyes closed and I could swear he was crying. Then he took a deep breath, turned away, and began slowly to gather up his things from the floor. I'd never realized until that moment how small he really was. He went out of the room as though neither of us was there, and I followed him and put my arm around his shoulder as he walked across the hall and out onto the balcony.

"Don't you listen to Harry," I said. "This thing's made him so he doesn't know what he's saying."

We went down the steps from the balcony to the drive and across the drive in the darkness to where his old Morris car was parked. He opened the door and got in.

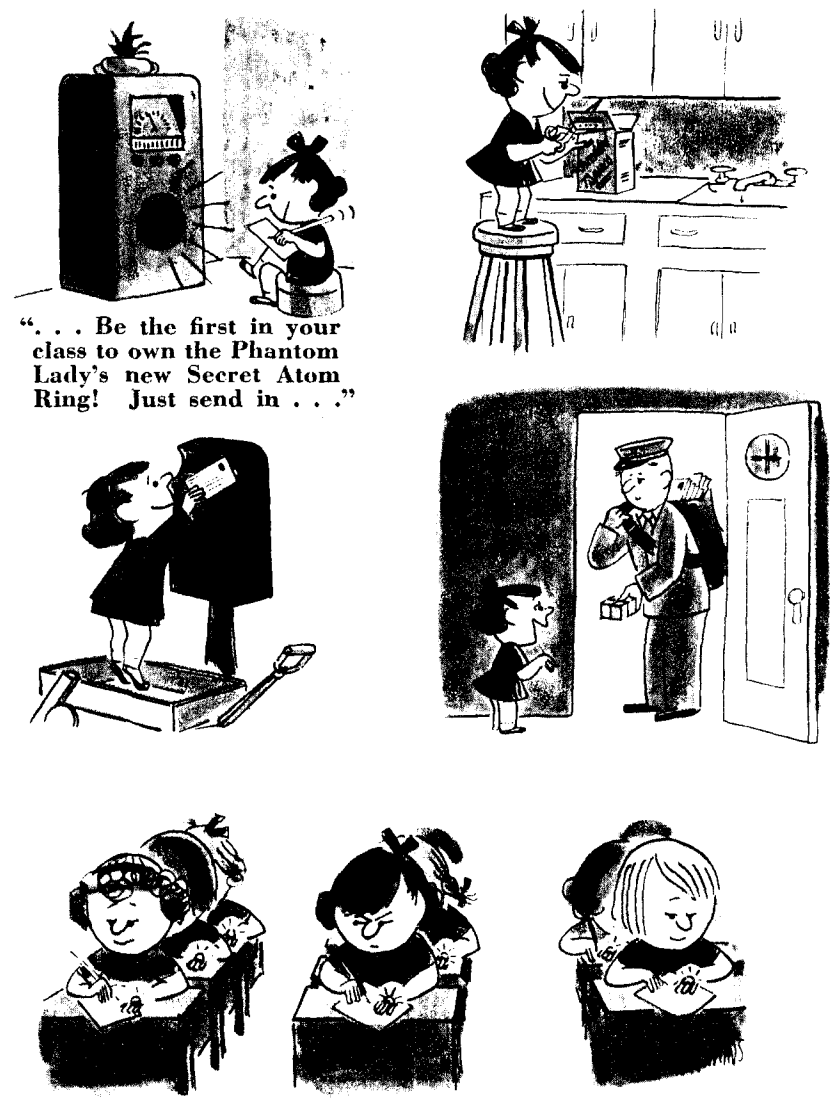
"You did a wonderful job," I said. "Thank you so very much for coming."

"All he needs is a good holiday," he said quietly, without looking at me, then he started the engine and drove off.

It was a marvelous thing for him to say.

THE END

SISTER



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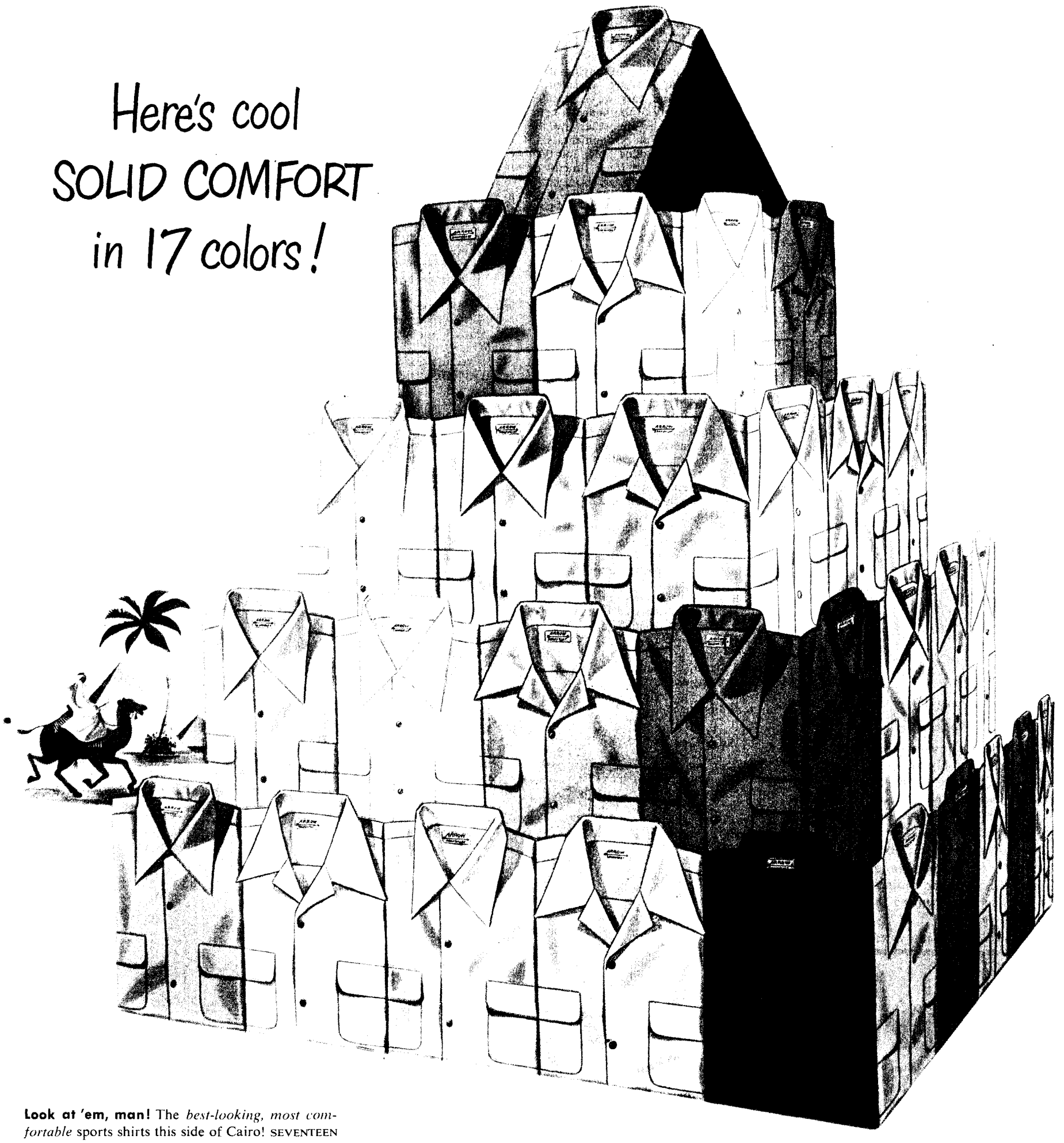

Look at 'em, man! The *best-looking, most comfortable* sports shirts this side of Cairo! SEVENTEEN brilliant new colors—plucked from the heart of the desert sunset!

The fabric is a lustrous, silky rayon—cool as the eye of a customs inspector. It's COLORFAST and *Sanforset* (UNCONDITIONALLY WASHABLE . . . won't shrink or stretch out of fit).

Arrow *Sahara* Sports Shirts are tailored for comfort and action . . . have flap pockets . . . ALL the little Arrow details! With short sleeves, $4.50. Long sleeves, $5.00. Look for the ARROW trade-mark! Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers of shirts, sports shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, and underwear.

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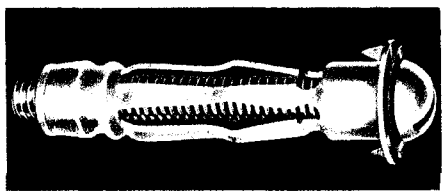
MOLLY
SCREW ANCHORS



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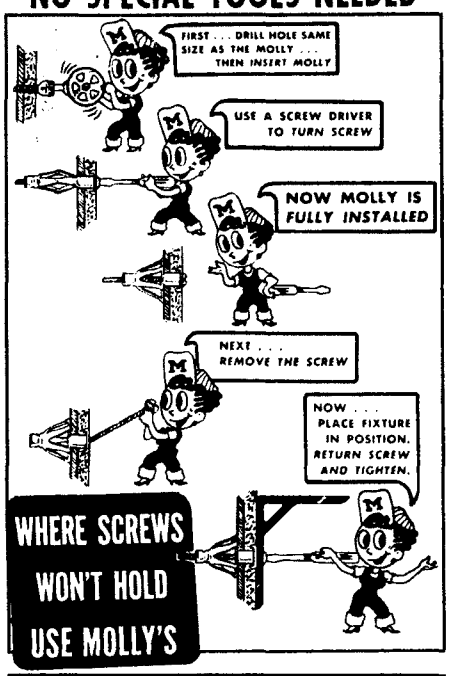
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NOW MOLLY IS FULLY INSTALLED
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WHERE SCREWS WON'T HOLD USE MOLLY'S

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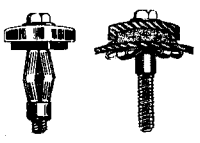

Ideal for repairing leaks in hot water tanks, etc. Withstands 225 lbs. steam pressure. Excellent for fastening sheet metal where it's impossible to use bolt and nut.

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Wall Street Has a Sense of Humor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and lunch; we've tried not buying them Martinis and lunch. We've appealed to their pride, hopes and fears; we've appealed to their sense of duty to the financial community. The result is almost always the same. They accept an assignment, stall around on it until deadline time, and then have to go out of town for a funeral or something. That is an exaggeration, but it gives you the idea."

One rugged contributor is Ogg Fitzgerald, Wall's staff artist, who draws a mean Cow-Bones Averages chart and whose cartoons, often featuring luscious stenographers at informal moments, seem to have quite a following among Bond Club members of all ages.

"The boys aren't as stuffy as some of them make out," Straley explains tolerantly.

Another sizable, but firmly anonymous, source of Bawl material is the big advertising agencies. Advertising copywriters and artists, in the heat of creation, occasionally stumble on strictly off-trail ideas. For example, there was the "plug" for one corporation's product in the 1949 Bawl. This played up the merits of an improved desk device for recording executive suicide by shooting: not only could the shot be recorded for all time, but you could also toss in "a final moan or groan to scare hell out of Aunt Matilda."

"And," the sales talk wound up triumphantly, "imagine the looks of hurt surprise when your own voice from the grave tells your relatives you're cutting them off without a cent!"

All this was attractively illustrated by a photograph of a disheveled executive with a gun in one hand, a small microphone in the other, and a copy of the Wall Street Journal open before him. This contribution worried Straley a bit till he found out that the disheveled executive actually was sales manager for the company manufacturing the recording machine.

Ad Space Is Not for Sale

"All our plugs are free," Straley points out. "We don't sell an inch of space to anyone, though firms keep trying. All it takes for an 'ad' to get in is to be good—in Bawl's sense, that is."

Straley begins around January to dream up ideas for his next Bawl. These he farms out among the roster of "contributors" he hopefully keeps in his desk at Hugh W. Long & Company, where he is a vice-president.

By May, Straley has either cajoled from his stable of writers, or else written himself, the material for the coming issue. This is set in type and "pasted up" in dummy form, which is the signal for his "editorial board" to meet. These are new men elected each year by the Bond Club; the chairman this year is David B. McElroy, a vice-president of J. P. Morgan & Company. Also active at this meeting are the club's governors and its president, who this year is Charles L. Morse, Jr., of Hemphill, Noyes, Graham, Parsons & Company.

"The chief function of this gathering," Straley says, "is to see that nothing we print actually hurts anyone. We love to kid the pants off firms that have outsmarted themselves and received a beating. But we never kick a fellow who is really in trouble. We're all in fun. So far none of our 'victims' has ever squawked. Our only complaints are from firms we did not have room to rib."

Only once in his 19 years at the editorial helm has Straley found a meeting of the board a grim proceeding. That was last year. Bawl had already been printed and was ready for distribution when news came of the tragic death of James V. Forrestal, Secretary of Defense.

Forrestal had been president of Dillon, Read & Company, Inc., and for years had come in, either directly or via his old firm, for a ribbing.

"We had an emergency meeting and went over every word of the paper to make sure there were no cracks at Jim," Straley recalls. "If there had been, we'd have junked the whole edition and reprinted."

Incidentally, it was while working as a young bond salesman for Forrestal at Dillon, Read that Straley got his start as a humorous commentator on business. This was back in the lush twenties, and it was not an auspicious start. Those were the days when everyone on the Street seemed to be floating foreign bond issues, most of which did not turn out very well. In the spirit of the times, Dillon, Read had helped organize a syndicate to float some Finland 6's, which it soon appeared nobody much wanted to buy. The situation struck young Straley as amusing, and he wrote and sent to an editorial friend on the Wall Street Journal what he thought was a funny story about it.

Entitled Flip A Fin for Finland, this was a Horatio Alger-type yarn featuring a wealthy banker, his beautiful daughter, and a struggling young Dillon, Read salesman. The salesman was walking down Wall Street, wondering if and when he would ever eat again, when a coach-and-pair bolted and was about to run over the banker's daughter. The salesman, of course, rescued the girl, who at once fell in love with him and took him home to her wealthy father. The father offered the poor salesman his beautiful daughter's hand in marriage, plus anything else the young man cared to name.

"Then would you," the young Dillon, Read salesman asked loyally, "buy one of our Finland 6's?"

The banker covered his face with his hands and moaned piteously. "Not *that!*" In Heaven's name, not *that!* I'm in the syndicate myself!"

The Wall Street Journal printed the piece.

"Jim Forrestal saw it and hit the ceiling," Straley recalls. "He had me on the carpet and made firing noises. Finally he let me stay on condition that I would never again write, say or even think anything supposed to be funny as long as I was with Dillon, Read."

Bawl was born in 1919 in the cheerful mind of the late Robert A. Bould, a young bond salesman who persuaded the late Charles W. Barron, proprietor of Barron's Weekly and the Wall Street Journal, to print it for the Bond Club on Wall's presses. After Bould's death in 1926, Bawl was replaced for four years by parodies of various magazines. But there was a grass-roots demand along the Street for Bawl, and in 1931 it was back.

Straley had been a contributor to the original paper. He was asked to edit its reincarnation, and has been doing so ever since. Publication was suspended during the recent war.

"Half of the Street was in Washington working for the government," Straley says, "and the other half was up here selling war bonds at no profit. Anyway, it was no time to try to be funny, which I hope Bawl is."

Three Editorial Taboos

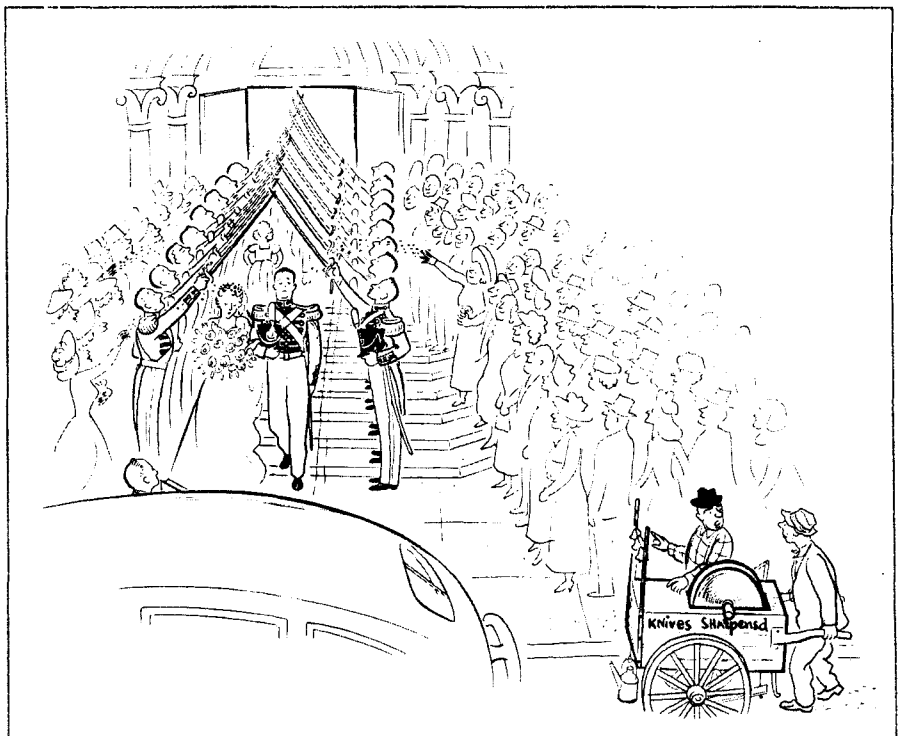
Aside from the rule that Bawl should be funny and should not actually wound anyone, there is only one other editorial requirement: Communism is never mentioned, even by implication.

"There's nothing funny about Communism," Straley says. "That may turn out to be its great weakness."

Straley suspects that other brands of dictatorship wouldn't put up with Bawl long, either. Before the recent war, he showed a copy to a German steel magnate who was here shopping for money, which he did not get.

"I thought the guy could use a laugh, so I gave him a Bawl," Straley explains. "He looked puzzled a couple of minutes, figuring out some of the cracks at Morgan, the Stock Exchange, Chase National, Standard Oil and outfits like that. Then he got red as a beet. 'In my country,' he yelled at me, 'we would put you in jail for this impudence!' "

"They probably would, too," this reporter was assured recently by Edward B. Streeter, author of the humorous Father of the Bride and a vice-president of the Bank of New York and Fifth Avenue Bank. "You see, The Bawl Street Journal is much more than a funny paper: it's a national phenomenon. As long as the heads of great financial institutions seize each annual edition as it comes off the press, search eagerly to see how roughly they have been handled, and complain only when they find they have been ignored—we are in good shape." THE END



COLLIER'S "Well, it won't do any harm to ask" DANIEL ALAIN

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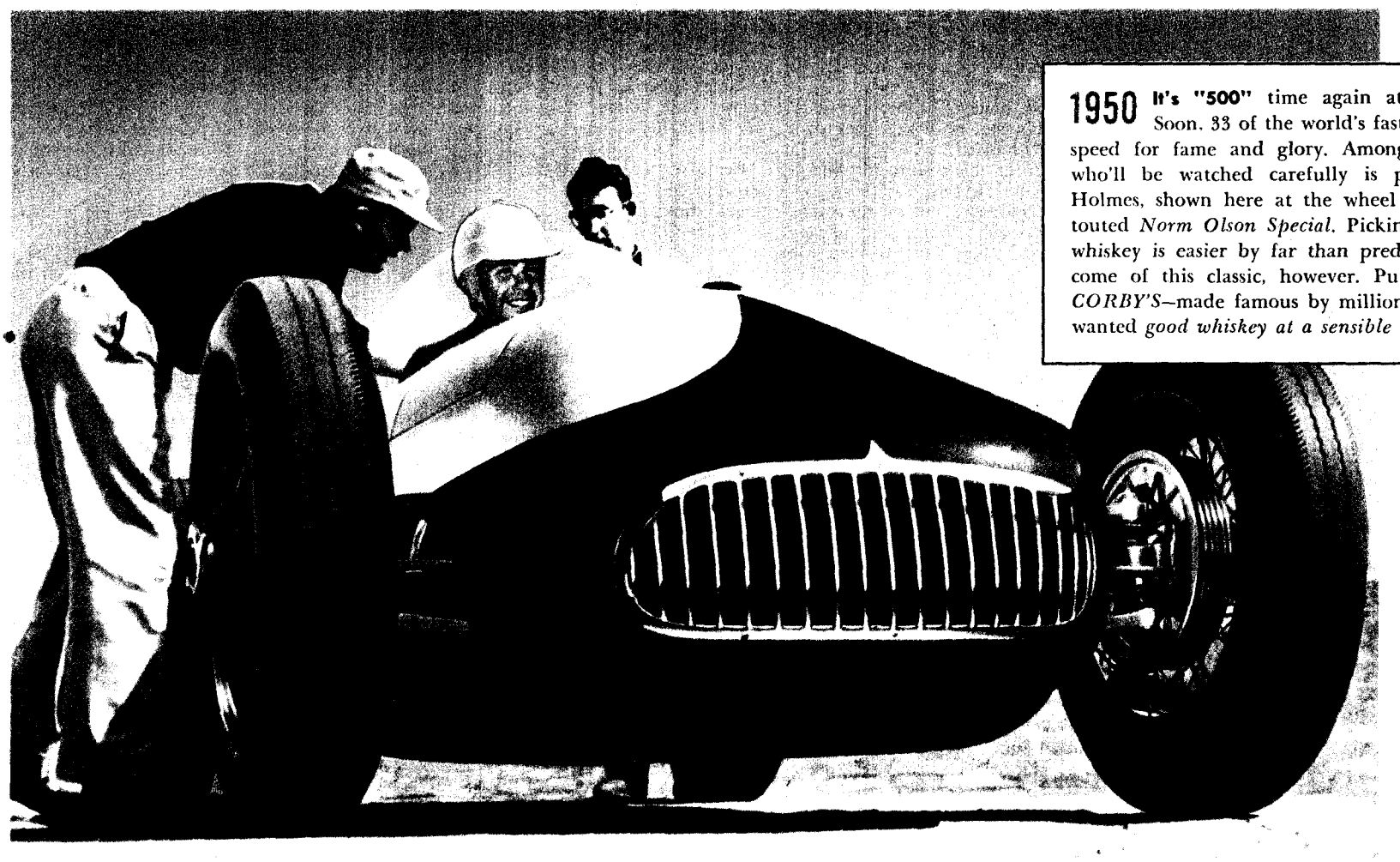
Famous races that set the world afire

1870 **Even the** furniture went to fire the boilers as the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee* churned the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis! Thousands lined the 1,210-mile course when the name Corby's was but 11 years old in Canada. The *Lee* won, in 3 days, 18 hours, 30 minutes, but only by 33 minutes, corrected time!

1908 **Fighting off** wolves was commonplace in the great New York to Paris auto race, as the name Corby's began its 50th year of Canadian fame. A 13,000-mile grind over American plains, Siberian steppes and Polish bogs, it was a test of pluck. Winner, and only car to go the full route, was the USA's *Thomas Flyer*, in 112 days.

1928 **Diamond mines** were prizes in a foot race when the name Corby's passed its 69th birthday in Canada. When the famed Lichtenburg field was found, the Government of South Africa sponsored a race for claims. At the crack of a gun, some 15,000 prospectors took off. Some made their fortunes; others got nothing but blisters!



JACKIE HOLMES MAKES LAST-MINUTE CHECK WITH HIS PIT CREW

1950 **It's "500"** time again at Indianapolis! Soon, 33 of the world's fastest drivers will speed for fame and glory. Among the veterans who'll be watched carefully is popular Jackie Holmes, shown here at the wheel of this highly touted *Norm Olson Special*. Picking a winner in whiskey is easier by far than predicting the outcome of this classic, however. Put your bet on *CORBY'S*—made famous by millions of folks who wanted *good whiskey at a sensible price.*

CORBY'S

... a grand old name in Canada since 1859 · An American Product

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited, Peoria, Ill.

SPECIAL OFFER:
Corby's Parrot Cocktail Picks

Colorful plastic picks with lifelike, three-dimension parrot in red, blue, green, yellow. For cocktails, appetizers, marking drinks. Send for complete set of 4. Mail name and address plus 10c in coin (no stamps), for handling and mailing, to CORBY'S, Box 30, Peoria, Ill. Or get one with each pint bottle of Corby's, at no extra cost (see right). Limited time only. (Offer void outside U.S.A. and where prohibited by state regulations.)

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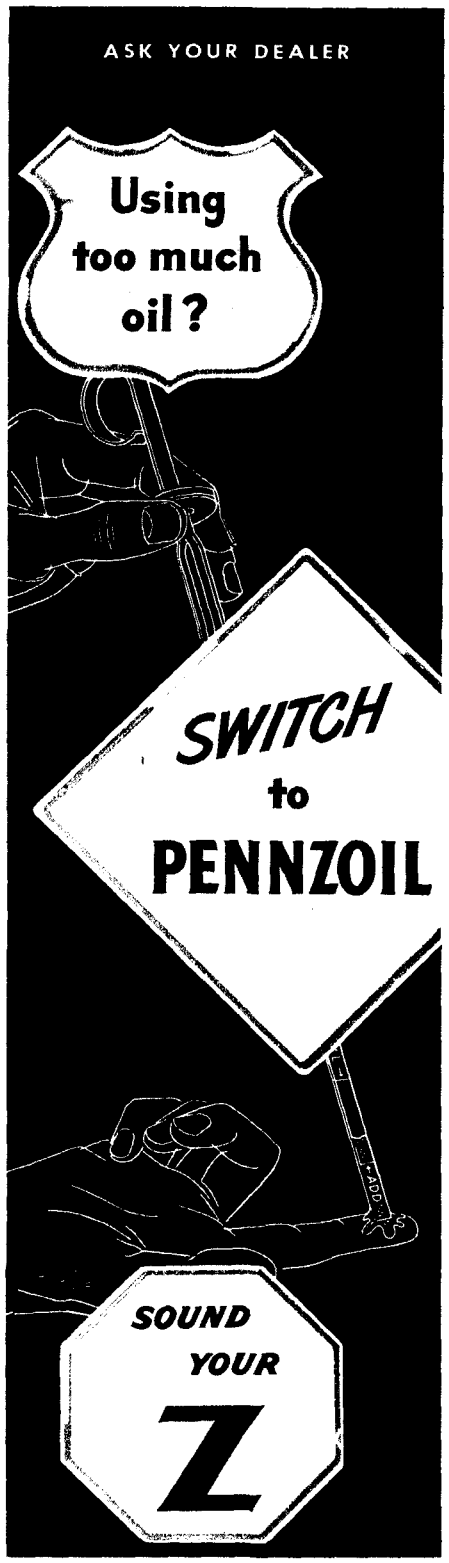

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AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

Showdown

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Niles Oldun led the way to the house, tall and angular in his gray suit, face shaded by his high-crowned black hat. Seeing how India was laughing up at Tuck, and the grave, absorbed way he looked at her, Mrs. Oldun felt a twinge of misgiving. She had raised this girl since the mother had died, when India was two, and she felt her responsibility. Her husband and her son she considered as worse than useless where the upbringing of a girl was concerned.

Tuck was a good, quiet boy, who did his work well and with no fuss, but— Her mind stopped there. If only she knew more about him.

"Only part of the steer I can't eat is the beller," Niles Oldun said as he came up on the porch.

"Granny, I'm starved!" India exclaimed in her fresh sweet voice. "There was so much excitement in town we could hardly get waited on!"

"Well, dinner's on," Mrs. Oldun said and immediately felt cheered. India brought a warm aliveness with her that was like sunlight dancing on water. "What was all the excitement?"

"A man was killed!" India planted her packages on a table and widened her dark eyes expressively. "He tried to rob Fleming Parson's stage office and Mr. Parson shot him." She stood, one hand cupping her elbow, the other her chin, a trick copied from her grandmother. "And there's a letter from Dad. He sold the horses in Bison City and expects to be home in a day or two."

"That's good, honey. I'll be glad when he's back, although I must say Tuck does very well all by himself."

Tuck flushed at this praise, his fingers busy with another cigarette.

Mrs. Oldun moved a pot on the stove. "Killin' and shootin'! Things don't git any better! I declare, Niles, I'm real glad you ain't sheriff no more. The way I used to worry! Do they know who the man was?"

"O'Banion," her husband said. "Michael O'Banion. Fleming Parson figures he was part of the gang that was most wiped out in that stage holdup 'bout six months ago over to Rocky Ford. Parson had been tipped off, you remember, an' had the stage packed with deputies."

MRS. OLDUN had almost ceased to listen. She was distracted by the sight of Tuck's fingers rolling and rolling his cigarette. Rolling and twisting until shreds of paper and tobacco floated to the floor and there was nothing left in his fingers. The color had bleached from his face.

"How"—Tuck's throat convulsed—"how do they know it's Mi—Michael O'Banion?"

"Scar on his left cheek," Mr. Oldun said. "One of the deputies—Jehoshaphat, boy! What's the matter?"

Tuck didn't answer. He walked from the room. His spurs jangled on the porch and then he was crossing the yard, a queer rigidity in back and shoulders, as though he held them stiff against some inner agony.

"Well!" Mrs. Oldun's eyes went from her husband to India. "What in time do you reckon—"

"Oh!" India's voice shook. "Did you see his face?" She started for the door, but her grandfather reached out an arm and stopped her.

"Let him be," he said gently. "Unless I'm mistook, that boy's just had a bad hurt. There's times a man's got to be alone."

India stopped with a hand against the door frame, her yellow dress etched against the distant gray of the stables where Tuck had disappeared.

Niles Oldun put his back to the stove and slowly packed his pipe. "He didn't turn a hair till I spoke the name of Michael O'Banion. Seemed to give him quite a jolt. Now what could—"

India said in a small voice, "He was raised by a man named Mike."

Mrs. Oldun clutched her apron. Mike—Michael O'Banion. Suddenly the two names became one in her mind. She moistened her lips. "Niles, do—do you reckon that Tuck—that Michael O'Banion—"

Niles Oldun scratched a match and held the flame steady over his pipe. "It could be," he drawled. "I ain't sayin' that's the answer, but it'll do till a better one comes along."

She sank into a chair and quivered. She raised her apron with both hands and fanned herself. "I just knew there was something wrong," she said. "The way he stuck to this place. Such a nice-lookin' boy, an' here he's been mixed up with holdup men an' I don't know what all!"

"He's leaving!" India said at the doorway, a throb of pain in her voice.

Mrs. Oldun rose from her chair and went to the door. It was true. Tuck was riding off. He was riding past bunkhouse and corral with the same stiff set to his shoulders. Clear of the yard, he touched the pony into a lope. She watched the rhythmic rocking of horse and man until the cottonwoods bordering the creek hid them.

"He's gone!" she exclaimed in open dismay. "He's running off!"

Niles Oldun took the pipe from his mouth. "If he's bustin' for the timber because he was one of the gang, so much the better an' good riddance. If he ain't, he'll be back an' we'll know all about it soon enough. I judge he'll be back. There wasn't no bedroll behind his saddle."

India rested her head against the doorframe. Her shoulders drooped under the gay yellow dress, and her whole slim body shook.

Remorse stung Mrs. Oldun. "Baby," she wailed, "don't you mind what I say. My tongue runs loose an' foolish. You set down, sweetheart, an' eat. You'll feel better with food on your stomach."

India said in a choking voice, "I—I'm not hungry, Granny." She went out onto the porch and they heard her feet move slowly around to the front.

Mrs. Oldun lifted anguished eyes. "Oh, Niles, I knew she liked him—but this!" She wiped her eye with an apron corner. "The poor child!"

"Now, now," he said brusquely, "one bawlin' woman in the house is enough. Tuck ain't hung yet, and he's pretty young to be much of a hard case. Maybe we can snatch him like a brand from the burnin'. But if I don't soon git to eat you'll be shy a man."

She gave a broken smile. All his long life he had joked in time of trouble, to cheer her. But food always did make things look brighter. "All right," she said, "you set right down an' I'll have dinner on in a jiffy. Maybe I can git India to eat a bite."

TIME, Mrs. Oldun thought, could run slower than molasses. Cushions of the couch squished under her weight as she leaned forward to inspect the sewing in India's lap. "That seam looks like it had been run by a snake," she remarked. "An I must say," she added with complete candor, "you handle a needle like it was a branding iron."

India regarded the handiwork with listless eyes. It was plain that three quarters of her mind was listening for Tuck's return. The fact that the old lady had been able to get a needle into her hand was proof of how low her spirit had sunk. And now it was near the shank of the afternoon.

The girl sighed. "You're always so calm, Granny. I don't see how you manage."

"I dunno, baby. When your gran'daddy was sheriff of Broken Bow—" Her gaze went to the old man's silvery head framed by the window, as he sat in his porch rocker. She lowered her voice.

"We've been together a good long time, but for most of it I've been worried stiff. *Many's the time I've seen him ride out, not* knowin' if he'd come back settin' up or hangin' limp across the saddle. It's only since he quit, an' since your daddy took over the runnin' of the ranch, that I've had peace of mind. It's hard, baby, but you've just got to grit your teeth an' keep busy. You can't set an' think."

A horse trampled outside the window and Tuck rode past, his hat seeming to slide along the bottom of the sill. India's head came up and her fingers tightened on the sewing.

The horse stopped at the front porch and Niles Oldun drawled matter-of-factly, "I see you're back, boy. Where you been?"

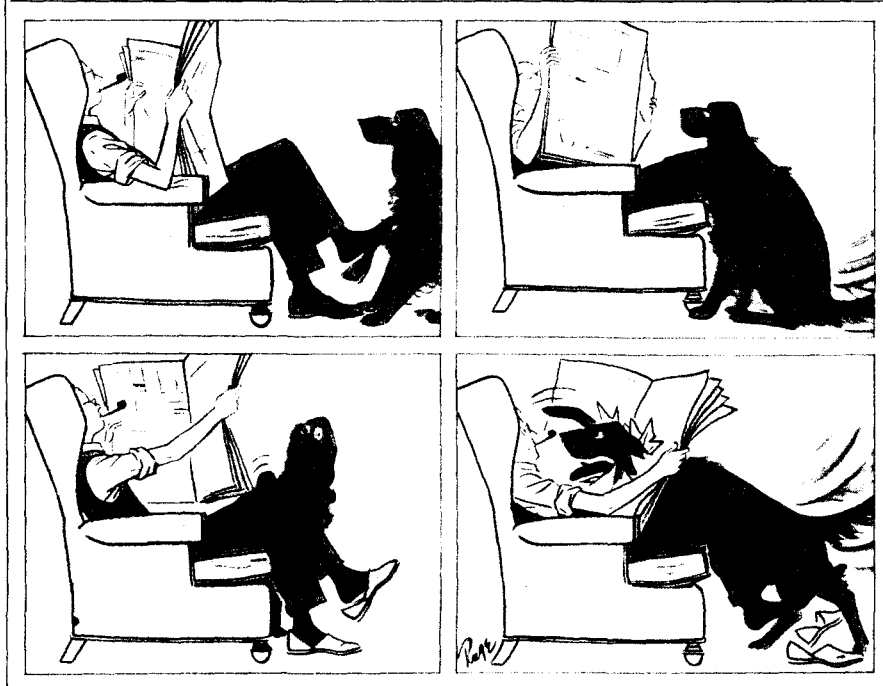
"Just ridin'. Thinkin's easier in the saddle." Tuck's feet came slowly up the steps.

A board creaked. He would be sitting, Mrs. Oldun thought, on the two-by-four that served as railing.

"There's something I've got to tell you," Tuck said slowly. "I couldn't before."

"That you was raised by this O'Banion

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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For shops that specialize in doing the job right . . .
LOOK for this SIGN

Save Money
on engine repair
These shops specialize in Motor Tune-Up which includes all four essentials to economy and efficient engine performance: COMPRESSION, CARBURETION, IGNITION, COOLING . . . and a time payment plan!

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Ask for the Famous . . .
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that Fleming Parson shot?" Niles Oldun suggested.

"How did—? I reckon I gave it away."

"You was raised by an outlaw." The old man's voice was suddenly stern. "You rode with the wild bunch and you traveled ways that was dark and twisty. After the holdup over to Rocky Ford you came here. How come you to pick this ranch for a hide-out, boy?"

"I never rode with them," Tuck protested solemnly. "Mike told me he was a horse dealer. I reckon he didn't want me to ride down his trail—he knew too well where it led. He never told me what he was doin'. Not till the end . . ."

As the boy talked, a picture formed in Mrs. Oldun's mind and with it a kind of respect for Mike O'Banion. He had taken the lonely waif to live with him on his little spread in the hills. He had raised him, taught him to ride and shoot and handle a rope. Had made him cattle-wise. And there had been no contact for Tuck with the gang.

Then had come the day of the stage holdup at Rocky Ford. Mike had ridden out and picked up his men—but something went wrong. All but Mike went down under the murderous fire of deputies planted in the stage. He had paused in his flight to pick up Tuck. That night they had parted. He had told the boy of his past, said, "Here's where the trail divides," and had ridden off.

It must've near broke his heart, Mrs. Oldun thought sentimentally, and she felt friendly toward Michael O'Banion, who could so resolutely turn his back on the one thing he loved and ride off into the night, alone.

". . . Only one of the gang I ever saw," Tuck was saying, "was a man that came out at night to see Mike. They'd talk for a while and next day Mike would go off on one of his trips. Well, I've been thinkin'; somebody tipped off Fleming Parson that the stage would be held up. It must have been this man that used to come see Mike. Nobody else would know."

"Maybe," the old man admitted, "but I just don't see why. What kind of lookin' feller was he?"

"He was big," Tuck said. "Mostly he wore kind of green pants. Had kind of rusty red hair and brown eyes. He—"

"Boy, who you talkin' 'bout?" Niles Oldun demanded. "You've just drawed a picture of Fleming Parson!"

TUCK'S horse stamped to scare off a fly and the sound was loud in the silence. A bird dived at the front-room window and veered off with a flare of wings. Beside Mrs. Oldun, India sat deathly still.

Tuck's hands cracked together. "Then it was Fleming Parson that came at night to see Mike! He was part of the gang." There was a breathlessness in his voice, as though he had been running. "I've been wondering how he could outdraw Mike. Mike was fast as light. He must have gone there for help and Parson shot him. Shot him when he wasn't looking. Mike wouldn't know he'd been double-crossed."

Niles Oldun leaned forward in his chair, for once jolted out of his calm. "Why, 'cordin' to that, if so be it was him, Parson must have set a trap for his own gang, that day of the stage holdup. But why?"

"They'd been at it a long time," Tuck said slowly, as though thinking aloud. "Maybe he'd made his pile and wanted to shut their mouths. He did," he added grimly.

"It could be," the old man said. "Parson's come up mighty fast. Runs the stage from his liv'ry stable and owns a half interest in the hotel. It ties in— Hey, boy! What you aim to do?" he asked hurriedly as Tuck's feet tramped down the porch.

Tuck stopped at the steps. "I aim to ride into Broken Bow and take a look at this Fleming Parson." The new, hard quality in his voice chilled Mrs. Oldun.

"Don't go off half-cocked," the old man advised gravely. "A feller can pay all his life for one mistake. Mike's dead and—"

"I'm sorry to go against you," Tuck said with finality, "but soon's I change horses I'm headin' for Broken Bow." He went down the steps, the saddle creaked as he swung aboard and there came the sound of hoofs heading for the corral.

The needle snapped in India's fingers. "Granny," she moaned, "oh, Granny."

Mrs. Oldun looked up and saw her husband standing in the room. "I reckon you heard," he said simply. He went into the bedroom and returned wearing a short coat. "Reckon I'll trail along with Tuck," he said casually.

Mrs. Oldun struggled to her feet. "Niles Oldun," she said, "you're not traipsin' to town with that wild young fool, an' maybe git your head shot off. A man your age had ought to have better sense an'—" But it was no good, and her words died. From the look on his face she knew he would go. He had withdrawn; become remote, as in his younger days of sheriffing.

NILES tramped from the room, and Mrs. Oldun looked woefully at her granddaughter. "There ain't a thing I can do, baby," she said helplessly. "When he gits that glassy look to his eyes, he wouldn't change was the heavens to fall."

The sewing fell unheeded from India's lap as she sprang up and ran to the window. Over the girl's shoulder, Mrs. Oldun watched them catch up and saddle a pair of paint ponies. Then they rode out of the yard, and a vast desolation filled her. This was part of the old, old pattern she dreaded; men and horses starting out on a trail that might lead to eternity. Watching them grow small in the distance on the rolling plain, the old familiar pain filled her heart. Only now it was worse. Her husband was old and slow—and the sureness had long gone from eye and hand.

India turned from the window, and at sight of her face Mrs. Oldun's heart swelled with compassion. Love, for an intense girl like this, was either happiness or heartbreak—there was no in-between. "Don't you worry, baby," she soothed. "'Tain't likely anything will happen. Tuck don't wear a gun no more, an' you know Gran'dad don't. They'll likely just see Sheriff McGregor an' tell him what they know an'—"

But the girl covered her face and turned away.

It was a bad business, Mrs. Oldun thought, and watched her wander through the house and out into the sun-drenched yard. Then she sighed ponderously and went into the kitchen, her haven of refuge in times of stress. She got out the potatoes and, sitting at the table, started to peel them. There was only one thing would numb the ache of waiting, and that was work.

She could see India moving restlessly about down at the corral and yearned to comfort her, but some things had to be fought through alone. She thought: It's times like this that makes a girl grow up. It's harder on India than most. She ain't one to sit with folded hands.

Mrs. Oldun was gouging an eye from the fifth potato when there came a rush of feet up on the porch.

"Granny! Tuck's gun is gone! I was down to the bunkhouse, and it's gone!" India's eyes were wide.

Her grandmother groaned. This came of taking in a boy raised by an outlaw. The ways of the law were beyond him. His friend had been shot down—murdered—and now he would kill in return. He would take the law into his own hands.

"I'm going to Broken Bow!" India said with fierce intensity. "I'll take the buckboard and drive in!"

"But, baby," Mrs. Oldun protested, "what can you do? It'll be all over, time you git there."

"Not the way I drive," India said with certainty. "In spite of all his talk, Grandpa likes to ride slow—he'll hold Tuck back. I'm going!" She whirled out the doorway.

Mrs. Oldun sighed as she watched India race into the yard. Then she rose and stripped off her apron. She got her coat and

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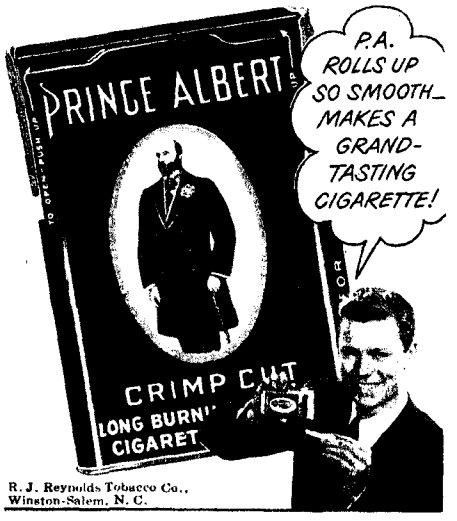

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bonnet from behind the door and resolutely marched out.

"Looks like the family will meet in Broken Bow," she said aloud. "I ain't one to be left behind, nor to have my gran'daughter hell-drivin' the plains alone at night." The improper expression bothered her not a whit.

She was waiting in the buckboard when India backed the team into the shed.

HOLDING hard to the handrail, Mrs. Oldun remarked, "Baby, you drive like a man."

India sat with feet firmly braced against the dash and let the horses have their heads. From the first, they had fallen into the long, swinging lope that tirelessly ate up the miles.

Now the spread of shadow from the hills touched their flying feet. Slowly it rose on their legs until it reached rippling sides and they were moving through a translucent blue river, with sunlight still on their backs. It rose high, to engulf horses and buckboard, and then the whole vast expanse of range was submerged, while behind the peaks the sunset colored the clouds with brilliant rose.

It faded, and coolness came with the stars, and these in turn became dim as the moon crowded them back in the sky.

Mrs. Oldun drew her coat closer, and India said, "Suppose they do go to the sheriff, and he won't believe Tuck's story—that Fleming Parson was part of the gang?"

"Baby, you know perfectly well," Mrs. Oldun said with force, "your gran'dad is exceptionally well thought of in Broken Bow. When he says something, Sheriff McGregor knows it's so. Besides, they're good friends, your gran'daddy havin' broke him into the business."

The miles slid by under the horses' reaching hoofs and Mrs. Oldun knew the girl's eyes were straining ahead to pick out two riders in the clear moonlight. But when the lights of town twinkled on the plain, there was still no sign of them. India clucked to the team and the buckboard's pitching increased until Mrs. Oldun panted as she hung on.

Hoofs pounded hollowly on the bridge over the creek that bordered town. India swung onto the main street of Broken Bow.

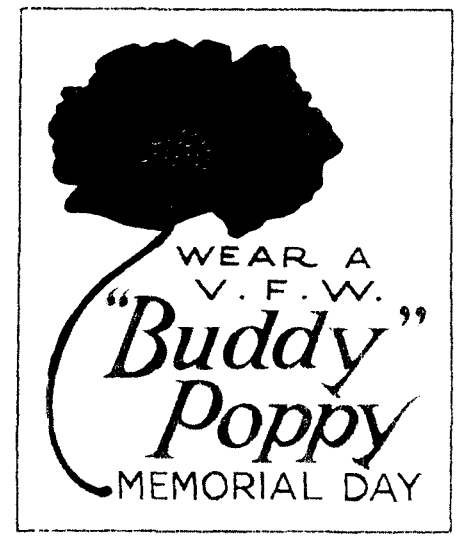
The yellow glow of lamplight fell through windows. Colored glass in the window of the Stockmen's Saloon made a crimson pool on the plank walk. Saddle horses danced at tie rails, excited by the buckboard's swift passage. Passing the sheriff's lighted office, both women turned to stare, but no paint ponies were tied before it. Mrs. Oldun knew where they would find them.

India checked the team's rush at the lantern on the livery-stable gatepost and they drove into the dark runway. At the far end, light showed in the tiny office from which Fleming Parson conducted his stage line. A hundred yards on, India stopped the blowing team and cramped a wheel. Somewhere a horse stamped as Mrs. Oldun followed the girl to the ground, but she couldn't see it in all this darkness.

There was the heavy, acrid smell of horses and feed in the air, and the earth felt damp and spongy beneath her feet. Mrs. Oldun followed India toward the light from the side window of the office. She stopped abruptly in front of the open window as India clutched her arm.

Fleming Parson sat at his roll-top desk; a shaded oil lamp threw a circle of light. Its reek came to her through the open window. Parson's hair was a rough red shock that straggled far down his cheeks in untrimmed sideboards. His face had a gray, unwashed look, as though dust from feed and hay had settled on it in a perpetual grime. He was staring at something just beyond the rim of light, and his eyes had the sheen of a cat's.

Mrs. Oldun followed his gaze and saw Tuck standing in shadow, but lamplight dazzled her eyes and made him indistinct. There was no sign of Niles Oldun. Maybe he had played out—maybe he— Through the open window, she could hear Tuck clearly.



"I judged you'd know me," Tuck said. "How many years was you pardners with Mike?" The deadly bitterness in his voice sent a shiver through Mrs. Oldun. She felt India's hand tighten on her arm. The girl was shaking.

Fleming Parson did not answer. He sat and stared at the boy, but something flickered in his eyes like the swift play of a snake's tongue.

"By rights," Tuck said, "I ought to kill you, like you did Mike. Get up! We're goin' to the sheriff's!"

Parson leaned back. "You don't scare me, kid," he said in his heavy voice. "The sheriff would laugh himself sick at this story you've dredged up. He might want to hear how you know so much about Mike."

Tuck said, "Are you gettin' up or do I have to knock you out of that chair?"

A tinge of color seeped into the gray of the man's face. His bony hands stirred on his knees. "You know," he said, "if the sheriff did believe your story, I could swear you were in on the deal."

"I won't tell you again," Tuck said and took a step forward.

Parson shrugged his wide shoulders. He placed his hands on the desk and pushed himself erect, and Mrs. Oldun wheeled, feeling a great thankfulness. Tuck was not a killer. He would take Parson to the sheriff and that would end the business.

"Come on," she whispered. "They're comin' out!" She headed for the door, dragging India with her—and then the night was torn apart by twin blasts of gunfire, so close together they almost blended. They racketed thunderously inside the small building.

There would be bruises where India's fingers clamped her arm, Mrs. Oldun thought dazedly, while fear shook her. Tuck had shot Fleming Parson. At the last minute he had turned killer. He had pumped two bullets into the redheaded man!

India gave a gasp that was half a sob and ran for the door, and Mrs. Oldun stumbled after her. She heard India's agonized, "Tuck! Oh, Tuck!" and then she panted into the office and saw Fleming Parson sprawled limply on the floor by the desk corner. His head was half turned and there was scarlet froth on his lips. Tuck stood looking dazedly down upon him, while his hand gripped his left arm from which blood welled.

Mrs. Oldun tottered to the desk and leaned on it. A voice behind her said, "How in Jehoshaphat did you git here?" She turned and saw her husband in the doorway. A wisp of smoke was curling from the gun in his hand.

Her mind whirled and she braced both hands behind her on the desk.

"I was a mite slow, Tuck," the old man apologized. "For a minute I thought he was goin' along real peaceable. He fooled me, grabbin' that gun from his desk. I'm sorry, boy."

But Tuck wasn't listening. He was looking down into India's face and he was saying, "Shucks, no. It's just a scratch. He most near missed me—" His voice ran out, but still they stood, as though in each other's eyes they had found something past all believing.

MRS. OLDUN pulled herself together and acted as the situation required; she took her husband's arm and urged him from the office, as feet pounded out on the plank walk and men yelled.

Outside, a thought struck her and she demanded, "Why did you let him go in there alone?"

"Time for a showdown," the old man grunted. "Had to let him play his hand out to find what stuff was in him. Didn't want a killer in the family. I was watching Tuck all along from the other window. If he'd gone for his gun I'd've stopped him—that's why Parson was most too fast for me. But it worked out good. The boy's all right. He'll do to take along."

People were crowding toward them by now, and Mrs. Oldun walked to the buckboard and climbed in. There would be a lot of tiresome explanations, but she saw Sheriff McGregor's face in the crowd and knew it would be all right. The shooting already seemed unreal, like something that had happened long ago. She leaned back against the padding and determinedly thought of something pleasant. A prospective wedding always made her feel good. She smiled. India and Tuck were well suited. They should be very happy.

"But I do hope," she murmured to herself, "he'll have himself a haircut while he's in town."

THE END

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The Candy Kid

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"What's the clue?"

He had to be cautious. Otherwise he'd have Beach along and it would probably be Beach who'd get the knife. Beach was only a year younger but he'd always been like a kid brother.

"Unfinished business." He tried to make it sound not very important.

Beach eyed him shrewdly. "The same as last night?"

"Somewhat the same."

"And you're not talking."

"I'll tell you later." When it was safe.

Beach sighed. "Call down for some breakfast, double order of coffee. I don't know whether it's you or Juárez firewater but my head is whirligigging."

Jose reached for the phone while Beach continued his oration. "Why do I have to start back? I'm in no hurry. How long is this business of yours going to take anyway?"

Jose concluded the order before he replied, "I don't know. I hope I can hop a ride this evening. There's always someone driving up to Santa Fe."

"I don't get it. Why shouldn't I hang around and we'll start back tonight instead of this morning? What's my rush?"

"The truck. They need it at the ranch. That's why." Actually it would make little difference whether the truck was returned this afternoon or tonight. Beach would point that out as soon as it clicked. "The other reason is that I promised to deliver a package to Santa Fe today. I can't make it and I'm asking you to do it for me."

Jose would have to open up a little or Beach wouldn't co-operate. "I promised Dulcinda Farrar," he said.

Beach's eyes seemed bigger than harvest moons.

"I don't know why it's so important to her, but it must be. She's made it plain that her brother and that gorilla friend of his aren't to know about it. Or anyone else." If he could say: One man who knew too much, who wanted to know more, died last night. But that would have Beach in the thick of it. "All you have to do is take it to the desk at La Fonda and leave it there."

Beach accepted it without more palaver. He returned to his packing. "Your business must be *muy importante,* boy, to give up a date with Dulcy. After the way you doted on her last night."

"Don't get any ideas. I'll be there soon," Jose warned. Beach had enough girls without getting mixed up with this one. He added a more serious warning. "You don't take the package to her—you take it to the desk. You don't mention it to her!" His emphasis was too heavy.

Beach was careful. "She *was* your blonde. I don't get it."

Jose was saved by the door buzzer. As if he weren't in a hurry, he ambled to answer.

PABLO was bright as the new day. "Good morning, Señor Aragon." There was no indication that he knew anything about trouble last night. He carried the large tray to the table, set it down, went out again without further conversation.

Unasked, he'd brought along the morning paper. Chenoweth service. Jose snatched it with the closing of the door. There was no murder on the front page. He was opening the sheet as Beach appeared. He couldn't appear anxious now. A casual scanning showed nothing. If Tosteen had been found, he wasn't news.

Beach began eating. "Have you told Lou?"

"I don't want anyone at the hotel to know I'm not leaving. I'll tell Lou later on."

"What about Dulcy?"

"Particularly I don't want her to know."

She wasn't around to know. When they went down to the desk, the lobby was the everyday thing—tourists waiting around for wives or husbands or the kids; and middle-aged businessmen in the big leather chairs, half of whom could have doubled for Tosteen. No one who looked any more suspicious than Tosteen had. Jose's good-by and thank you to Lou was as convincing as Beach's.

At the desk, Clark made the package deal easy. "I believe you left this last night." The same brown paper and dirty string. The same sweet stink. One thing different. A name penciled on the wrapping: Jose Aragon. Jose hadn't put it there.

The sun was climbing higher; no silver cool of morning remained in it. Today would be worse to endure than yesterday. A short walk took them to the garage where their truck was parked. No one stopped them on the walk, no one noticed them. Beach pitched his bag into the cab, climbed under the wheel. "Get in," he ordered.

When Jose started to demur, Beach repeated, "Get in."

He obeyed. Beach started the motor and rolled into traffic. "I'll give you a lift to the bridge." His eyes slid to Jose. "That's where you're headed?"

Jose nodded. The truck was too noisy for conversation. But Beach continued, "I wouldn't start anything over there, if I were you. It mightn't be healthy."

Jose nodded again. When Beach let him out, the bottle of perfume remained on the seat where he'd left it.

CROSSING the bridge was easy. Like always, you simply walked across, paying your pennies, mumbling your citizenship declaration. Neither the *americanos* nor the *mejicanos* gave a second glance to a dark young guy in dungarees and blue shirt, a dusty hat keeping sunstroke off his head.

He didn't know exactly where he was going or what he was going to do when he got there. He was hunting a small girl who'd stolen a package, snatched it right out of his hands.

Someone had murdered Tosteen. He didn't doubt that it was murder any more than he doubted that Tosteen was marked for it. Any more than he doubted that it had happened in Juárez and the body had been taxied to the other side. How the dead man had passed customs was something else again, but it wouldn't be too tough—a drunken companion declaring for his passed-out friend. Drunks were a dime a dozen on the border any summer night.

Jose let his steps lead him on, along the avenue of the shops, quiet, disinterested shops. The sidewalk vendors, too, were somnolent.

As he wandered along, he watched for one face. The one with whom he must begin. One particular brown face among many, a wrinkled face whose monkey grin was a mask to cover too much knowledge of the border. Jose came to the intersection without spotting the one he sought. He could follow the arrows to the Mercado or he could join the hum of the Plaza. He chose to walk aimlessly into the thicket of native life.

He chose a bar no tourist would dare enter, a bar belonging to the men of Juárez. Bartolomeo's Bar. It was, if possible, hotter within its walls than in the outside sun. A lazy overhead fan did no more than stir the heat and the smell of beer and the stench of sweating flesh.

The bar wasn't crowded; no more than half a dozen men gathered about it. The loudness of their voices diminished when Jose came in. He didn't care. The keg beer was cold and the beer came first. The thick glass mug might not be sterile, but at least it had been rinsed out. The man behind the bar was squat, his face pocked. The butcher's apron wrapped across his jeans was patterned intricately with dark beery finger streaks. Jose downed half his mugful before he spoke. He might have been muttering to himself, but he made sure the others heard him.

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Juárez." He spoke as a native, his accent was not theirs but it was not the accent of the *ricos* either. "It does not matter that he is a good man who attends the early Mass on his saint's day. It is not important that he is a devoted son to his angel mother or that he works very hard to bring home to her a few pesos with which she may buy for herself a new shawl. In the city of Juárez he becomes a mongrel dog."

The half-dozen men were muttering together, their black-brown eyes observing him. He was not meant to hear or to notice the observation. Opinion was divided as to whether the stranger should be greeted or continue to be ignored.

ONE fellow—he was called Salvador—was not to be convinced. His surly phrases were for Jose to hear: "It is not healthy to be a stranger," and "The wise man does not speak with strangers."

Again Jose spoke to his beer. "A man is lonely when he is without friends."

A little old fellow in whose worn face there was no malice said, "I do not believe I have seen you before."

"I am a stranger," Jose stated, ignoring in proper fashion what had gone before. All of them were willing to speak now that there had been a beginning of social exchange; all but Salvador, who maintained his voluble distrust.

"From what part of the country do you come?"

He saw no reason to tamper with the truth any more than was necessary. "From Santa Fe," he told them. He allowed the callused palms of his hands to be seen, grateful for the results of cowpunching. "It may well be that someone wishes a strong young man to deliver some cows to the north. It is possible."

"You will find in Barto's no men who own cows," the surly man called Salvador grunted. "For these you must go to the Chenoweth Hotel." His example could have been El Paso—to narrow it to the Chenoweth was deliberate.

Deliberately Jose said in return, "Only a rich man can visit the Hotel Chenoweth. I am a poor man who wishes to earn his way home." He measured the faces carefully while he took a full drink from his mug. They were off guard now, all but Salvador, and this one had dared him. He dried his upper lip with his forefinger. "I have heard there is a man who at times is in need of a delivery boy. He is called"—he paused as if trying to remember the name—"El Greco."

Their faces closed as he spoke. They didn't answer him in words, only in caution. One murmured, "I have heard the name." They wanted no more of Jose because he spoke of Señor Praxiteles.

Boldly Jose continued it, asking, "Do you know where I can find this Señor el Greco?"

The men edged farther away.

Jose drained the mug. "Someone must know. I have heard of him." He set the mug hard on the bar. As it thudded, the little man shrank. Not Salvador nor the bartender. "I will find someone who knows him," Jose said boldly, and he walked out of the saloon. He didn't walk far; he leaned in a shop doorway until he saw Salvador come out.

Jose put his back to the street then, examining the shoddy shoes in the shop window until the fellow had passed. He figured it would happen this way. Salvador was moving with a purpose, much too energetically for the hour and for a fellow who had been enjoying his beer. Whether Salvador was headed to inform the police of a stranger's interest in El Greco or whether he was going to El Greco himself was what Jose intended to find out.

As Salvador waited to cross at the first intersection, Jose's eyes slipped by him to the opposite corner. To Canario, the musician.

It took him a moment to recognize the man. Without his band, Canario was no more than another Mexican sauntering along with his cronies before the hour for work. As soon as he saw him, Jose had to decide without delay which man was of more importance. Regretfully, he decided against Salvador. Jose stepped back against the wall of the corner shop and waited.

Canario trotted on with his gesticulating friends. He was almost beside Jose before he saw him. Quite obviously he didn't want to see Jose. Dismay pulled down his lip, flickered in his eyes, and he ducked out into the wide street without a thought of the squalling cars. Jose was after him at once. His hand grabbed the small man's shoulder, bringing him to a halt.

"Look where you're going, *amigo*," Jose warned.

Canario's great friendship had vanished overnight. He spoke in English even as Jose, although his was spiced with border accent. "What is it you want?" He eyed Jose as a stranger.

Jose kept his hand where it was, drawing the *músico* back to the curb. "I don't want you run down before I can buy you a drink."

"I do not think I care for a drink."

Jose's clutch tightened. "I don't either. Shall we sit over there in the churchyard?" He began moving Canario in that direction.

It wasn't a bad choice—in the open where none could overhear. Jose guided him to the very steps of the church, pushed him down, and sat beside him. He pulled out his tobacco pouch, his cigarette papers, and offered them first to Canario. The man shook his head.

Jose began to roll one. "Death walked in Juárez last night."

Canario's face was blank. "I do not know what you say."

"There was a man who followed me. He was called Tosteen. You knew him. You know everybody."

"I did not know him." Canario's teeth clicked. "Before God, I know nothing of this man."

"He is dead." He probed Canario's eyes. "You know that."

"No, no." Canario's nostrils quivered.

"In the river. Everyone knows it."

For some reason the fear and tension oozed out of Canario. As if Jose meant nothing personal but was merely repeating street gossip. "It is this one you mean?" he was eager now to please. "I have heard of this one." He could grin. "There is much trouble. Our police and your police must decide on which side of the river he has died. It is most difficult." He shook his head. "Because a man gets drunk and falls into the river. So much trouble!"

"He didn't drown," Jose snapped. Canario looked blank again. "There isn't enough water in the Rio Grande to drown a flea from your miserable body. He wasn't drunk, either. He was on a job. A man doesn't drink on that kind of job, Canario. He was following me. Until you stopped him from following me, the way I asked you to stop him. What happened after that?"

CANARIO allowed himself to disbelieve. "It is the same man—this one in the river and the other one—?"

"You know damn' well it is. He was thrown in the river. After he was dead. What happened—?"

Canario stammered, "I know nothing."

"—when you stopped him?" Jose waited.

Canario began cautiously, "I give him a fine *pïada*. A concert like I give you." Little drips of sweat rolled from beneath Canario's straw hat. He wanted to be believed.

"He didn't want to hear a *pïada*. He was after me. Who was he, Canario?"

"I do not know this." That much was spoken honestly. Canario wasn't exaggerating the roll of his shoulders and his eyes. He didn't know.

"How then is it you know he was in the river, dead?"

"Everyone whispers about it, one to another. Until there is no one, not the *niñitos* nor the deaf *abuelitas* nor Don Jose, who does not know." Canario smiled with childwise bliss.

"Why did he die?" Jose asked.

Again the shrug, but again the stained rivulets began their flow from under the ragged hatbrim. "I do not know this thing. He drinks too much—the *norteamericanos* all of them drink too much. He falls in the river, he dies. It is sad, may his soul rest."

"He wasn't drunk. I told you he wasn't drunk. After you entertained him with your music, then what? Where did he go?"

"Who knows? He did not remain to hear the *coda*. And, señor, he did not give me so much as a *centavo*." The indignation was honest, more honest than any words he had

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spoken. "Not one *centavo* when I have play so beautiful for him. He push by me—he push me, señor—and he walk on very fast." Canario's lips quirked at the corners. "But not very far."

"Someone sticks a knife in him," Jose suggested.

"Señor!" Canario gasped. Then he tittered, wiping the sweat from his eyes. "You are making a joke. A gringo joke. He does not go very far because he meets with some friends. They are so happy to see him. They say, 'Come, have a drink.' "

"You saw them. What did they look like?"

"Turistas."

Jose was beginning to suspect. Or he'd known all along. "A lady, perhaps?"

"Ah, so beautiful a lady!"

Jose said slowly, "A blonde. A beautiful young lady—so tall—" He measured toward the high arch of the church. "Young—"

Canario kept giving little quick nods.

"Who was with her?"

Canario stroked his chin. "La Barba."

"And," Jose grimaced, "El Chongo. The Chimpanzee."

Canario nodded. It was clear that the bearded Tim Farrar and the brutish Ragsdale had been with Dulcinda—if it was Dulcinda.

"You know them, señor!" Canario was pleased.

"No. I saw them later. With my cousin. The dead man was not with them. You had seen them before, Canario?"

"Who knows?" He began to argue. "So many turistas, every day, every night. How can one remember?"

"You'd remember the girl. She was special."

Canario snickered. "Special." He rolled the syllables. "Special. It was a beautiful lady. The sweet—how you say it? The candy kid?"

DULCY . . . *Dulce*. So Canario knew her name. The musician looked at him cunningly. "The bearded one—he called her Dulcinda. So I make the joke: the sweet one—the candy kid."

It was a good enough name, Jose thought wryly. The Candy Kid.

"She was with Tosteen?" Jose asked.

Canario looked at him blankly. "Tosteen?"

"The man who was killed," Jose said impatiently. "The man who was following me. The man you made music for so he would stop following me."

Bitter at himself for supposing that he was the only one who could buy the services of Canario, Jose asked, "Did she give you money to stop me the first time—so I'd have a chance to get away from Tosteen?"

Canario shook his head, unconvincingly. Jose knew he lied, but the knowledge didn't help much. All he knew, really, was that he might have guessed: that Dulcinda and her brother and the unspeakable Ragsdale knew that Tosteen had followed Jose; that they had been with Tosteen not very long before he was killed. But that didn't explain *how* he was killed—or how it had been arranged that his dead body should be so conveniently in the taxicab waiting for Jose and Beach when they left Juárez.

"Where did they go with Tosteen?" Jose asked.

"I do not know," Canario said. "They walk away together, and I stay to make the music."

It didn't seem likely that Canario had any tie-up with Señor el Greco. It all could have happened just the way he said it happened. He didn't invent Dulcy Farrar, her brother and her bodyguard, and their meeting with Tosteen. But how could they have known Tosteen was going to die? The seersucker man was walking the bars while they were ringsiding it at the Cock. But the Chimp and the Beard and the lovely girl who connived with Death wouldn't have to do the job—not with pesos in their pockets.

Jose recalled the hirelings in the purple suits, smoking their sweet cigarettes against El Greco's wall, shadowed against the Chenoweth lamppost. Canario didn't have to be tied up with El Greco to be involved. Yet Jose felt impelled to mention the señor; he needed Canario's reaction.

Jose eyed him. "I'm looking for a girl."

The change of subject suited Canario. "She has gone—"

"Not the Candy Kid. Another girl. Her name is Francisca. Her *abuelo* is called Señor el Greco."

The reaction was the same as it had been in Barto's bar. No one was willing to talk about Praxiteles. "This one I do not know." Canario's fingers plucked at his dirty shirt. There might always be an unhealthy respect when the old man was mentioned. But not always this green look of fear. They knew, somehow all of them knew, that El Greco and the dead man were threaded together. With sticky spider threads.

"You know a fellow named Salvador?" Jose asked.

"There are many named Salvador."

"This one drinks beer at Barto's."

"There are many who do," Canario said.

It would be true. Jose dug his hand into his pocket. Five pesos. Not too much—Canario mustn't think Jose was paying for silence. Five was enough. He folded the small bills together. Canario's hand was outthrust. It trembled just a little. Not from eagerness, only to secure his pay and escape.

"*Adiós,* Canario," said Jose. "See you around."

"*Sí.*" He managed a weak grin, but only because he was a showman. "See you around."

He scuttled out of the churchyard, into the street. He was heading toward Barto's bar. Well, it was the closest and by now Canario's tongue would be parched.

ONE thing was quite certain: anything Jose Aragon wanted to find out concerning Señor Praxiteles, he would have to find out himself. He pushed himself up from the low steps. It was about time to pay a visit to El Greco.

Jose moved openly up the street where the boy had led him last night. He turned boldly into the alley called Calle de la Burrita. It was no more than a quiet little street made up of shops and houses. A street where men were about their gossip and women their chores, where dogs lay panting in the afternoon heat, and children, too small to wander the Plaza, played with melon rinds in the dust. The tourists, too, were here; some were armed with cameras, others with pesos alone and the urge for bargains, wandering in and out of the shops.

Señor Praxiteles' shop was a busy place. Three printed ladies in rimless eyeglasses were spreading the garish colors of Mexican rugs near the window. They knew exactly what they wanted and would not be hurried until they had weighed well their choice.

A fussy woman, the heat breaking her make-up, and a portly man, who carried his checkered jacket, were involved with the serapes. The heavy goat's wool they fingered increased their discomfort. The man was complaining, "I will not try one on, Veda . . ."

Señor Praxiteles was dividing his attention between the rug ladies and the serape couple. A young assistant, so young he couldn't have been more than twelve years old, waited on the gimcrack counter.

THE bell tinkled on Jose's entrance, just as it had last night. But the door was unlatched and there were no curtains now dividing the shop from the entry. Praxiteles looked up from the rugs, but he didn't advance to Jose. His wrinkled, hairless head, yellowed with years, signaled the young boy. There was little resemblance between the gentleman who had stood in the dim lamplight the night before and this poor *nativo* who had come in, perhaps for no reason but to cool himself from the heated street outside.

The boy who might have been *primo* to Jaime or Pablo or Francisca edged from behind the counter. He padded over on his dirty bare feet and stood in front of Jose. He didn't say anything.

Jose put on a native's accent. "I wish to buy me a bottle of perfume."

"No perfume."

He frowned, spoke louder, as if the boy were deaf. "It is the perfume I wish to buy. The perfume you sell here."

He had drawn Praxiteles. With little murmurs of apology to the paying customers, the old one shuffled over and peered up at Jose. He did not recognize this yokel. "We do not sell perfume. On the Avenida are the perfume shops. Or at the Mercado."

"I have the money." Jose fished for pesos in his pocket. "I have enough money to buy a bottle of your perfume. A bottle of La Rosa del Amor."

The old man kept shaking his head. He was annoyed at the insistence. He was in a hurry to return to the good money of turistas. "Look about you! There is no perfume. I do not sell perfume." He shuffled off toward the serape couple, mumbling, "No perfume. Go to the market."

Jose didn't go. He followed the boy to the counter. "There is no perfume?" he persisted.

Jose glanced over his shoulder at Señor Praxiteles. Then he lowered his voice. "Where is Francisca?" he asked the boy.

The boy's blank face said something now. It spoke of fear. "*Yo no se,*" he stammered. He did not want any more conversation with Jose. His eyes sought Señor Praxiteles' for help. But his fear was of the old one. He shrank again when the señor approached the troublesome peon.

El Greco's tongue was barbed. "What now is it you want, señor?" The title was a sneer. "I am a busy man. I have told you there is no perfume to be had here. Go to the Mercado."

"I want to see Francisca."

Praxiteles was silent a moment.

"She is not here," he finally said.

"Where is she? She tells me I can see her. It is for her I wish to buy the perfume."

Praxiteles might believe it, he might not. Francisca wasn't too young to have a fellow seeking her—they started young on the streets of Juárez. "She told you to come here?"

That must be wrong. Jose was belligerent. "You are her *abuelo*. Where do I look for her but at the house of her *abuelo?*"

Señor Praxiteles spat. "You are wasting my time. I am busy." He beamed a wrinkled smile at the arguing couple. "*Un mo-*

"I haven't heard from him in weeks. He must have lost his address book"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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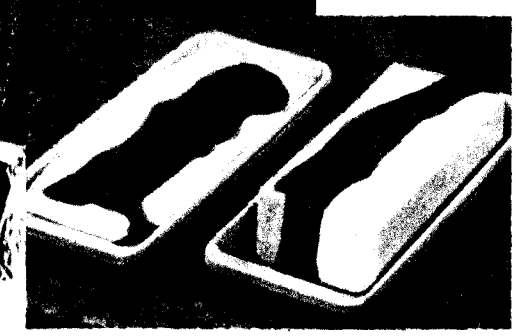

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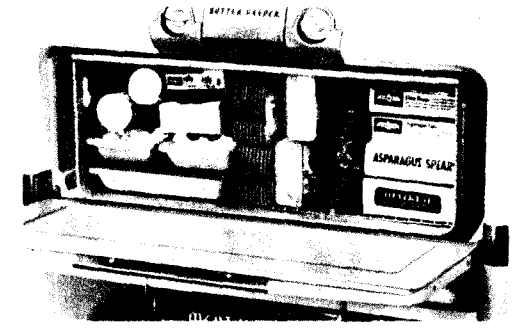

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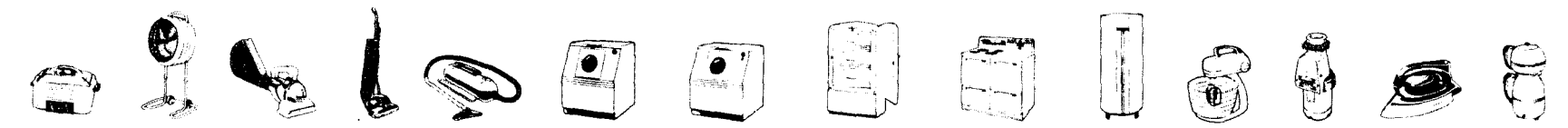

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mento, señora." From his narrow lips, he ordered Jose, "Get out of here. Go away. If you bother me further I will call the police."

That was a good one. But Jose skirted by the old man as if he were cowed by the threat. He would return later. When the señor had more time for him. On the broken steps he lingered long enough to roll a cigarette. He rounded the corner where last night two men had waited for him. No one shadowed the sunlight. In the back of his mind, he might have wanted to look at the rear entrance of the Praxiteles *tienda*. He was not expecting a whisper from the window.

He saw the boy's empty, frightened face. "Francisca, she did not come home last night." Then the boy was gone. He must have made some excuse to come into what would have been a stockroom, something which would hold water with the old man, such as fetching more gimcracks.

Jose walked on. Tosteen was dead, Francisca had not come home last night. Francisca had the package Tosteen was after, the package El Greco had turned over to Jose for Dulcy Farrar. The package which was more important than a bottle of cheap perfume should be. He was going to find Francisca, the *sorbita*, the little drink of water. He wouldn't listen to the dreary whisper that she too might have been laid to rest in the river. He would find her alive.

Instead of returning to the intersection, he cut across side streets to the Avenida Juárez. His guardian angel must have been nudging him. Certainly he hadn't thought about trouble waiting at the intersection. The short cut gave him a head start when they spotted him—Salvador and two men in purple-blue suits.

He wouldn't have noticed them if he hadn't short-cut again, slanting across in the direction of customs. Salvador was pointing to him; the men began a slant across of their own. Jose lengthened his stride, eeling through the clusters of tourists and vendors. He didn't know what the two wanted with him—he wasn't anxious to find out. The men were half running but he kept ahead of them and, in a last spurt declared himself quickly to the Mexican officials.

HE WAS midway to the American side when they reached the barrier. Over his shoulder he watched them gesticulating to the officials. They might be accusing him of anything from theft to rape to subversive activity, but they weren't permitted to follow. He didn't breathe easy until he had been passed by the American side—steaming from the heat of the chase. It wasn't the climate for foot races.

He had a natural distaste for the waiting taxis. No telling what you'd find in a border cab. It was safer to be out in the open. His luck held. A slatternly streetcar was approaching and he waited for it. His pursuers might have been on board but they weren't. The car was sparsely filled at this hour. He rode the short way into the city with Mexicans who were crossing the border for shopping or a job. The El Paso streets were cluttered with safe afternoon crowds. When he swung off the trolley, it wasn't more than a stride to the hotel.

He hadn't eaten since breakfast and he went directly to the coffeeshop and ordered steak and potatoes, a tomato salad and iced coffee. While he waited, he munched on bread. Presently, he knew someone was standing over the table. It was Lou.

"What are you doing here?" She didn't seem pleased about it.

"Sit down." His mouth was full.

She hesitated and then pulled out the chair across from him. "I thought I spotted you coming in. I said you'd checked out."

He was quick. "Who'd you say it to?"

"The police."

They observed each other silently. He asked, still not understanding how or why, "The police were looking for me?"

"Not exactly." There was an ink stain on her forefinger. She rubbed at it. "One of our guests died last night."

"Was killed," he said.

Her eyes jumped to his face. "You know about it!"

"I've been in Juárez. Every one knows about it." He put butter on another slab of bread. "I don't get why the cops wanted to see me."

"I don't know that they did," Lou said slowly. "Until those friends of yours—"

He waited without expression.

"Jim Wade and Dee Meighan volunteered that Tustin had been looking for you last night." They were the two acquaintances he had met briefly in Juárez when he was looking for Beach.

He began to chomp the crust. Annie was bringing his plate; it gave him time to think about how much he should tell Lou. By the time he'd sampled the steak, he'd decided to open up—a little.

"I ran into those two in Juárez last night with a couple of bims. They told me someone was looking for me. Not who." He told the truth. "I didn't know Tustin. I didn't know that was his name."

"Why was he looking for you, Jo?"

"I don't know."

"You have an idea."

He'd go a little further. "Listen, Lou. I saw the guy for the first time when I got here yesterday. He was coming out of the hotel as I was going in. I didn't pay any more attention to him than that. And it wasn't an hour later he was in my bedroom —your guest room—going through my things."

Her eyebrows zoomed. "Why?"

"I didn't know then. I don't know now. I caught him at it because I was expecting Pablo with that lunch, remember?"

"What did he say?"

"He apologized for mistaking the room. You don't mistake that apartment of yours for a room, Lou."

"No, you don't," she agreed. Her pretty face was screwed tight with thinking.

"I didn't like it. Pablo arrived about then and the guy took off. Palbo found out his name for me later." *Tosteen*—Tustin.

"Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"What for?"

"We like to keep an eye on irregularities."

"He hadn't taken anything, Lou. He'd apologized."

She pronged a fork on the tablecloth. "Did you see him again?"

"In Juárez. We passed each other again, like strangers." He wouldn't mention the later altercation. Maybe no one would remember it.

She frowned. "Then why?" She persisted, "That's all there was to it, Jo?"

"That's all." With reservations.

She said slowly, "I don't understand. I don't understand at all." But she'd lived too long on the border not to be suspicious. Even of Jose Aragon. "There must be more to it, Jo."

"Sure," he agreed. "That much doesn't add. But how are we going to find out the rest of it? Tosteen—Tustin's dead."

"You said killed."

"What do the police say?"

"They think he got drunk, fell into the river, or was rolled. That's what they say. That he died from the tumble. Not that someone killed him."

"Why are they so interested? Another drunk."

"You know why," she told him impatiently. "Neither side wants any trouble."

"That's what they're saying in Juárez. On which side did it happen? It's safer if he was killed American."

She agreed.

"They're afraid. They don't want to talk about it. They know he was killed even if the cops won't say so. Do you know El Greco, Lou?"

Alarm touched her. "Is he in on it?"

"Do you know him?"

LOU answered without hesitation, "Everyone knows Señor Praxiteles. He does business both sides of the bridge. He's a bad one, Jo. Where does he come in?"

"I don't know," he began, but at the refusal in her face, he made it stronger. "I honestly don't, Lou. But no one in Juárez wants to talk about him or about Tosteen, your Tustin. It's fifty-fifty on not talking."

She spoke softly. "Why were you asking questions in Juárez?"

"I was trying to get some answers." It sounded flip but he wasn't feeling that way. "I didn't."

"Why did you stay over to ask questions?"

The taxi driver hadn't come forward. He was pretty sure of that. Dirty little guys like the cabby could get in trouble too easy. Jo Aragon had been the one selected to take on that trouble but he'd refused. Whether the cabby was an innocent victim or one of the Praxiteles boys, he'd keep his mouth shut. It could have been he who pushed Tosteen over the embankment to get rid of him. Jo didn't ever have to speak up.

He had waited too long to answer her. She went on, "Why did you stay over to ask questions about Tustin? Before the police knew he was dead?"

"I didn't kill him, Lou," he said sharply.

"I know you didn't," she returned as angrily. "But how did you know?" She was almost fearful. "What have you to do with El Greco?"

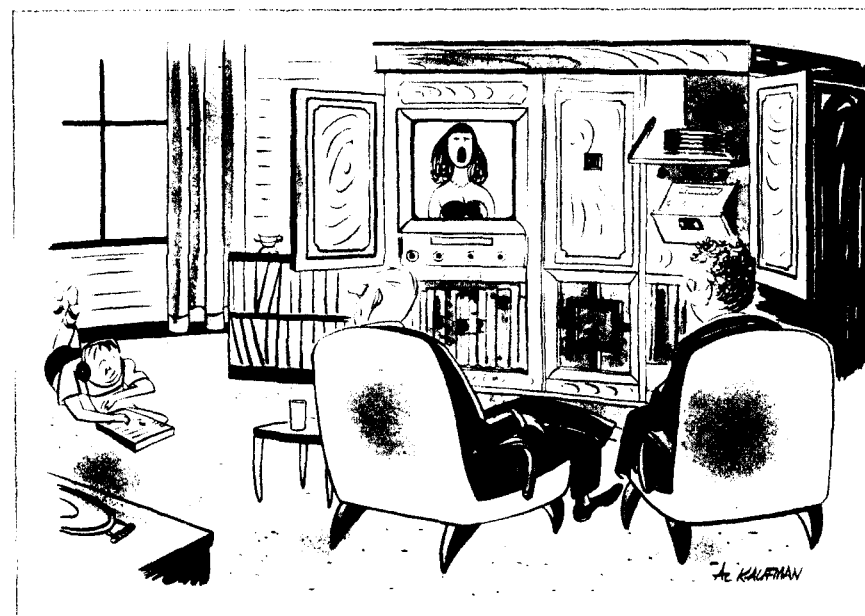
"Not a damn' thing. Or with Tustin. Believe it or not, but it's God's truth."

"I believe you, Jo," she said, but she was still angry. Then she switched emotions. She became shrewd. "Go home, Jo."

"I can't." He'd spoken too quickly.

"Why not?" The words were bullet-hard.

He shouldn't have told her anything. Every little piece led to another little piece. He was exceedingly careful now, choosing each word, weighing it before he gave it to



COLLIER'S **"A fortune for this gadget and he has to stumble across my old crystal set in the attic!"** AL KAUFMAN

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her. "I lost something last night in Juárez. Until I find it, I can't go home."

She didn't ask what; if he'd wanted her to know that, he'd have told her. But she reached back and put things in order. "What about Praxiteles?"

He answered cautiously, "I don't know yet, Lou. I only know what I've told you—across the bridge the two names are linked. Maybe not by the police. By the people in the plaza. In the bars."

"It isn't safe to play games with Señor el Greco, Jo."

"I've heard that one before."

"Have you met him?"

He was careful. "I've been in his shop."

"I wouldn't go back. If he knows you've been asking questions about him, and he'll know, I wouldn't go back."

"Thanks, Lou," he said noncommittally.

She said, "You were CIC during the war."

He flared, "You think I'm playing cloak and dagger out of habit? I'm not, Lou. But look at it straight. A guy I don't know follows me around. Before I can find out why, he's dead. Now the police are looking for me. I've got some things to learn."

He'd finished his dinner a long time ago. Annie was hovering but not too close; she could see the boss didn't want an interruption. He beckoned the girl now. "Bring me some peach shortcake and more coffee. How about it, Lou—join me for coffee?"

"I must get back to the desk." When the waitress withdrew, she said, "There's a lot you aren't saying, Jo. I know it. You know it."

He smiled at her fondly. "I'm hoping to get done with it tonight. Maybe I can catch a late ride. If you hear of any, let me know. You think I ought to see the cops before I leave?"

"It isn't exactly the cops. It's Ozzie Harrod. Border patrol. We went to school together."

"You think I should talk to him?"

"Not until you're ready to talk, Jo." She shook her head gravely. "Not while you're covering up this way. He's no dope."

It annoyed him that he was so wide open, but he swallowed the rebuke. He said, "Okay."

She pushed away from the table. "You're going across the bridge again tonight." She disapproved.

"I've got to."

"You wouldn't want to take me along?"

"I can't, Lou." He shook his head.

"Be careful." She walked away on efficient heels.

THE girl darted forward with the dessert as soon as the boss had gone. "Get me an afternoon paper, will you, Annie?" He smiled at her. She was eaten up with curiosity but the smile would help her to forget. It was his forward-pass smile. One he'd learned from Beach.

The story was on the front page but you had to borrow a microscope to find it. A couple of lines about a man found dead in the Rio Grande near the bridge, identified as H. E. Tustin. Believed to have lost his balance and fallen over the embankment. Suggestion was he'd lurched through too many bars—the reporter didn't have to put that in words. Nothing about who Tustin was or what he was doing wandering on a dark embankment. The police would have been through Tustin's papers; they'd know. It looked as if Jose would have to see the police despite Lou's warning.

When he returned to the lobby, he was aware of every face decorating it. Among these would be cops. But no one paid him any special attention. He had to go to the desk for a key. Lou ignored him. Clark handed it over without words. Lou may have warned him to keep quiet too.

As Jose turned toward the elevators, he almost bumped into Pablo. The boy said, "Your pardon, señor," and got himself out of the way. His flat black eyes held on Jose's face. As if he had words on his tongue, but there were others heading to the elevators and he withheld them.

The others got off along the way, couples and the usual businessmen. Jo rode to the top floor. He let himself into Lou's apartment, shoved the door tight after him. He was stopped cold. By a smell. A smell he knew by now. The smell of La Rosa del Amor.

On Lou's cocktail table was the lumpy green-wrapped package. Quickly Jose went into the bedroom, into the bath, out again, and without a halt into Lou's room. He was here alone. He was just reaching for the package when the knock sounded at the door. A knock without any special significance, not Lou's quick rap, or Pablo's hesitant one. A plain knock.

AUTOMATICALLY he hitched up his jeans, rubbed his sweaty hands dry. He crossed to the door, opened it as an ordinary guy would to an ordinary knock. He didn't know the man who stood outside, but he'd seen him in the elevator. He'd got off on the floor below. A tall, bony man, about Lou's age, with a weather-beaten face; a man with intelligent gray eyes, a quiet voice, a pleasant manner. He might have been a rancher. Jose guessed who he was.

"Jose Aragon? My name's Harrod." He held out a small leather folder. Jose took it, glanced at the credentials. "May I come in for a few minutes?"

"Yes. Come in." He was conscious of nothing but that sickly sweet smell; Harrod couldn't miss it. Jose was deferential as a younger man must be to an older, offering the good chair. He himself walked boldly to the couch, sat himself down. He couldn't hide the package; he could make it harmless by making it more conspicuous.

"I was asking Miss Chenoweth about you earlier. She thought you'd checked out this morning."

Lou hadn't sent him up here; Lou didn't want Jose talking with Harrod yet. The chief had other sources of information.

"I intended to," Jose admitted. "But at the last minute I decided to stay over another day. I haven't been down this way for years and I thought I'd have another day of it."

"But your cousin left this morning?" Evidently Harrod had been trying to make something of that.

Jose said agreeably, "Yes. Someone had to take the truck back to the ranch." He smiled. "Beach was elected."

Harrod seemed to accept it. He might send someone north to check with Beach, but that too was all right. Beach wouldn't know anything. "You know why I'm here, Mr. Aragon."

Jose nodded. "The death of a man named Tustin."

"What can you tell me about him?"

"Not much." He recited the same incidents that he had just given Lou.

"You don't know what he wanted from you—wanted enough to risk searching your room?"

"I haven't the slightest idea." The package stank in his nostrils. "Who was Tustin, Captain Harrod? What was his business?"

"We don't know that, yet," Harrod drawled. He had a permanent small frown which drew his eyebrows together. "You were in the late war, Mr. Aragon?" Before Jose could answer, he said flatly, "In Intelligence." Again he continued without waiting for Jose to speak, "From Tustin's papers it would seem that he had traveled considerably. Across Europe to South America. Then north through Panama to Mexico City. Before this jump to El Paso."

As if he were following a trail, or a blonde.

Jose said, "I was in the European theater most of the war, Captain. I started out in Panama, yes, and I thought it was going to be South America. Because of language. But the brass must have decided that was too pat."

"You didn't run across Mr. Tustin?"

"I'm certain of it," Jose said honestly. Nor had he run into any of the others mixed up with this. He'd take an oath on it. He asked a question of his own. "It's your opinion this is more than just a drunk falling in the river?"

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"What do you think?" The gray eyes were shrewd, the mouth was straight.

Jose couldn't play it too innocent. He said, "The first time I saw the man I thought he was a traveling salesman from Albuquerque or Dallas or Fort Worth. When I caught him with my pants I thought he was a sneak thief. Though he looked a hell of a lot more prosperous than I. But then, I figured maybe the word had eased around that we'd sold a big shipment of cattle—we trucked two prize bulls down in person—and that maybe he'd think we were paid off in cash like in the old Westerns, not by check.

"Last night"—Jose shrugged—"I didn't know what to think. There isn't a reason I know of why he'd be following me around. I know one thing, I wasn't any threat to him. I've been out of the Army for better than a year and I was pretty anonymous when I was in it. So if it's a grudge fight you've been considering, that's out. I don't know the score, Captain Harrod." After all it was true, and it sounded true. "I'd like to know it."

"Tustin wasn't drunk last night."

Jose gave him a quick curious glance.

"He didn't die from rolling down an embankment. He died from a knife in his back. He didn't bleed much, but he didn't bleed at all down there in the river."

Jose smiled dubiously. "If it's necessary, I'll say I didn't kill him. I hope it isn't necessary."

"It isn't." Harrod didn't sound doubtful at all. "But you're a link, Aragon, the only link we have. Now, I admit he could have been knifed for a perfectly normal reason. In a drunken brawl or by some poor devil who wanted his fine clothes bad enough to break two commandments for them."

"But he hadn't been drinking," Jose said thoughtfully. "And he was wearing a wrinkled seersucker like every second tourist in Juárez. And he could have been flashing a roll—but he wasn't flashy, he was a quiet worker."

"That's the way I figure it. If it had been an ordinary knifing, he wouldn't have been tossed into the river. He wasn't dragged there, Aragon. I figure he was moved by taxi."

Jose hoped his impassiveness equaled Pablo's. It didn't at Harrod's next question.

"Have you any connection with Los Alamos?"

WHEN Jose got his breath, he said, "None at all. I have some friends up there, but you mean a tie-up. None."

"I'm guessing," Harrod admitted. "Jumping around. If it isn't for money or a fight, the border comes into it."

Jose was silent.

"We have a peaceful border and we're grateful for it. But that doesn't mean we won't get some ugly customers. I don't know an easier way for a fellow to get into this country than to walk across the bridge after a night in Juárez. We can't spot everyone who isn't returning from a night over there. Not if he has the look of a *norteamericano*." Harrod cleared his throat. "Thirty years ago spies were something you'd expect to find if you moseyed around the Balkans or the Middle East. Now we've got atomic research up your way. We're the gate, the pass to the north. And you're thinking I'm an old fool with an imagination that works overtime."

"I'm not thinking that." Jose was honest. He was wishing Harrod would go and let him open the package that smelled.

"If you can think of any reason why Tustin followed you, I want to know. No matter how farfetched it seems to you."

Such as: because a ritzy blonde spoke to me at high noon. Hesitantly, Jose asked, "What about Praxiteles?"

It threw Harrod off center, not far off but enough for the silence to seem long. "Do you think he's mixed up with Tustin's death?" The mild voice wasn't deceiving. Jose himself had used that same trick too often.

"I'm not thinking and I don't know the border. But there are two men the people aren't talking about over there, and those are the two." He reached for a cigarette from Lou's box, his hand deliberately edging the package aside. There was no reaction from Harrod. Jose struck a match. "I've always believed the people are smarter quicker than the experts."

Harrod seemed about ready to go. Not satisfied, but he'd made a start. "My experience has been much the same. That's why I always call first on Señor el Greco when something goes wrong. The people are always sure his fine hand is somewhere in the muck." He stood up. "So far he's always managed to scour his hands before I show up."

Jose rose quickly to his feet. Not alone out of courtesy. It was essential to know what Praxiteles had mentioned of this business. He asked with what he hoped would appear simple curiosity. "And the señor knows nothing of Tustin?"

"As little as you." That was pointed. "He does not believe he ever set eyes on the man. Although with so many turistas coming to his poor shop, of that he cannot be certain." The imitation was strangely good, particularly so in that Harrod would have made four of the shriveled old man, and that the open face had no resemblance to the señor's crafty, shuttered one. Harrod knew El Greco well indeed.

He ambled to the door. "When you planning to start home, Aragon?"

"Tonight."

"Driving?"

"I don't have a car down here. I'm hoping to catch a ride."

"I might hear of one." El Pasoans were hell on speeding the parting guest.

"Something will turn up. If not, I'll fly up in the morning."

He bowed Harrod out and closed the door. . . .

When he was sure Harrod had gone, Jose carried the package into the bedroom. As casually as if he were under observation. He very carefully maneuvered the cord off the green wrapping, neither cutting nor untying the knots. Sometimes the way a cord was tied had meaning. He unfolded the green paper. It was there, just what he expected. A bottle of La Rosa del Amor, in appearance differing not at all from the substitute bottle he'd sent north with Beach. But something else was there, something he couldn't have known about in the short time he'd been in possession of the wrapped package. It didn't seem important. It was a small box of cactus candy, made in Juárez, distributed by Praxiteles and Company.

The box fitted against the cardboard box holding the bottle so neatly that it was little wonder he hadn't guessed about it. He weighed it on his hand; it would seem to contain what the label read—candy. He couldn't open it unless he wished this fact known; it was machine-sealed Cellophane, the way most candy boxes were sealed these days.

Candy for the Candy Kid. The diminutive of her name on the box, *Dulce*. His fingers tensed. There was meaning to it, of that he was certain. Again he rejected the temptation to rip off the paper. First he must meet Dulcy again, find out what she had to say about the substitution. It would be pleasant to hop a plane now, be in Santa Fe in time for dinner with the lovely Miss Farrar. Very pleasant, indeed—if there were no packages involved.

AS HE continued his packing, Jose reminded himself that he didn't have to stay here any longer. The string he tucked into a pocket of one suitcase; the wrapping paper, folded in its own grooves, in another. He wrapped the perfume in a discarded shirt before packing it. The unfinished business was finished, the package had been returned to him. Just in case of difficulties, he packed the box of candy in the other suitcase. The smell of perfume clung to it. He could check out right now and make happy such varied persons as Lou Chenoweth, Captain Harrod, and undoubtedly the interesting Miss Dulcy.

"It is regrettable, Señor Aragon," Jose told himself, "that you have overdeveloped your sense of curiosity." Because if he departed now he wouldn't know any more about Francisca than he knew right now. And he wouldn't know why Tustin had had to die. Somehow it didn't satisfy him to have the seersucker suit written off as a drunk who fell into the dregs of the Rio Grande.

He took a quick shower, changed to a light gabardine suit, and closed his bags. It was a good idea to check out, no matter in what direction he planned to move. He called the switchboard and asked for a boy.

It was Pablo who came. Jose had expected him; he'd hoped for him. He waited for Pablo to say something but the boy stood there mute, masked. It was up to Jose.

"You brought up a package?"

"Yes, señor."

"Where did it come from?"

"It was deliver to you."

"Who delivered it?"

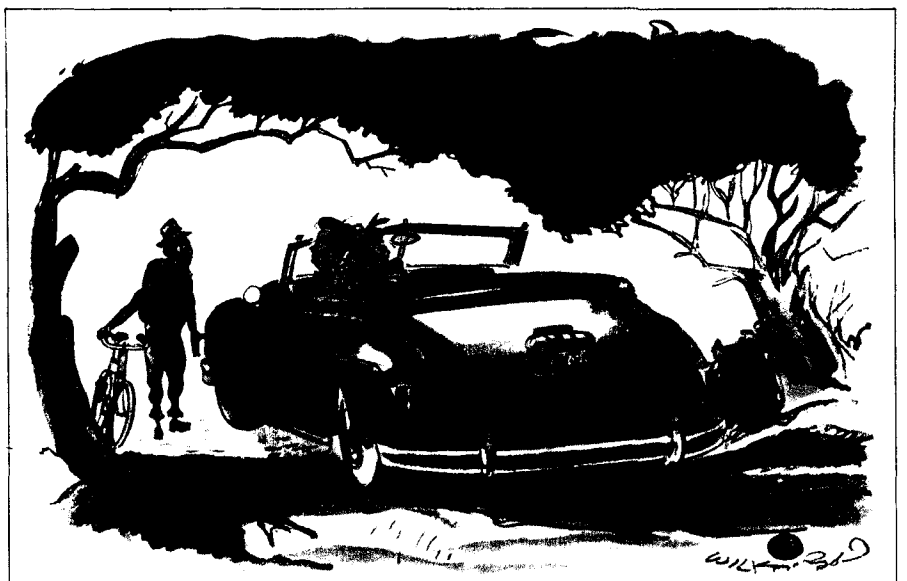
The boy hesitated. He fell back on the familiar, "I do not know this."

"How did you get it?"

Again there was the hesitation and a happy solution. "Jaime, he is the one who give it to me. He is so dumb, he will not remember who deliver it."

Jose accepted the warning. Jaime would not remember—Pablo would make sure of that. Pablo ran things here. "I'm checking out," Jose announced. He wasn't sure whether or not it was good news to this one. "Before I leave, there's someone I want to talk to. You live in Juárez?"

Pablo was uncertain. But anyone who knew Miss Chenoweth well enough to live



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in her apartment could find out the truth. "Sometimes I live there, yes."

"You know a man they call Señor el Greco?"

The boy's breath hissed. "This one I do not know."

"You know who he is. Perhaps also you know a small girl who is called Francisca, who is *una nieta* to this man."

Pablo muttered in Spanish under his breath, too rapid and too silent to be understood.

"What do you say?" Jose demanded.

"This one I do not know," Pablo repeated humbly.

Jose's annoyance flared. "What about the man who died last night? What about the police all over the hotel? What would they say to you if they knew you delivered a package a Mr. Tosteen was seeking?"

The boy's slender brown fingers held tightly to the blue smock. "I do not know about these things."

"I wish to see the small one. I'll be at Herrera's for dinner. You know the café of Señora Herrera?"

Pablo knew it as well as the face reflected from his mirror but he continued to look blank. You learned early on the border to admit nothing. If you did not speak, who could accuse you of having spoken?

Jose accompanied Pablo and the bags to the desk. Lou's lifted face was hopeful. "You're going home?"

"After dinner. I trust. If your damn' planes flew after sundown, I'd be sure. Dig me up a ride, Lou. I'll leave the bags here ready for action. Okay?"

She said dubiously, "The Mintons plan to start back at ten."

"Oh, Lord," Jose breathed. "She gabbles."

"It's better than nothing, my fine beggar."

"Your words of wisdom I will treasure, *dulcita*—" He wasn't certain whether his endearment was accidental or an urge.

Lou was quick. "Jo, was the blonde, Farrar, part of this business?"

He answered slowly the same old way. "I don't know." His hand touched hers. "There is so little I know, Lou. Believe me."

"What you tell me, I believe." She sighed. "But you don't tell me much."

"This too you can believe. I'm coming for my suitcases myself. If Alemán or Truman or even Adam should say I sent for them, he's lying."

"What's in them? Isotopes?"

"Dirty laundry." He was firm. "But I am particular that no one but myself shall handle my dirty laundry."

HE WAS the elegant Jose Aragon and he was welcomed as such by Señora Herrera. She regretted that he was alone; it was *triste, triste,* that a fine young man must dine alone on a summer evening. He helped her lead him to a corner table where his back was protected by the brilliance of tropical blossoms painted on the wall. He didn't say anything about Francisca. Nor did she. Together they selected a dinner, and only when the Señora started away to supervise its preparation did he remember that he had no cigarettes. If she would be so kind as to send to him the cigarette girl with her basket of supplies.

"But certainly, señor. At once."

Francisca wasn't selling cigarettes tonight. The girl who balanced the large shallow basket was a plump and pretty child of the Herreras.

Jose said, "I'll bet a peso your name is Rosie."

She giggled richly. "Pay me, señor. I am Lupe. Rosie she is over there."

Formally he presented her with *un peso.* He was examining various brands of Mexican cigarettes, selecting from them. He hoped he could slide in his question without her recognizing its importance. "Where is the *niñita* who sold me cigarettes last night?"

She didn't seem to understand whom he meant.

"She is called Francisca?"

"That one!" Lupe was scornful. "She is so dumb, that one. She is fired." Lupe giggled daringly. "She is even too dumb to work in *el calle de la luz roja.*"

He too could be daring. "Is that why her *abuelo* sent her to work for Señora Herrera?"

"Who knows?" She shrugged cheerfully. "Who cares?" She flaunted her skirts away to another table.

Jose finished his dinner and paid the bill to Señora Herrera herself, complimenting her on the excellent food, on the comfort of her café, on her business ability and her personal charms. "If anyone should inquire for me," he told her as an afterthought, "I am paying a visit to Señor Praxiteles before setting out for home."

SEÑORA HERRERA scowled. "The less one has to do with that one, the happier one will be."

He sighed. "This I know, señora. It is not for myself that I visit this scoundrel, but in the service of a friend."

She measured him shrewdly. "You will do well to consider all things when you choose a friend."

He agreed and took himself into the night. He crossed the warm, gentle patio with a jaunty step, let himself through the tinkling gate into the lane outside. A harmless lane with a few tourist couples strolling toward their dinner. No one blocked the exit to the Avenida. The Avenida, too, was harmless; the usual crowd of early evening visitors milling into the stores, dallying at the street *tiendas;* the usual bands blaring through the loud-speakers of the big cafés, the usual undertinkle of the street musicians.

Jose continued on to the Plaza. It was the same as it had been last night, the street urchins chasing their tails, the old men selling their watermelon or roasting ears or cheap sweets, the dogs scratching their flea-bitten ears, the girls flirting their shoulders at the young men, the old women visiting the house of God. The few strangers who had wandered this far from the Avenida were too conscious of their strangeness, eager to return to the safety of their own kind. Jose wandered into the native group as if he belonged there, struck a light to a sweet *cigarillo* and, with a grand *caballero* sweep of his hand, waved away the urchins who came begging.

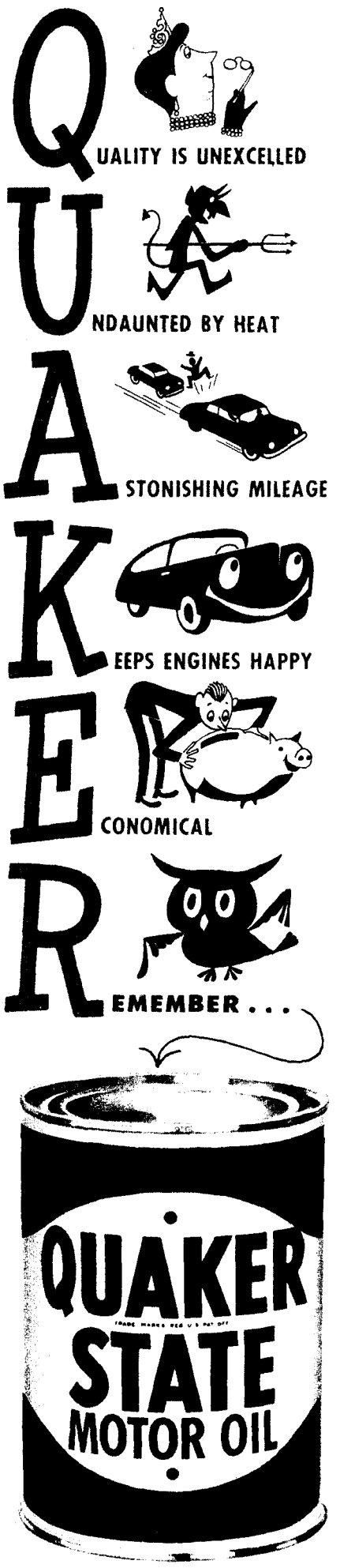
The street wasn't uneasy tonight. The business of Tustin had been disposed of, it had probably been disposed of before Harrod visited Jose. Without being told, he knew what the verdict had been. A man had come to accidental death through a drunken fall; most fortunate, he had fallen on the American side of the river. There was no reason for Jose to hang around, there was nothing to learn.

He was ready to move on when he saw Francisca. It was so unexpected that he found himself gawking like the most stupid tourist. She wasn't one of the girls who sallied arm in arm in the vicinity of the young men, baiting her attractions with giggles. She was with a swarm of kids playing in the street—a game of their own devising which might have been tag or shinny or kick the can; a bunch of kids, mostly boys, yelling and dodging and shouting slanderous epithets at the occasional car which dared interrupt their game.

Jose was sure it was she, although she wore dirty jeans and a faded polo shirt instead of ruffles, although the stone mask of her face was alive now with frenzied play. He knew the size of her and the shape of her eyes and the way her brittle black hair streamed away from her shoulders as she darted in and out of the crowd. He didn't need the dangle of her earrings for identification.

He caught her on one of those darts, his hand grasped her shoulder. "Let go!" Francisca whirled on him angrily, but his hand didn't release its clench. When she saw who he was, fear crept around her mouth. She covered it with greater fury. "Take your hands off from me. Leave me alone. If you do not leave me alone, I will call the police." She and her grandfather. They both talked bold.

(To be continued next week)



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The Joyful Noise

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

explained, "and a very full skirt—and the wings, of course. They're crepe paper too, painted with silver designs. Here—I made a drawing." She found the picture and showed it to Miss Beasley, who looked at it as if it were a particularly obscene post card.

"Miss Cunningham, you know this won't do. Shoulder straps! There must be sleeves. And the skirt must be much longer. These are our Sunday-school girls, you know."

Miss Cunningham dared a defense. "But the straps are *wide*. Their shoulders would be completely covered."

"Sleeves," Miss Beasley said. She turned to the door. "My dear mother always said modesty was a woman's greatest charm."

It seemed that Miss Cunningham made a face at Miss Beasley's back; but perhaps it was a trick of the light, for she continued in her natural voice, "Well, this will be in the evening anyway, girls. On the grass. Perhaps white will be more effective. Ten white butterflies; everyone looks well in white. And we can make tiny puffed sleeves. You'll look darling, all of you."

"What is our class going to give Miss Beasley?" asked Emily.

"Give her?"

"Well, because she's been the Sunday-school superintendent for five years. Every class will give her a present. Probably a fountain pen or something."

"I'll think about it. Now, practice your little song all week, and come back on Friday at two and we'll learn our steps. You'll have to know the words first, though. You'd better get started on your costumes, too." Miss Cunningham looked tired. They took her to her door and bade her an affectionate good afternoon.

BY FRIDAY the Sunbeams knew the words to their song forward and backward. Like most little girls, each felt herself to be a born dancer, and they entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the routine Miss Cunningham taught them. Thump-thump-thump went the boards of the floor in the annex; forward and back, forward and back, cross this foot and tap-tap-tap. They were perspiring and happy when Miss Cunningham turned at last from the piano. "The steps are fine, but you're falling down on the song. Dorothy, you're flat."

Everyone looked at Dorothy, and then because they were tired and because the rotund Dorothy was anything but flat, they began to laugh. Miss Cunningham laughed too; they wiped their eyes and shrieked. Then suddenly Reverend Folsom was seen behind the piano and everyone was quiet.

"Go on," he said. "Don't let me interrupt you, girls."

"We're practicing for the strawberry festival, but we're through for today. They're doing fine," said Miss Cunningham.

Reverend Folsom said, "I know. I've been watching you." The little girls turned away in sudden shyness; they surged in a body toward the stairs, and hurried out.

"You're doing very well with those girls," Reverend Folsom said. "They all love you."

"They're sweet, all of them," Miss Cunningham answered. "It's a pleasure to work with them. It's a most interesting age."

Reverend Folsom tapped his fingers on the piano top. "May I drive you home, Miss Cunningham?" he asked abruptly.

"Why— Why, thank you. But someone is calling for me."

"That's quite all right. Possibly another time."

"Possibly." There came the sound of a horn outside, and Miss Cunningham escaped in a small confusion. . . .

In the heat, the ladies of the town sat on their front porches, plying their paper fans. Small boys could barely expend the necessary effort to turn the crank on the ice-cream freezer, but the indefatigable Sunbeams kept on with their practice. The strawberry festival was only two days away.

Miss Beasley came upon them on the back lawn of the churchyard, where they had gone to get the feel of grass under their feet. Miss Beasley was in a state. The dull red rose angrily, mottling her sallow cheeks; she found it hard to control her voice.

"Are these girls *dancing*, Miss Cunningham?"

Miss Cunningham nodded innocently. "Of course they're dancing. It's a butterfly dance, isn't it?"

Miss Beasley nearly shrieked. "It's a drill! Or it's supposed to be. Dancing! Little children. How can you call yourself a teacher? It's disgraceful. Girls! Stop this instant!"

The Sunbeams paused in their forward-and-back; they turned astonished eyes upon Miss Cunningham. She spoke calmly to Miss Beasley. "Just what did you have in mind, Miss Beasley?"

"Why, why—marching, like we always do. A drill. They can march by twos, and then divide, and—you know very well. A thing like this could certainly not be permitted at any church function in which I have a part."

Miss Cunningham was still patient. "But it isn't to be performed in church, I understand. It's to be held on the Butterfields' lawn."

"All the church members will be present. It makes no difference—"

Miss Cunningham gave the other woman a long, slow look. "Reverend Folsom watched us last week," she said very distinctly. "He found nothing to criticize."

Miss Beasley's eyes widened. "Reverend Folsom—saw the children dancing? He didn't see them. He— You know the pastor sees very little of the world about him."

"I guess not," Miss Cunningham said deliberately. "But perhaps he could be made to see—some things." She gave a pat to her curly bob.

Without the anger to hold it together, Miss Beasley's face fell apart. "Dear Mother was right after all," she whispered. "You *are* a wicked woman."

"Your *mother?*" cried Miss Cunningham. "She didn't know me."

"I told her about you. Your pretty clothes, and your—your ways. Your success with the Sunday-school class. Your hair."

Emily Benson felt uncomfortably that it was not fair, somehow. Everything was on Miss Cunningham's side; Miss Beasley, with her twisting face and her hands hanging limply at her sides, had nothing.

Miss Cunningham spoke more gently. "Was it *her* suggestion that I change my teaching methods? Was it your mother who suggested that the annex was no place for the children's parties?"

Miss Beasley nodded. "Dear Mother always said the old ways were best."

Miss Cunningham's eyes were full of pity. "Your hair could look like mine," she said with apparent irrelevance. "I always cut my own. Would you like me to—"

The other woman's hand flew in alarm to her tan bun. "A woman's hair is her crowning glory."

"Miss Beasley—dear Miss Beasley, your mother is gone. It's your life now. You can make it what you like."

"I must respect her memory."

COLLIER'S

"One pair of pants with *that* suit would have been plenty!"

BOB PAPLOW

"Well, you wouldn't need to cut it." Miss Cunningham's fingers gently touched the errant curly wisps about Miss Beasley's large, exposed ears. "It's curly, if only you wouldn't stretch it so. Just a water wave would make such a difference. I think a side part and big, soft waves. Why don't you come to my house this evening? We could have such fun. We'd make some fudge."

Miss Beasley was uncertain. She regarded Miss Cunningham with a remnant of suspicion. "I was going to study next Sunday's lesson."

"Bring it along. We'll study it together, while I fix your hair. I do get lonely in that boardinghouse."

"You do?" Miss Beasley understood loneliness. "I think I can come."

"Now won't you sit down and watch the girls in their little exercise? If you honestly find anything objectionable, we'll be glad to take it out." Miss Cunningham called the Sunbeams, who had withdrawn to the shade of a tree; decorously they tripped through the measures of the dance, taking care not to kick higher than their ankles. . . .

Japanese lanterns were strung all around the Butterfields' lawn, though there was no use in lighting them yet, for at seven thirty the light was still strong. The long tables were nearly empty. The Sunbeams came early, fully costumed and wearing capes or their summer coats for concealment until the proper time.

Emily and Sarah circled restlessly, looking for Miss Cunningham. They came upon Miss Beasley, holding self-conscious court among a group of ladies who were admiring her hair. "My dear Miss Beasley, don't tell me you're wearing silk stockings!" cried one lady. "Didn't your mother always insist on lisle?" Miss Beasley gave a purposeful glance toward the silk-clad legs of the questioner.

"I find it makes me happy to wear silk stockings," she said. "I'm sure dear Mother always wanted me to be happy."

HERE came Miss Cunningham, in a yellow organdy with hemstitched flounces. With her was the young man of the picture on the dresser; he looked much larger than his picture and he was holding Miss Cunningham's hand in the most brazen fashion. She introduced him to several of the ladies, and to Miss Beasley. Miss Beasley had never seemed so happy to meet anyone in her life.

Then everyone was there, and the program began. There were readings and vocal selections while Miss Cunningham herded the butterflies behind a bridal wreath bush.

"What did you get for Miss Beasley?" asked Emily.

Miss Cunningham smiled. "Ssh. Not so loud. I got her a cretonne coat."

"A cretonne coat!" The butterflies looked at one another incredulously. "Will she like that?"

"Of course she'll like it. It's just what she's been wanting, whether she knows it or not. Get in line now, girls. It's our turn."

Miss Cunningham seated herself at the piano and the girls tripped from behind the bush, throwing their crepe-paper roses with perhaps more abandon than grace. They went through their routine expertly, too self-conscious even to giggle, and a small tear in Dorothy's crepe-paper skirt was the only flaw.

They retired, to heartening applause, and presently they sat in a flushed, triumphant row eating ice cream, strawberries and cake.

Reverend Folsom stood up. "As you all know, it was five years ago this week that Miss Beasley accepted her responsibilities as superintendent of our Sunday school. There is no way in which we can convey to Miss Beasley our appreciation for all that she does. The choir, the Missionary Society, the Guild, as well as the Sunday school, look to her for inspiration and practical assistance in their every undertaking. Miss Beasley, please accept these small gifts from the various classes as small tokens of our thanks."

There were the usual fountain pen and handkerchiefs, and a New Testament. Miss Beasley had saved the big box for the last. She opened it now, slowly, and drew forth the cretonne coat in all the glory of its blue background and its varicolored butterflies. The red flush rose in Miss Beasley's face, but with her hair in the new way it didn't seem so ugly; in fact, it lent sparkle to her eyes. She put her arms into the sleeves of the coat and settled the smart black satin collar about her neck; the tan dress was completely covered. The Sunbeams squirmed and pinched one another in glee; the ladies present gave little audible oh's of admiration and envy.

"Thank you, girls," Miss Beasley said in a trembling voice. "I've never had anything so— *All* the presents were lovely. I can't tell you how thankful—"

She turned to see Reverend Folsom standing with his plate in his hand, staring right into her face. "My goodness, Reverend Folsom," cried Miss Beasley. "Your dish is empty. Let me get you some more."

Reverend Folsom shook himself slightly. "No, indeed. I'll get *you* some strawberries, Miss Beasley—Julia." THE END

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Truman's New Romance: The Businessman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

pragmatic and skeptical a fellow the average American businessman is. He wants something more than honeyed words and the promise of a bright tomorrow to throw in his lot with the Administration. So that's being taken care of, too.

There are a variety of programs, in being or in the legislative mill, that businessmen—and particularly that 92 per cent of businessmen who count themselves "small" or "medium-sized"—should be able to see and to touch and, it is hoped, to profit by.

Spreading Federal Contracts

1. Plans are being worked out to cut thousands of new suppliers in on federal procurement contracts. The government annually buys about $1,000,000,000 worth of goods and services for the civilian agencies alone, a large part of it through competitive bids. Inevitably, the biggest corporations get the lion's share of the business. Jesse Larson, the government's chief purchasing agent, is currently studying a variety of plans for spreading this out among more firms. But the most likely solution is a mandatory set-aside of a certain percentage of all procurement funds for funneling to small business firms.

They would like to do the same thing with the $8,000,000,000 to $10,000,000,000 annually which the Defense Department spends, but small business doesn't roll much steel or make many airplanes.

2. A perennial disadvantage of small business is that it doesn't have access to the new managerial and production techniques that its big competitors enjoy. It can't hire management consultants or afford research laboratories.

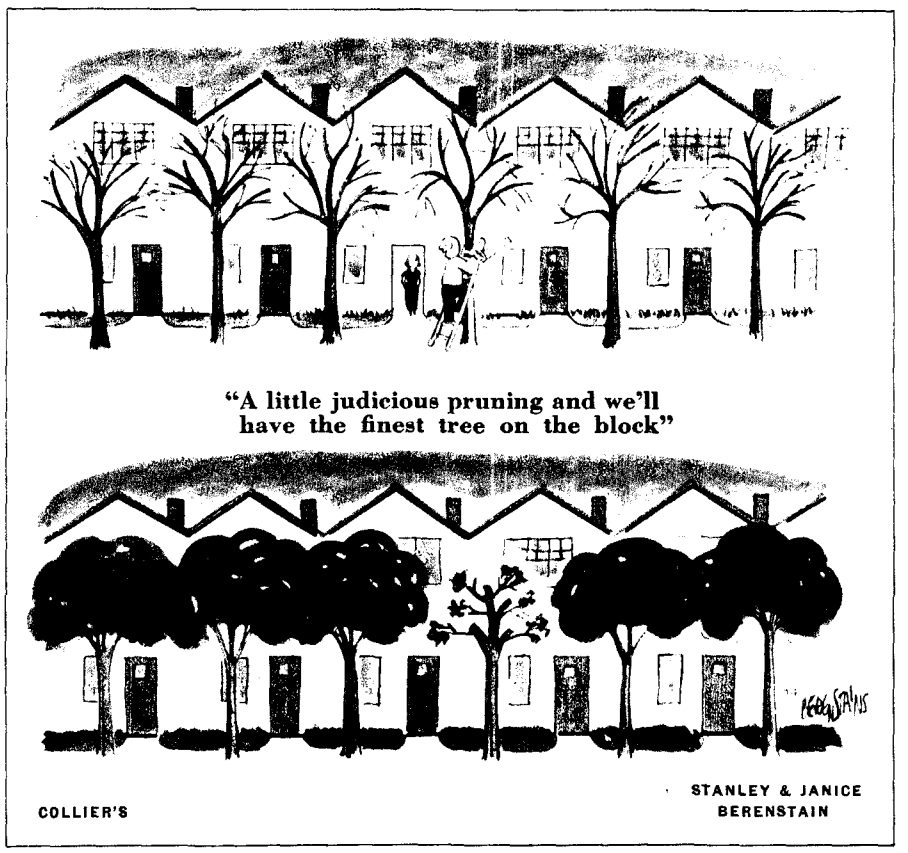
A proposal currently on its way to the White House would set up in the Department of Commerce just such an agency, provide it with a staff of technicians and consultants and make available to it the scientific facilities of the Bureau of Standards. The idea is to "service" the businessman in much the same way the Department of Agriculture "services" the farmer.

3. Patent laws are due for an early overhauling to eliminate some of the grosser inequities that militate against smaller business firms. One of the reforms being studied, for example, would prevent the "freezing" of new inventions or technical improvements and putting them on the shelf simply to protect the competitive advantage of the patent holder.

4. A President's Committee on Business and Government Relations has been at work since last December clearing away some of the debris of confusion and contradictory authority that frustrate businessmen in their dealings with the government. It is a high-level board composed of representatives of the Department of Commerce, the Antitrust Division, Federal Trade Commission and the Council of Economic Advisers.

Its aim, among other things, is to develop co-operative rather than compulsive attitudes in the administration of the antitrust and other regulatory laws governing business; to emphasize the helping hand as well as the policeman's badge. This doesn't mean that the enforcement agencies are suddenly going soft. But it does mean, for example, that a businessman won't be prosecuted under the Sherman Act, say for carrying out in good faith a ruling under some other regulatory statute.

5. There has been set up in the Senate, for the first time in history, a standing committee on small business, and the House is likely to follow suit. This is a *standing*, not a *special*, committee, which is an important distinction. It has permanent status, a professional staff, the same investigative powers and the same authority to propose legislation as Foreign Relations, Judiciary or any other regular committee. Properly run, it should provide a center for a continuing study of small business problems, a "watchdog" over small business interests, and a national forum in which small business can be heard.



"A little judicious pruning and we'll have the finest tree on the block"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

6. The greatest cry of the smaller businessmen around the country is for credit and equity financing—long-term loans and venture capital for expansion and new plant and equipment purchases. They are caught in a peculiar paradox. While banks burst with savings and while insurance companies ring up new records of assets almost daily, the manufacturer who needs $50,000 for new machinery, and the corner service station operator who wants $5,000 for a general overhaul, can't get their hands on any of it—or at least, not enough.

Local banks are seldom geared to handle five- and 10-year maturities, and the insurance companies haven't the experience or the machinery to get into the small-loan business. Just how acute this need is was illustrated last winter during hearings on investment problems before the Joint Committee on the Economic Report.

Harry C. Hagerty, vice-president and treasurer of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which has some $8,000,000,000 of lendable assets, remarked almost casually that he wished his company could find a way to make investments in sound small businesses around the country.

A week later he wrote Chairman Joseph C. O'Mahoney, a Wyoming senator, that the publicity given this observation had caused the Metropolitan to be besieged by hopeful applicants.

"We have had literally hundreds—and I do mean hundreds—of letters from all over the country," he said, "making inquiry about a program for dealing with small business loans."

The Administration, it is needless to say, is not leaving this ripe vineyard untended.

Senator O'Mahoney has already introduced a bill which would set up within the Federal Reserve System new capital investment companies to handle specifically the long-term credit and capital problems of smaller businesses.

Senator Lucas of Illinois has introduced another bill to decentralize and deglamorize the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation so that it can get down to the level of the small business applicant.

There are a number of other proposals in the works, too, but probably the most ambitious is one which comes out of the Department of Commerce and upon which the White House is said to look with particular favor.

In a double-barreled approach it would (1) incorporate the general principles of the O'Mahoney proposal (national investment companies under Federal Reserve supervision) to handle the problems of equity financing for firms which cannot manage it through the usual channels, and (2) have the government insure small business loans by banks up to $15,000 and for a term of five years in much the same way it insures home loans under the Federal Housing Administration.

One of the basic tenets of the Administration's new solicitude for business is that the economy cannot expand unless there is a plentiful supply of risk capital on hand. That makes it a safe bet that one or another of these proposals for opening up the money markets to small business will become law before the Eighty-first Congress closes its books for the year. Whether or not the program is economically sound, politically it is a natural.

That is the master outline to date of the strategy to capture business, or at least to captivate it—woo its heart with kind words about free enterprise, and its head with gifts of legislative favors.

It is not, of course, a sinister or a wholly political plan. There is a deep conviction among most of the Administration's leaders from President Truman on down that if business will be co-operative instead of distrustful, will react in intelligent concert with the government when the economic danger signals go up, the goal of a stable and ever-expanding economy can be had. And they are just as convinced that the alternative to a stable and ever-expanding economy is depression and ruin.

The political implications of this strategy are, of course, enormous.

Already, the Administration has on its side a safe working majority of two of the three great segments of our political society—labor and agriculture. It has had them with more or less unbroken regularity for two decades. The Republican party, with its banner of "Liberty versus Socialism," shows little promise of altering that relationship. More and more over the last 20 years the Republicans have lost that essential vitality which comes from the fusing of many diverse interests. More and more the Republican party has become the vehicle of negative protest.

●

Outmoded G.O.P. Ideologies

There are many sound students of the political scene—and many of them devoted and articulate members of the Republican party—who plead that this constant inbreeding, this single-minded advocacy by the Republican leadership, is fatal. It has been demonstrably incapable of winning a Presidential election since 1928, and it will continue to be impotent, they argue, so long as it remains stubbornly dedicated to slogans and doctrines that went out of fashion with Calvin Coolidge.

The business community is peopled today with executives and leaders who have come up during and since the great depression. They have spent most of their adult lives in the same political and economic climate. They, like their elders and senior partners, also have an instinctive distaste for regimentation and government interference. But as a battle cry it has become a little tedious and threadbare. They have been told for a long, long time that the country is going to hell, but the precipice still isn't in sight.

Has the Administration at last found the words and music that the American businessman is groping for?

Is he ready to desert the stern and virtuous domesticity he has shared with the G.O.P. and go off for a bit of dalliance with the opposition?

If he does, in sufficient numbers, the Republican party is very likely indeed to wind up at the poor farm. THE END

NEXT WEEK

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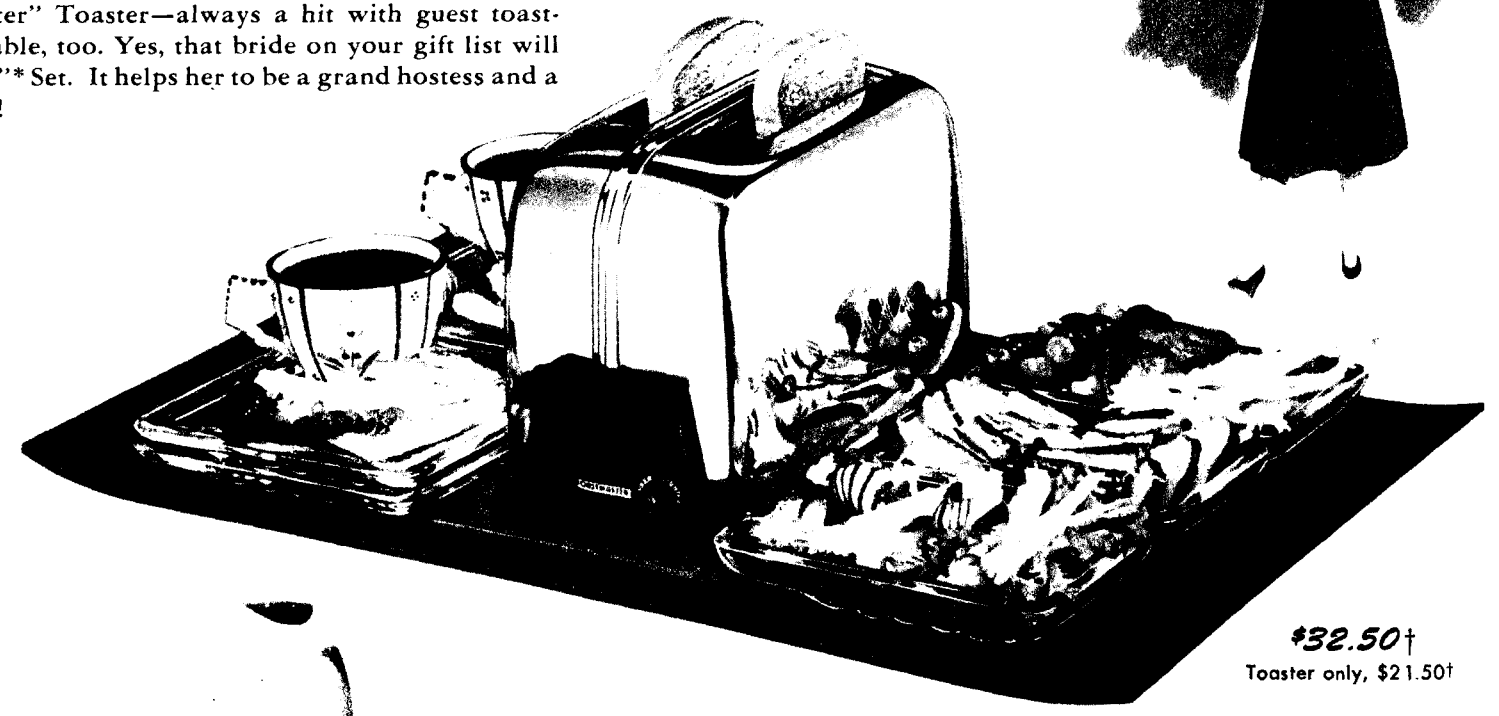

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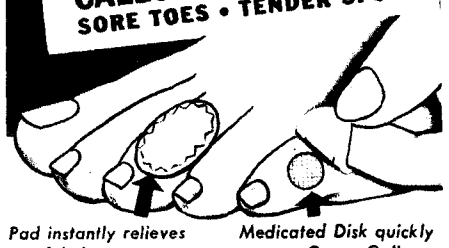

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Can Humans Be Rebuilt?—A Progress Report

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

died, the real results are uncertain. At least the transplants did not harm the recipient; that is all medical science knows.

Therefore, even if the kidney transplant from one dog to another is successfully accomplished, there is no assurance that the transplant will live. Indeed, the best evidence is to the contrary. So the experimenters will have just begun on a new phase.

They will closely watch the dog in which the kidney has been transplanted to determine why the organ dies, if it should; why most homologous transplants, saving only the certain exception of the case of identical twins, seem doomed to fail; why some seem to succeed.

In this, Drs. Illinois and Ohio will be aided, perhaps, by a young man we'll call Dr. Chicago. Dr. Chicago has actually taken apart the contractile muscles of the leg and the heart. If you think of shredding a rope into its component fibers, you'll get some idea of what he did. The resulting muscle fibers are called myofibrils, and under the microscope they look like tiny hairs strewn over the field.

Dr. Chicago invited me to look through his microscope, and I thereby became one of the first persons on earth to see the actual workings of a myofibril of the heart.

As I watched, Dr. Chicago introduced into the microscopic field a substance called adenosine triphosphate. This is a colorless liquid, a constituent of all muscle. If you wish to bend your arm or leg or any other part of your body, your brain flashes the message via the nerves to the muscle involved, and adenosine triphosphate goes to work. Because of it, the muscle contracts as you wish it to. And also because of it, your heart is able to beat.

How the Myofibrils Reacted

For a moment after the introduction of the adenosine triphosphate nothing happened. Then the hairlike myofibrils acted as if something had stung them. They quivered. Some of them bent, as if in agony. Then they contracted until, as I looked through the microscope, they became small dots.

This is the first time cardiac myofibrils have been isolated, although those of skeletal tissue—arms, legs, etc.—have been isolated before.

The aim of Dr. Chicago's experiment, as in the kidney experiment, is to discover if there is a way to type tissue the way blood is now typed. The manner in which the myofibrils of one individual react to the stimulus of adenosine triphosphate, how they contract, with what speed, and other observable characteristics, may furnish a clue by which they may be differentiated from the myofibrils of another individual.

Suppose that both the kidney and myofibril experiments succeed. Suppose the kidneys live. Or, if they do not live, that Drs. Illinois and Ohio discover why they die. Suppose that Dr. Chicago, in his research into myofibrils, can begin to catalogue types of tissue, as blood is now catalogued.

This prospect brings a glitter to the eyes of the Presbyterian researchers. If they are successful, it will be possible to replace whole organs that are diseased. It will be possible, even, for a person with two diseased kidneys to have them replaced with sound ones. Or do you wish a new leg, or lung, or a whole eye? All of these will be theoretically possible if these researches succeed. Naturally, operative techniques for each organ transplant would have to be developed. But if the researchers at Presbyterian discover how to type tissue and how many types there are, such techniques will come as a matter of course.

This, then, is the dream of the researchers at Chicago's Presbyterian Hospital. They are not the first to dream of such things. But at the moment they are, so far as is known from medical literature, the only ones with so advanced a program for bringing the dream to reality.

The attempt to type tissue is now at about the stage where typing of blood was in the late nineteenth century. That was just before Dr. Karl Landsteiner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research published his historic paper describing the four principal blood types on which, at the later suggestion of Presbyterian's Hektoen, modern blood transfusion is based. Landsteiner worked 25 years more and catalogued scores of subgroups of blood types. But the original four, along with the more recently discovered Rh factor, are all that are taken into account today for all practical purposes.

With the typing of tissue still in its experimental state, there has been a great deal of confusion about transplantation because of seemingly successful results already obtained. Particularly is this true of corneal transplants. All sorts of claims and rumors have been bandied about. For instance, the Russians, who seem to regard science as a patriotic emotion, have even claimed whole corneal transplants, although this is impossible by any known technique, and they say they have kept corneas alive for six days, also an impossibility to our knowledge.

Competent ophthalmologists agree that to obtain the best results in a corneal transplant, such a transplant should be performed within 24 hours of the time the tissue is taken from the donor, and two days is the limit that a cornea will live after being removed. Moreover, to do a corneal transplant at all, the conditions must be perfect for it. The cornea should be the only part of the eye affected by disease or injury; if the rest of the eye is affected, the transplant cannot be undertaken.

Again, if the whole cornea is involved, the transplant will not be successful because—the Kremlin's claims notwithstanding—there is no way to attach the cornea to the surrounding eye tissue so that it will be nourished through the blood vessels. Only part of the cornea may be grafted successfully; this is done in a sort of patching job that repairs the recipient's damaged tissue.

"No I don't have a cigarette, and quit calling me 'room service'"

COLLIER'S — MISCHA RICHTER

But even after all this, the operation depends on still other factors. If, for instance, the patient can see even the big E on the eye chart with his damaged eye, no transplant is recommended for him, because there's no assurance that his vision can be improved by the operation or that the transplant will succeed at all. Where a person is completely blind in the damaged eye, the transplant frequently does no more than enable him to distinguish light.

In some instances, however, 20-20, or perfect vision, has been achieved. But there is no assurance that it will last more than a few months or, at most, more than a few years. In many cases, the cornea becomes opaque, after varying periods of time. In a recent study of all the known blind, or near-blind, persons in Illinois, only forty were found on whom the corneal operation could even be attempted.

Discarding Popular Concepts

All of which is very different from the popular, or what some doctors have called Cinderella, conception of corneal transplants. It serves to stress the importance of the researches at Chicago's Presbyterian. If Drs. Illinois and Ohio and Chicago are successful with their kidneys and myofibrils, all doubts regarding corneal, or bone, or skin, or any other kind of tissue transplant, will be swept away and a new era in medicine will open up for us.

There is, finally, another type of research under way at Presbyterian that may revolutionize surgery. This is a hunt for new methods of reconstruction within the patient's own body.

Redheaded Dr. Minnesota and his partner, Dr. Nebraska, are working on a technique that may be used in lung cancers, now inoperable in most instances, because cancer of the lung is usually found in either, or both, of the major bronchi. If in only one, the cancer probably will have spread so far through the lymph nodes as to make it impossible to operate without severing both the major bronchi, the passages that lead from the trachea, or windpipe, to the lungs. This, of course, would kill the patient by breaking his air intake. Drs. Minnesota and Nebraska have been experimenting for 18 months, developing an idea conceived at Presbyterian, in an effort to get around this impasse.

In the case of a cancer that has spread dangerously up one bronchus toward the trachea, they would detach the undamaged bronchus from the trachea and move it up to a higher point, where it would be again attached to the trachea, making a new intake into the lung on that side. The patient would thus be assured of adequate air supply in his undamaged lung. The other lung, along with its diseased bronchus and that part of the trachea below the new attachment, would then be removed and the trachea below the new intake closed off. The patient then would have a sound lung and would be free of the cancer and its local extensions.

Drs. Minnesota and Nebraska have successfully performed such lung operations on dogs that are alive and healthy today. If on dogs, why not on humans?

This will, of course, someday be done. Meanwhile, the Presbyterian's researchers continue to perfect their technique. "Then," says Dr. Iowa, supervisor of the research, "the thing will be to teach surgeons the technique, so that one of these days an otherwise doomed human being will be willing to place himself in the hands of a man who has learned it, and say, 'Go ahead.'"

On that day, too, a new era in medicine will begin. THE END

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Challenge from the Outlaws

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

and players are especially warned against attacking or abusing the umpire in any manner after the game, or by any overt or secret action trying to influence the spectators against him and cause him bodily harm. Anyone resorting to such cowardly tactics will be dealt with to the limit."

I still consider these good instructions, but it required more than a strong letter to make the managers and players in the league believe that I meant what I had to say. On the very first day of my opening season, "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity, who was managing and pitching for Newark, got into a fist fight with a Montreal player and a terrific rumpus ensued on the ball field. It was doubly embarrassing to me because I was present at the game. McGinnity, who was also part owner of the Newark club with Clay Smith, had been one of my supporters in the fight for the presidency, but I fined him $50 and suspended one of his players, second baseman Johnny Nee, who later worked for me as a Yankee scout.

Umpire Baiters Punished

I fined and suspended Manager Joe Kelly of Toronto for abusing umpire Hart, and fined players Corridon, Pierce, Schirm and Beckendorf of Buffalo for umpire baiting. I also fined and suspended pitcher Speer of the same team for throwing a ball at the umpire. Grumbling and complaints were heard throughout the league over my tightening of the disciplinary reins, but it took my penalizing of the Buffalo players to bring a showdown. "Big Chief" George Stallings, manager of the Bisons, let go with a blast that was spread all over the Buffalo papers and given wide prominence in the other cities of the league.

STALLINGS CALLS IT HIGHWAY ROBBERY, the headline read, and beneath it:

WORST HE EVER SAW
Big Chief Says Umpires Never Gave Bisons an Even Break

I believe that George Stallings was one of the most remarkable men baseball has ever known. He remains famous as "The Miracle Man," the manager of the 1914 Boston Braves who drove his team from last place on the Fourth of July to a pennant, and then went on to win four straight in the World Series from one of Connie Mack's great teams—the Athletics who boasted the famous $100,000 infield of Stuffy McInnis, Eddie Collins, Jack Barry and Home Run Baker, and such pitchers as Chief Bender, Eddie Plank and Jack Coombs. But he had distinguished himself in both the majors and the minors for many years before that, and might well have gone on to an even more brilliant career if heart disease had not cut him down. George said he acquired his bad heart watching his pitchers give up bases on balls.

Stallings was a handsome and polished man. He had been born on a plantation near Haddock, Georgia, the son of a Confederate general, and had been given a very good education. He was a graduate of Virginia Military Institute and had studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore before he quit to sign with the old Phillies as a catcher. As a social companion he was charming. But on the ball field—well, that was something else again.

Once a ball game was under way Stallings was a wild man. He was as superstitious as a voodoo worshiper, and had command of the most violent and profane flow of abusive language I ever heard. In the heat of battle, asking and giving no quarter, he would hurl his invective on friend and foe alike.

If George had exploded during a ball game, I could have found some excuse for his statements, but he had made his comments on the dishonesty of my officials in an interview with newspapermen after I had announced the fines of his players. I found this reprehensible. I fined him $500 and suspended him until he apologized to the umpires publicly.

The next day Stallings came to New York to see me. We met at the Victoria Hotel, at Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway, and he began immediately to ask me to lift his suspension. I agreed only if he would apologize publicly. He continued to plead and I continued to listen. Finally, I started up Broadway, but George Stallings was right beside me.

We kept walking, George talking and I listening. I lived at 112th Street and Riverside Drive and, as Stallings continued to talk, the blocks fell away behind us. We walked until at last we were at my doorstep. Stallings hadn't stopped talking from Twenty-fifth to 112th Street!

I turned to go in.

"Please, Ed," Stallings begged, "please don't do this to me. Don't make me apologize."

"You know the conditions," I said, and went inside leaving Stallings on the sidewalk.

Two days later Stallings apologized to the umpires and I lifted his suspension, but I made him pay the $500 fine. It was a stiff penalty, but we had less serious trouble between players and umpires during the remainder of the season.

That winter I changed the name of the Eastern League back to that of the International. It had been known as the International League in the eighties, and with teams in Toronto and Montreal I considered that a more appropriate title. Also, I was successful in having the classification of our league, and that of the Pacific Coast League and the American Association, changed to a higher rating, Class AA. This meant that we could draft players from all the minor leagues in classifications below us, and that the major leagues could draft only one player from each one of our clubs, and at a higher draft price.

The major leagues were reluctant to grant any more power to the minor leagues than they had to, and this proposal to raise our status had to be agreed to by the National Commission, composed of President Thomas J. Lynch of the National League, President Johnson of the American League and Garry Herrmann of Cincinnati, who was chairman. This was before Judge K. M. Landis became Commissioner of Baseball, and the National Commission was the supreme authority in the major leagues. Lynch and Herrmann were disinclined to favor our proposal, but I went to work on Johnson.

A Highly Treasured Shotgun

I have always been very fond of hunting, and I had a beautiful shotgun that I'd bought in a pawnshop some years before in Toronto. It was a 12-gauge under-and-over gun, handsomely chased, with a grained walnut stock. Johnson had admired it many times.

"Ban," I said, "you put this over for me and that shotgun is yours."

Johnson put it over and I gave him the gun, making our elevation to Class AA sort of a shotgun wedding.

Bill Dickey has that gun now. When Ban died, Mrs. Johnson sent it back to me. A few years ago I gave it to Dickey, one of my all-time favorites, and one of the best quail shots in this country.

With a new name, a new classification, a better disciplined league and a more prosperous one, our annual meeting that December was far different from the stormy session at which I had been elected president a year before. Now all was serene and jolly. The club owners, highly pleased over what had been accomplished in one year, broke all precedent and voted me a five-year contract.

Also, a few weeks after that congenial league meeting I scored another triumph. I finally broke down Fannie Elizabeth Tay-

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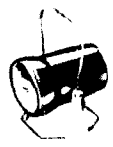

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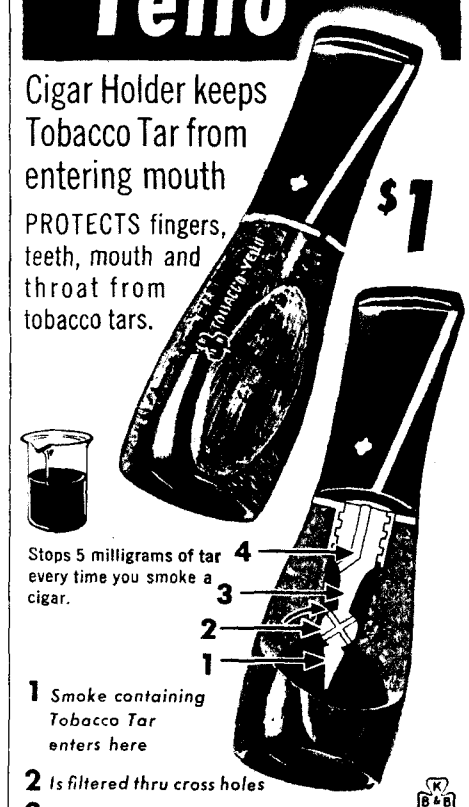

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lor, whom I had met in Toronto some years before, and we were married in the church across the street from the ball park in Buffalo. I would like to say here, after almost 40 years of happy married life, that was the greatest deal I ever made.

Certainly it was a good beginning for the year 1912. We had a good race that year. Toronto, managed by Joe Kelly, Rochester, managed by John Ganzel, and Newark, managed by Joe McGinnity, were engaged in a hot three-cornered fight for the pennant for the better part of the season. Toronto finally won, with Rochester second, the race going down to the last week of the campaign. All the clubs had a good year and made money. Everybody was happy.

But this blissful condition didn't last long. The clouds started to gather in 1913 in an innocent-looking little circuit in the Midwest called the Columbian League. By 1914 these clouds had grown to a full-fledged storm as the "outlaw" Federal League burst with angry force upon the baseball scene, with clubs in Chicago, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Buffalo, Baltimore and Brooklyn. The war was on!

James A. Gilmore, a Wall Street promoter, was the president and organizer of the Federal League. Gilmore had drawn a rosy picture of the great profits to be taken out of baseball, and his stories of easy riches had drawn to his support such wealthy men as Harry Sinclair, multimillionaire oilman; the Ward Brothers of the New York baking firm; Phillip de Catesby Ball, St. Louis traction magnate and ice millionaire, and Charles Weeghman, owner of a chain of lunchrooms in Chicago.

Besides invading major- and minor-league territory with their teams, the "outlaws" set about raiding the organized clubs and stealing their star players. Contract jumping, which had been wiped out after Ban Johnson's peace settlement with the National League in 1903, became widespread again.

Stars Join the Feds

What gave it its greatest impetus was the defection of Joe Tinker, of the celebrated Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance double-play combination, who jumped the Cubs to become manager of the Chicago Feds. Many other players followed him, among them Hal Chase, who jumped the White Sox to join the Buffalo Feds. Club owners were frantic. They didn't know which of their players would jump next. And the Federals added to their alarm and confusion by claiming that they had many more big-league stars in their fold than they actually did.

"If Barney Dreyfus doesn't believe that Max Carey has jumped the Pirates, we'll bet him $5,000 he doesn't know he's alive," said Edward Gwinner, who owned the Pittsburgh Feds.

Carey, a great Pittsburgh star and the Ty Cobb of the National League as a base stealer, didn't jump. He remained loyal to the Pirates throughout the war, though two other Pittsburgh players, first baseman Ed Konetchy and third baseman Mike Mowrey did. But it served further to unnerve Barney Dreyfus, the jittery Pittsburgh owner, and to keep the other big-league magnates in a dither. Such were the Feds' tactics.

However if the big leagues were being harassed, I was even worse off trying to overcome the inroads of the Federals into my own league. They had moved into Buffalo and Baltimore, two of the best cities in my circuit, and the following year were to invade Newark, where Harry Sinclair built a ball park in nearby Harrison—the same ball park incidentally, where, in 1918, Jack Dempsey knocked out Fred Fulton in 18 seconds.

In Baltimore the damage was disastrous. The Feds built their ball park right across the street from Jack Dunn's Oriole park. On the second day of the 1914 season, with Babe Ruth, fresh out of St. Mary's Industrial School, pitching for Baltimore against Buffalo in the first professional game he ever played, there were fewer than 200 people in the Oriole park. And there were 2,000 in the Federal League ball park across the street for the opening game.

At Second for the Bisons

Joe McCarthy, later to lead the Yankees through many of their greatest years, was the second baseman for the Buffalo club which opposed Ruth that day, and Joe himself was one of the jumpers to the "outlaws," signing a two-year contract with the Brooklyn Feds at the end of the 1915 season, though he never got a chance to play with them before the league disbanded.

The public entirely forsook Dunn's club before the season was over, and at the start of the 1915 campaign I had to take it out of the city altogether and shift it to Richmond. I had to take over Jersey City myself and find new backers. Before the 1915 season was out I had to abandon Newark and shift that club to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and I had to use my personal credit to raise money to keep many of the other clubs going.

But I would not give an inch that I didn't have to, and in that stand I had the complete backing of Ban Johnson. John K. Tener, the former governor of Pennsylvania, who had succeeded Tom Lynch as president of the National League, and Garry Herrmann were more inclined to compromise, because the war was proving a heavy drain on Organized Baseball as well as on the "outlaws"; but I would not budge. I proclaimed that no player who had jumped to the Federals ever could play in the International League again, and that no invading Federal League owner ever would be granted rights in any International League territory.

When the peace came, big-league baseball made concessions to restore the jumpers to good standing and gave in to the extent of granting Phil Ball the Browns' franchise in St. Louis and Charley Weeghman the Cubs' in Chicago. Johnson was more or less forced to go along with his colleagues on the National Commission. But I never took back into the International League any player who had jumped, and when the war was over no Federal Leaguer ever got one inch of International League territory, or one cent of International League money.

The baseball war ended after the 1915 season. Both sides had had enough, though it was more costly to the Feds than it was to Organized Baseball. In December, just a couple of days before Christmas, in the Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati, the peace treaty was signed. Tener, Johnson and Herrmann acted for Organized Baseball, and Jim Gilmore and Harry Sinclair attached their signatures to the articles for the Feds. Ball got the Browns, which also included the Browns' ball park, on payment of $750,000. Weeghman, who had built a new park for his Feds on the North Side of Chicago—the National League grounds then were on the West Side—got the regular franchise for $425,000.

It is Weeghman's park, now known as Wrigley Field, in which the Cubs play today.

I conceded nothing, and maintained the right to restore my league to the form it had had before the war—which I did the following year, bringing teams back to Baltimore and Newark.

This caused Harry Sinclair to remark to me on the train coming back from the peace meeting:

"Ed, you're just the kind of fellow I ought to have working for me. How would you like to?"

I laughed him off, and we settled down to a pleasant ride home, though Harry had been one of the heaviest financial losers in this attempt to invade Organized Baseball.

There were two offshoots of the Federal League war that I think are of historical interest in baseball. One is the suit that was brought by the Feds to declare the National Commission illegal and baseball a monopoly operating in violation of the Sherman Antitrust laws.

That suit was not finally decided until 1922, seven years after the Federal League war ended, and not until it had reached the United States Supreme Court. Then it was decided in favor of Organized Baseball. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the decision, and said therein that baseball was not a trust and that it was not engaged in interstate commerce.

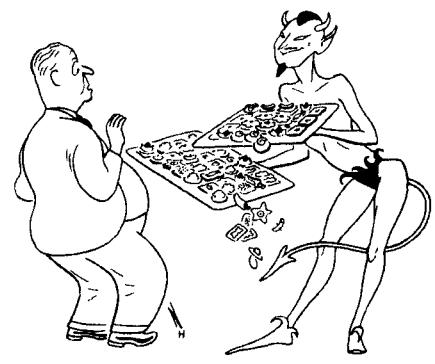
In the cases of the recent jumpers to the Mexican League, which were settled last year before they ever came to trial, that decision would have been the precedent upon which baseball would have based its defense. It still remains the most important decision involving baseball ever rendered in the courts.

The other significant point is less dry and of more interest to the fans. Benny Kauff was a brash and colorful little fellow out of the Ohio coal country who had jumped from the Indianapolis club of the American Association to the Brooklyn Feds, where he hit .344 in 1915 and became known as the Ty Cobb of the Federal League.

Sharp Clothes for Benny

After the peace settlement the Giants bought him for $30,000. Kauff held out for —and got—$10,000 of that purchase money, and when he showed up at the Giants' training camp in Marlin, Texas, the following spring he was wearing a loudly striped silk shirt, a nifty suit, patent leather shoes, a fur-collared overcoat and a derby hat, and had $7,500 of his $10,000 in bills in his pocket.

He was a popular figure at the Polo Grounds for a couple of years after, playing center field. But during Kauff's Federal League days, as the circuit's most exciting and colorful player, the club owners introduced the lively ball so that crowd-puller Benny could get added distance for his long hits. Organized Baseball poked fun at the



NED HILTON

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Remove, I beg, those crowded trays
To where I cannot see them;
Please take away these *canapes*,
And do not offer me them.

I fondly love the crunchy things,
All pickled, spiced or curried;
Your party spread is fit for kings . . .
But *my* spread has me worried.

—FRANK R. CANNING

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ively ball at the time but, when a fellow named Ruth came along, found it a good idea and appropriated it some six or seven years later.

Anyway, that's where the lively ball began—in the Federal League.

As I pointed out, the damage to all sides caused by the war was extensive, and my own club owners were badly shaken. Their treasuries were low, in some cases bare, and rebuilding was arduous and costly. I made Jack Dunn pay $15,000 to get back into Baltimore, and he resented it bitterly, but had obligated myself and the league in fighting the Feds, and these debts had to be paid. To add to the difficulties of the reconstruction period, the European war had further affected us, particularly the Canadian cities of the league, Montreal and Toronto. Then, in 1917, the United States went into the war. My club owners were beginning to get panicky, not knowing what was going to happen next.

More Dissension in League

After my first year in office the league had broken all precedent by electing me for a five-year term. I had carried them through the battle with the Federal League, and the owners, full of relief and gratitude, had renewed my contract for five years more. But now, with no outside enemy to combat, they were back to fighting among themselves.

Dunn, still smarting over having had to pay $15,000 to get back into Baltimore, took advantage of the discordant situation to organize a bloc against me. Others, less concerned with personalities, were genuinely alarmed over the economic condition of the league and their own treasuries, and the uncertain future—with a world war on. While my contract still had four years to run, the league constitution read that the salary of the president was to be set annually. I was getting $7,500, and at our annual meeting in the Hotel Imperial in New York on December 12, 1917, after a loud and quarrelsome session, the club owners voted to reduce my salary to $2,500.

I was boiling mad—and I was also deeply hurt.

"Gentlemen," I said, "if this is a challenge to resign, I accept your challenge. I quit!"

As I stormed out of that meeting in the Imperial Hotel in December, 1917, I was in no mood to be friends with anyone. I came down in the elevator and as I walked through the lobby I saw Harry Frazee sitting in a chair, grinning like an impish kitten.

Frazee had risen from bellhop to well-known theatrical producer—he later made a million dollars with No, No, Nanette—and owned the Frazee Theater in New York and the Cort Theater in Chicago. He had been in on the promotion of the Jess Willard-Jack Johnson heavyweight championship fight in Havana in 1915, and as a well-known Broadway figure I had known him for several years.

"Hello, Simon," he said, still grinning. Frazee always called me Simon, as in Simon Legree. "I understand you just got fired."

I wasn't feeling funny.

"No, I didn't," I said. "I quit!"

"Well, that's not so bad," Frazee said. "How would you like to manage the Red Sox?"

I stopped fuming long enough to look at Frazee seriously. He had stopped grinning.

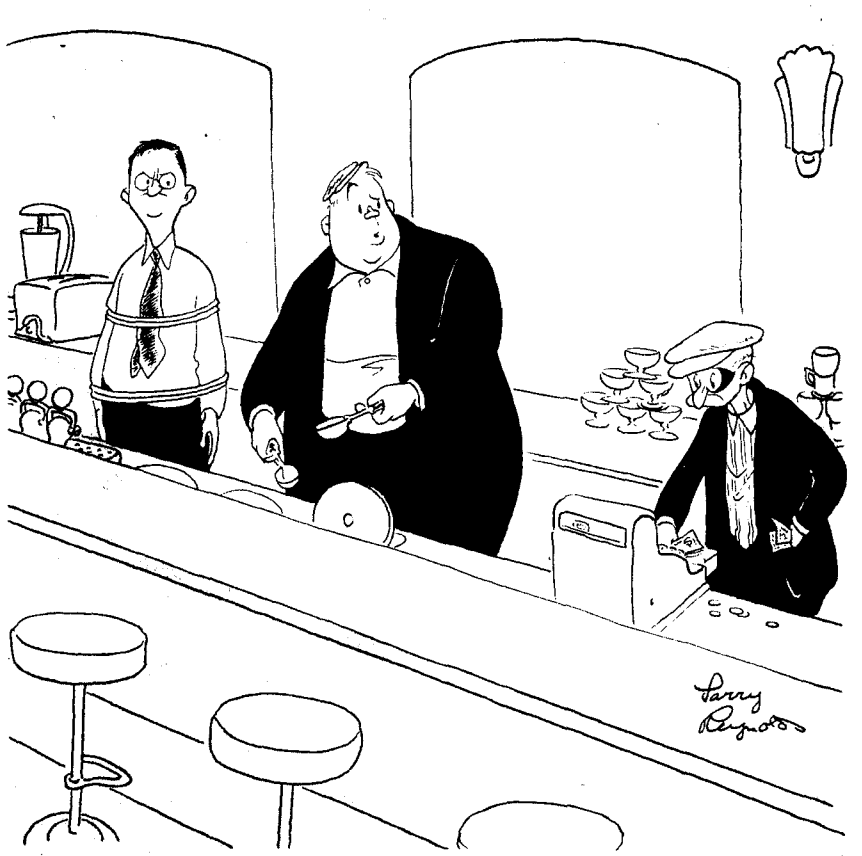
"Why, just to show those bums," I said, "I'd manage that team for nothing."

"Well, you won't have to do that," Frazee said. "Come around to my office tomorrow morning when you're cooled off and we'll talk it over."

Out of that conversation there was to come the beginning of an association with Babe Ruth that carried through the greatest years of the Babe's life as the Home Run King. In fact, I had quite a lot to do with those years, because it was as manager of the Red Sox that I changed Ruth from a left-handed pitcher into an outfielder, and thus pointed him toward his career as the greatest home-run hitter of all time.

More in Collier's next week

BUTCH



"He ain't right, is he, Slug? He says if I use th' little scoop it's petty larceny, but if I use th' big scoop it's *grand* larceny"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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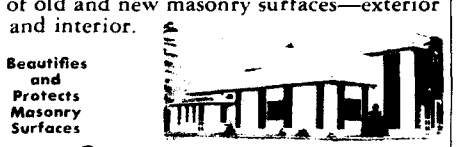

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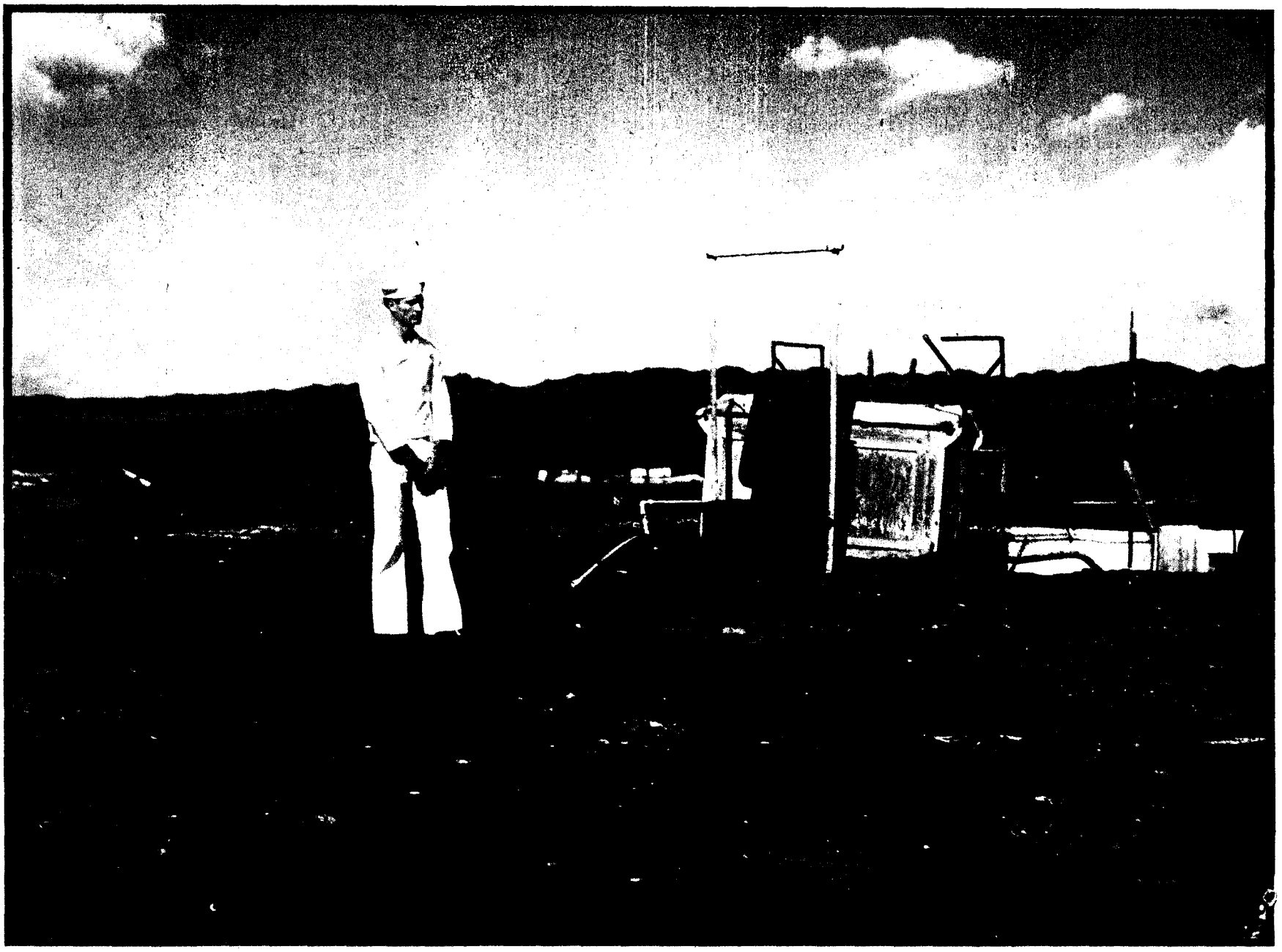

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

It Is Altogether Fitting and Proper . . .

WE HAVE SAVED this picture for the week of Memorial Day, when America honors the memory and decorates the graves of its war dead. For this is a picture of a grave, an unmarked grave where 1,092 men are entombed.

Once it was a battleship. On December 7, 1941, the U.S.S. Arizona was bombed by Japanese planes. Blasted by the explosion of its own magazines, the ship sank at its berth in Pearl Harbor. And there it remains today with only its battered deck above the water, a rusted monument to "a day which will live in infamy."

The picture is a Navy photograph. It was taken last winter at the request of one of Collier's staff members who was visiting Hawaii. It would be a better picture if the sailor were doing something besides just standing there—saluting a commemorative shaft, perhaps. But there was nothing for him to salute, no memorial, plaque, marker or anything to show that these first American casualties of World War II were even remembered by their countrymen.

The man from Collier's was surprised at this seeming indifference, and asked some of the Navy officers at Pearl Harbor about it. They explained that the Navy was having enough trouble getting funds to keep itself in fighting trim. It didn't dare ask for anything extra.

(Since this photograph was taken, a flagstaff has been erected on the Arizona. This tardy tribute was dedicated on March 7, 1950, eight years and three months after the Pearl Harbor attack.)

It may be that there is more than a timid frugality behind the indication of indifference. The Arizona is a reminder of one of the darkest pages of this country's history. The dead who lie within its twisted hulk are reminders of the events which darken that page—the unpreparedness, the complete surprise, the stunning blow, the heavy losses. This may be the reason why there now seems to be a tendency *not* to remember Pearl Harbor.

In fact, there is a tendency not to remember many things about a war which led through victory to fresh crises rather than to stable peace. It is possible to look back on that war as a whole and see only a tragic and desperate interlude which created almost as many difficulties as it solved. But such an objective look has nothing to do with the men who risked and gave their lives to make history, not to interpret it.

The greatest honor that their country can do them, the living and the dead, is to try to make sure that there will never be another Pearl Harbor. That means building up a diplomatic strength that is divorced from partisan bickering, and a military strength unimpaired by service jealousies.

That is a hard assignment which belongs to the present and the future. And because it concerns the living we may be tempted to forget our decent obligations to the dead. But we cannot afford to neglect the decent obligations known as human values, which are the bases of our country's strength and freedom.

The absence of a fitting memorial to the men of the Arizona, and to the others who died at Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field, is a symptom of an attitude that should be remedied. Those men deserve something a little more dignified than a flagpole on a rusty wreck. We believe that the Navy can ask for it without apology, and that Congress can grant the request without fear of public disapproval.

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